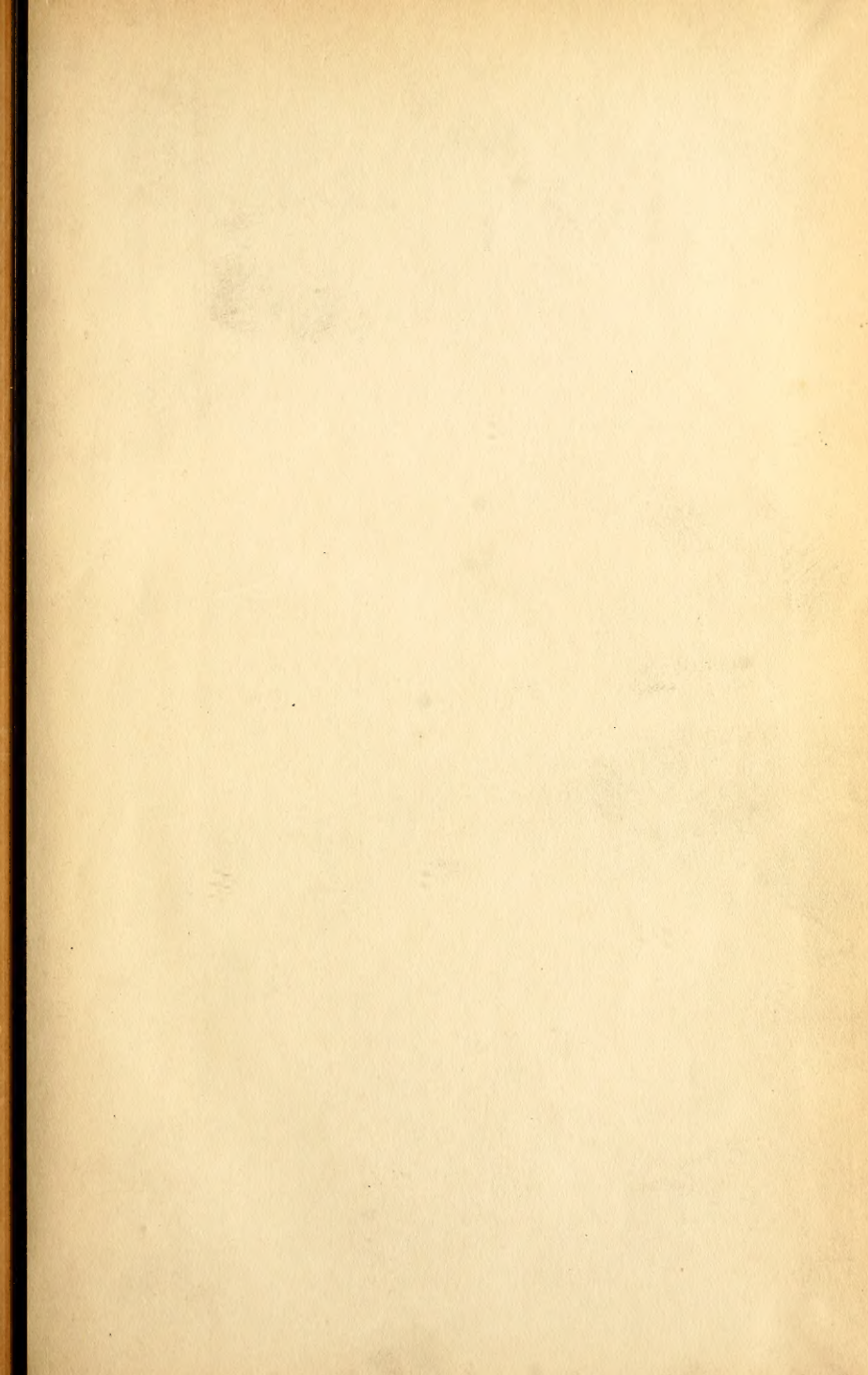
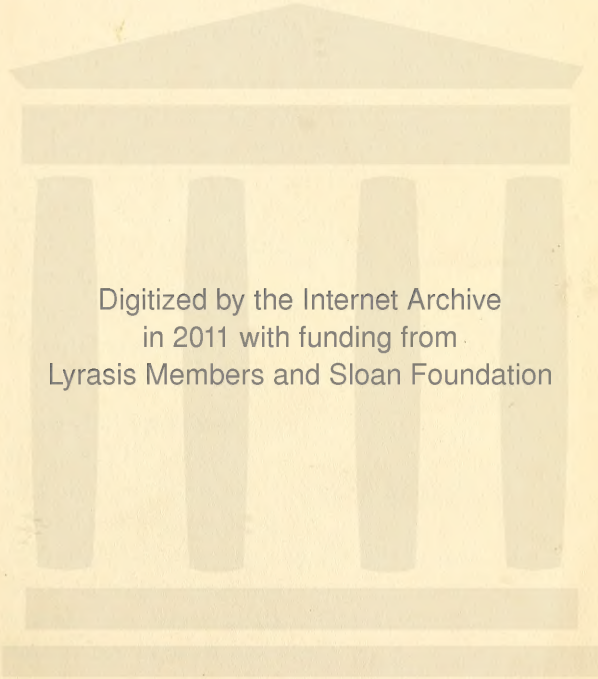


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Pittsburgh College Bulletin

Vol. XVII.

Pittsburgh, Pa., October, 1910.

No. I.

The River.

I.

I knew the river long ago,
In days when I was young,
And often sat and watched it flow,
And heard the songs it sung;
Each silvery ripple sang a song
Of wondrous melody
That echoes ever sweet and strong,
In halls of memory.

II.

I saw the river once again
In twilight's golden glow,
But oh, how changed it seemed since when
I dreamed there long ago !
Although the place was much the same,
As in the days long dead,
I could not dream again of fame,
For all my dreams had fled !

III.

Yet sometimes in the silent night,
When all the world is still,
I sit and watch the pale-moonlight
Beam just above the hill.
At such a time there comes to me,
Like fragrance of the Spring,
The same old soft sweet symphony
The river used to sing.

JAMES J. HAWKS, '11.

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The Struggle for Catholic Education.

It was, I think, to the great philosopher Socrates, that the ancients attributed the saying, "Give me the man that can define and divide, and I will follow his footsteps, as I would those of a god." This may indeed seem the exaggeration of an Idealist, but it is none the less true to say that many conflicts have been waged and many abuses have sprung up from the want of a clear and definite conception of the terms in dispute. "Liberty," said the hapless Madam Roland, when led to the scaffold, "Liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name!" I should also be tempted to say in like fashion, "O Education, what follies have been committed in thy name!" For I venture to assert that this problem of education, which has become such a fruitful and universal subject of debate, would long since have met with a more just solution, at least in this land of ours, on the part of the fair-minded and impartial, if the word education, as applied to man, were understood and appreciated at its proper value.

Their name is legion, and alas! they are in the majority, who view education in its narrowest and most unworthy sense. To them it is but instruction—a mere cramming of the mind with facts and dates, without the smallest consideration for the greater and nobler functions of education, namely, to develop equally all the faculties, moral as well as intellectual, to build up the complete and perfect man, and make the growth of the mind be but a means to the expansion of his heart and soul and character. It is when education is thus understood that it becomes the noblest purpose of any one man's life-endavors, that it becomes a true apostolate, and that it becomes, for us especially, our greatest "modern weapon of defence," whose effectiveness surpasses even that of the sword.

No wonder, therefore, that we look upon this question as a serious one; no wonder that even our enemies

do the same! No wonder also that the soul of the young, the hope of the future, the coming citizen, is the battlefield, especially at the present day; and although in different countries this conflict must be viewed under local aspects, it cannot help assuming a similar character with us all over the world, holding, as we do, the same absolute uncompromising unity in essentials, such as dogma, practice and ultimate aims. At the present time this conflict is being carried on, not without some heat and bitterness in France, England, Ireland, Germany, and our own United States. Though our claims are necessarily identical in all that regards the faith, there must needs be differences, because of the widely different situations which are encountered in the different countries, under various forms of government, because we have to deal with various adversaries.

It is easy, therefore, to understand why there are so many phases to this question, the principal of which lies in the fact that there would seem to be, among our enemies, a more or less concerted effort and scheme to snatch from us the souls of our children, and thus destroy all hope and prospects of their future religious training. Yet it is consoling to be assured that all the while, through the vigilance of our great leaders, there is on our part, a determined movement not only of defence, but of fearless and aggressive advance, wherein the outcome can be in doubt for none of us, when we recall to mind the prophecy and promise of Him Who said: "I shall be with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

C. J. MCGUIRE, '10.



September Days in Pittsburgh.

What can be more pleasant or more beautiful than a bright September day. Dark, prosaic Pittsburgh, with

its dirt and its soot ! to watch the hurry and scurry along the down-town streets where one sees so many tired faces and faltering footsteps pressing onward by dire necessity; where even the buildings in their colossal hugeness speak of the exclusion of art for the sake of harsh utility, who would think that there are spots in its boundaries where the birds sing and flowers bloom and everything speaks of the good things of life ?

September days in the suburb of a large city ! The sunlight and shadows play across velvety lawns up to the stately mansions; the trees interlace their branches and shade the path of the pedestrian; the world moves on as in a dream.

There is a foreboding of winter in the fallen leaves that strew the grass, but the trees still retain their luxuriance of foliage though there are yellow leaves among the green, like the first gray hairs in a head of black. The more delicate flowers of summer have faded, but the geraniums, the sage, and the canna, yellow and red, are still in bloom.

Even the houses have lost their morose look and brighten up, for there are tottering steps of children upon the lawn, and the master of the house is back or, at least, he is daily expected.

The streets, where a fortnight ago one met scarcely a stray dog or a perspiring policeman, are now alive with the whirl of automobiles, and with nurse-maids and their bright, young charges. The corpulent, important-looking gentleman is back with a new lease of life after his vacation, and so is the staid matron in rustling dignity. I hear the noise of school children and I meet merry, gay groups of maidens, who are still the same summer girls; for although there is a touch of autumn in the attire, their laugh has the same old infectious ring.

Over the hills to the westward, the heavens are dark, and beneath them is the surging mass of humanity and the battle of life. To the east there is the husbandman and his harvest, but just now I am well content in this

spot which has a touch of each without being either the one or the other.

H. J. SCHMITT, '11.



Education in the British Isles.

Beyond the broad Atlantic waters, there is a land whose name has been for us, at many titles, and for many centuries the synonym of oppression—oppression of this country's youthful aspirations to liberty—but also oppression by sword and scaffold of the old faith which we all profess, of the old faith which had been the foster mother of our own civilization and enlightenment. Happily those days of legal and wholesale persecution in England have, to a great extent, passed away, and Phoenix-like, the Catholic religion is springing up anew, as fresh and vigorous as ever, from the slumbering ashes of the Penal days. No longer is the priest hunted down like the wolf of the forest—no longer is the altar of sacrifice laid bare by the ruthless hand of the fanatic—no longer is the Catholic child compelled by law to renounce his faith before securing the boon of the most elementary instruction.

What a change, all this, from what took place but yesterday! It was bad enough to be cruelly and unjustly persecuted—to have our churches sacked—our schools and monasteries and convents razed to the ground—our own lands torn from us and turned over to the despoiler and his henchmen! But after being thrust upon the world as outcasts and then to be taunted with poverty! to be deprived under every penalty of all opportunity to teach or to learn, and then to be taunted with ignorance! This was the climax of oppression on the part of England to the Catholic lands and peoples which she had enthralled.

And yet in the sister isle which England had striven

to crush, the people craved and struggled and died for education as they did for religion ! They held to the one as tenaciously and as successfully as they did to the other ! They built their humble schools along the hedges, and in remote corners, on the tops of the mountain glens, or in the middle of the bogs.

Here they gathered and studied for generations, keeping alive the lamp of learning—flickering, it is true, and ineffective—but preserving the land and the people from the evils of ignorance.

Little by little, restrictions were removed and Catholics were permitted to have their own schools openly and without hindrance. Then the ancient hereditary love of learning was free to manifest itself once more and schools sprang up like magic all over the length and breadth of the land.

Providence in His mysterious ways and with deep-set designs, brought them by the thousands and the millions to the very land of the oppressor—to gather in their harvests, to till their fields, to build their canals and railroads, to set a-moving their mills and factories. But, with them, they brought their old undying, instinctive love of learning—and so, with the shillings and the pennies saved, they built anew their churches—and alongside of them, their humble schools. Toleration and sufferance was the one great boon which they dared at first to ambition. There was every inducement to advance—but at the price of apostasy from the faith. There was enormous temptation held out to them and to their children by the gilded programmes of State institutions.

Some yielded—but, on the whole, they saw the snare, and refused to weaken in their allegiance to God and to the faith of their country and of their ancestors. They would have education but not without religion, and so the battle was recommenced—the struggle was begun over again, and every sacrifice was accepted to win for their children the inherent right to a full education.

Time after time, victory seemed to be within their grasp, as when by force of agitation, and by sheer persistency, they wrung from an unwilling Parliament, the maintenance of their schools and teachers, but this they could not accomplish without arousing the bigotry and the latent prejudices of the enemies of the Church. So that to-day, in spite of their position, and in spite of the laws and statutes, the Catholic schools have to contend with as much opposition on the part of the authorities and government officials, as if the managers of these schools were intruders, and the teachers were the most rabid of anarchists. In reality, some of the savage tribes in her distant colonies are treated by Great Britain with more consideration than the people at home, who, out of their penury, have made the most heroic sacrifices to build their schools for their own children. But all the same,—and in spite of all—heedless of opposition, of bigotry, of official oppression,—the Catholic people of England, under the dauntless leadership of their bishops, and the intelligent management of their clergy, have stood their ground without flinching, without weakening, and without departing one jot or tittle from their original claim and their unceasing battle cry: “Catholic schools for our Catholic children with our Catholic teachers, under Catholic management and in a Catholic atmosphere.”

Of recent years, every possible inducement has been made, and every bribe has been offered and even every threat has been uttered, to wean or seduce them from this position, but all such efforts have failed, and to-day, they have, if possible, strengthened their position, by winning the confidence or at least, the admiration, of their enemies.

And minister after minister of the greatest government on earth, and of the strongest anti-Catholic administration, has had to bow, and even to fall before the unswerving stand of an organized, determined, and fearless minority.

Witnesses, as we are from afar, of this heroic and successful conflict, we must not fail to gather therefrom a great and impressive lesson. Let us continue to build our own schools even with sacrifices; let us maintain them in the fulness of their Catholic atmosphere, but also in the fulness of secular instruction and requirement. And while we abstain from conflict with the public schools, let us never cease to be united and persevering, as citizens and tax-payers, in the just demand for religious education even in those common schools of the State. We shall thus contribute to the recognition of religion as an integral part of the education and the training of the American child to become a really good American citizen.

EDW. J. MCKNIGHT, '10.



What "Teddy" Told Me.

It would be difficult to describe the feelings which I experienced, while awaiting the appearance of the man who has caused the world to pause and listen. And I was but one, in that immense throng which swayed and surged to and fro, to catch a glimpse of his smiling countenance. How, then, can I tell you in what manner the crowd received him, when I fear I may not be able to analyze even my own feelings? Yet, this is exactly what I am about to attempt. It is not my intention, however, to set down the words which he spoke, but to describe the universal impression he seemed to make.

When I arrived at the Monongahela House, a large crowd was already assembled in front of it. Three quarters of an hour must elapse before Mr. Roosevelt would make his address. During this time, I could not help reflecting upon the intense hold he evidently retains on great masses of people, who were thus ready to suffer

themselves to be pushed and shoved around for an hour or more, just to hear "Teddy" speak a few words. It reminded me of the love that faithful and brilliant army had for its leader and hero, Napoleon. It told me why the Revolutionary soldiers remained faithful to Washington at Valley Forge. It gave me a better conception of the truth in the tales told of the mighty heroes of Rome and Greece.

At last Roosevelt stepped forward on the balcony. His face wore a smile that each one thought was for himself alone. The excitement of the crowd was intense. A gentleman stepped forward to introduce Mr. Roosevelt, but his speech was soon cut short, by a hearty, though untimely, call for "Teddy." This cry was immediately taken up by the crowd, and "Teddy" again stepped forward to greet the people, in a few short, well-chosen and well-spoken words.

His great power as a leader was shown in every action. He was just as active as I had thought he must be. When the crowd was noisiest he stretched out his hand and the crowd became silent. When he spoke, he weighed every word and sent it forth with all his force. He concluded his address in words which truly illustrate his character, and in a manner calculated to stamp these words indelibly on the hearts of all his hearers. He said: "We of to-day have many and great problems and we must face those problems as our fathers and forefathers faced the problems of their generation, if we are to hand on undiminished to our children, the splendid heritage we received from the men of the Civil War. And the first and greatest problem is to secure rigid honesty in private and public life, in business and politics. I congratulate Pittsburgh on what Pittsburgh has done. That man is the true patriot who exposes crookedness and who hunts out of public life the crooks, great or small." In this manner Mr. Roosevelt concluded his address, and each one of his enraptured audience, after cheering himself hoarse, went back to his home content.

A Timely Lesson for Our Own Land—America

The educational battle of to-day is truly over the souls and the minds of the young of the growing generation.

There is no longer any doubt about the issues at stake, and that the fight is a determined one, a tremendous one, we can readily infer from the varied panorama of local contests all over the world.

Now, if among the older nations, and the older peoples who have been settled in civilization for centuries, and established in Christianity for ages, this question of the young has become a vital issue, on which there is no longer room for compromise, no more truce nor armistice, what shall we say of this great country of ours, still young, still in the first ferment of organization, still in the throes of amalgamation into one people, from a host of distinct elements and races? What shall we say of this great land where we have such golden opportunity, where we have every ultimate advantage that can be surely, though, perhaps, slowly wrested from the explicit declaration and principles of an unchangeable Constitution?

We have, it is true, suffered—and with perhaps too much patience and too much submission—the heavy burdens, the gross injustice, the vile taunts of individuals and of sects—as if we were the direct enemies of this country, as if it were by stealth that we had entered herein, as if it were by mere tolerance we were allowed to breathe the air of the freedom guaranteed to every citizen. And yet this land of ours is not an irreligious one, it is based upon the belief in God, the Creator, to whom alone we owe the inalienable rights of men and citizens. Even this great State in which we live is professedly a Christian one, and since the days when William Penn put Christianity, along with civil and religious liberty, as the basis of his Charter—it has been held by all our courts that Christian tenets and Christian practice are a part of

our common law. If, therefore, we go to the Declaration of Independence or to the Constitution of our State for the expression and the origin of our American principles, we can safely, and without fear of contradiction, maintain that these principles are not in sympathy with merely secular education, as it is to-day understood.

For how can the purely secular school, necessarily and legally excluding all doctrine and teaching of God—how can it possibly preserve, in its original sense and original intention, the following proposition which is embodied in the first sentence of the Declaration of Independence? “We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.” How can a school system that must be silent upon man’s relations to God—that is, religion—how can it defend or justify in any logical way the origin of these inalienable rights as stated clearly by the authors of the Declaration? Therefore they must not and cannot pretend at all to teach them.

Man cannot permanently accept ideas for which his reason cannot furnish a logical foundation, and, therefore, if public and State schools are supposed to exist chiefly for the purpose of teaching the children—the future citizens—the extent of their rights and the source of their obligations as freemen, they must hopelessly fail in this duty if they make a complete divorce between secular and religious teaching.

The principles of the Declaration of Independence are “self-evident” only in the light of the Creator’s existence; otherwise, they are inconceivable. Thus the root of the failure of the common schools to furnish a foundation for our American social system lies in the fact, that, as secular schools, they cannot back up their ordinary instruction with religious teaching.

It was in view of this radical failure not only in regard to our citizens in general, but especially to the

interests of our own children—that, at the risk of every privation and of every sacrifice, we gave up public, secular and godless schools, to build and maintain our own.

And, to use the language of an eminent lawyer of our own State, “we believe that our Catholic Schools will serve the needs of our country far better than the public schools; they will supplement the inducements to good citizenship, which patriotism furnishes, with the sanction of divine ordinance. They will instill into our children and into the children of the vast horde of immigrants coming to us from Europe those principles of right living and that respect for order and authority which no amount of legislation can ever supply.”

Thus we answer, decidedly and logically, the question why conscientious Catholics are prevented from patronizing public schools and State colleges: “Because they fail to give their children that fair opportunity of obtaining a moral training, without which their education becomes not only one-sided but even a vital misfortune, if not a serious danger, to the peace and moral order of good government in the Republic.”

But we have not been allowed to do so without persistent and desperate opposition—and the enemies of religion, not to say merely the enemies of Catholicity, have followed our efforts, dogged our footsteps in this direction from the days in which the first Catholic schools were opened in New York State.

Since then we have had to fight not only with scattered individuals and bodies, to which we naturally look for prejudice, but even with the insidious policy of our Legislatures, which under various disguises and pretexts, would ultimately place our Parochial school system in a false light.

They would, if we allowed them, and if we did not loudly protest, place Catholic citizens in the position of being disloyal and hostile to the common interests, when-

ever they rightfully claim to maintain the freedom of exercising equal rights of religious education.

I shall not speak of our adversaries who openly interfere with our constitutional rights—or who would interpret to our detriment the meaning and intent of our Constitution.

But I would say that the deadliest enemies against whom we must to-day take up our positive stand are those who insist on ignoring the good of our Parochial school system—and those (still more insidious) who discriminate against it by subsidizing, with the help of our own money, certain State colleges on the condition that the candidates admitted to these institutions have spent some years in the public schools.

In face of all this opposition, what shall be our weapons? For those evils what shall be the remedy? And how shall we anticipate or at least neutralize the effects of the process indicated?

It will be, I venture to say, by heeding, in time, the warnings of our vigilant pastors, by putting in practice the advice of the societies that have been created to watch over our rights—by insisting, in season and out of season, upon the absolute justice of our claims—remembering all the time that those rights are inalienable, and those claims legitimate. But above all things, let us trust to united, consistent, and harmonious organization, accompanied by enlightened discussion and the earnest, frequent, fearless expression of our convictions.

All this when under the direction of our true and trusted leaders, cannot fail to result in ultimate success, when backed by the numbers, the energy, and the influence of our Catholic manhood.

If we shall have learned from other lands and other peoples, bravely struggling for their rights, no other nor greater lesson than this confidence in combined and persevering effort, our sacrifices shall not have been in vain.

JOHN A. MCGLADE, '10.

What's the Score?

As one who ponders idly gazing o'er the meadow green,
And pictures in his mem'ry baseball games that he has
seen,

So I linger in the Autumn near the step outside my door,
Where the cooling breezes, whispering, seem to murmur,
"What's the score?"

When the evening's sun is sinking in the golden distant
west,

It lights all earth in splendor and reflects all nature best,
Alas! the twilight falls too soon and silence reigns once
more

And evening winds *a-floating* bear the query :
"What's the score?"

In pensive retrospection when the day of youth has
flown,

We call in thought to memory for pleasures once our
own,

And linger idly over pastimes gone for ever more—
But mem'ry's sole response is just to whisper
"What's the score?"

HUGH COUSINS, '12.



The Exposition.

The people of Pittsburgh always look forward with keen interest to the opening of our annual Expo. Year after year, it has opened, with its novel displays, its gay amusements, and entrancing music, only to close like the flowers—too soon and to our regret. Of the many prosperous and successful years it has seen since its opening, twenty-two years ago, we believe the show of 1910 has eclipsed them all. To justify our claim, we

need consider nothing more than the eager crowds that throng the building from morning until night, swaying to and fro in an effort to catch a glimpse of a marvelous exhibit, or to hear the music of great composers rendered by famous bandmasters. The very fact that many appreciative audiences fill the Music Hall many times daily, is a fitting rebuke to those who accuse Pittsburghers of being unmusical.

Space will not permit us to recall every exhibit, nor even to dwell at length upon the most attractive, so varied and exceptional are they; but it is with a great deal of pride that we mention the famous mimic warfare between the Monitor and Merrimac, the display of the Great Northern Railroad, and the demonstration of the marvels of wireless telegraphy. Yet in so remarking what especially appealed to us, we do not intend discredit the innumerable other exhibits that please everybody, and go to make up the very best Exposition Pittsburgh has ever held.

J. F. CORCORAN, '12.



Autumn.

O trees, O forest, hearken now,
What changed thy foliage green, to gold?
The wind doth whistle through each bough,
The very song it sang of old.

But ever, and anon, a leaf
Affrighted by some cruel blast
Doth circle to the ground beneath,
And there remembereth all her past.

She thinketh how she budded forth
A lovely leaflet, in her birth;
But now the cold wind from the North,
Hath given her o'er to Mother Earth.

She thinketh how on summer days,
She played with breezes in the sun,
And in the night with soothing lays
Did watch the Moon, her bright course run.

O woods, your yearly course is run,
O trees, your children sing no more,
O leaf, thy little task is done,
O little leaf, thy life is o'er.

C. A. SANDERBECK, '11.



BE and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or Power, while others beg their way upward; bear the pain of disappointed Hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself in your own Virtue, and seek a Friend and your daily bread. If you have in such a course grown grey with unblenched Honour, bless God, and die.—HEINZELMAIN.



Nor to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime Wisdom; what is more, is fume,
Or Emptiness, or fond Impertinence,
And renders us in things that most concern,
Unpractised, unprepar'd, and still to seek.—MILTON.

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OCTOBER, 1910

No. 1.

EDITORIAL.

The New Scholastic Year.

So the long vacation days are over and we have embarked on a new scholastic year, a whole month of which will have passed away before the BULLETIN makes its initial appearance under the new editorial staff. Of course everybody is glad to get back and settle down to hard, conscientious study. Of course!

The scholastic year began on Wednesday, the seventh of September with a Solemn High Mass in honor of God the Holy Ghost; after which the students assembled in the College hall, where they were assigned to their respective classes.

It is very gratifying to see such a large number of new students enrolled at this early date, but especially pleasing to see such a good percentage of the old ones back.

Naturally, for the first few days the newcomers were somewhat dazed by the strangeness of the place, while the old students strutted about, shaking hands among themselves, and patronizing the beginners with airs of knowing superiority. But the dazed look very soon disappeared, and if you now happen to come around at any recreation time and try to pick out a first-year man, you will have a difficult time of it. They are all out on the campus, having a "jolly time," and incidentally keeping the old students from falling asleep out of sheer self-complacency.

All of which goes to indicate that the honors of our beloved *Alma Mater* are in no immediate danger of lapsing, and very probably the present year will even eclipse the bright records of the past, both in the classroom and on the campus.

H. J. SCHMITT, '11.



Glad Tidings From Rome.

To all the Fathers of the Holy Ghost and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, throughout the world, and especially to those of Pittsburgh College, it was a most welcome message that brought, during the first days of the summer vacation, the tidings and the details of the solemn ceremony which took place on Sunday June 19, before His Holiness, Pope Pius, in the Throne Hall of the Vatican Palace. It was the ceremony of the reading

of the decrees upon the heroism of the virtues of the Venerable Father F. M. P. Libermann, founder of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart of Mary, the Venerable Margaret Bourgeoys, founder of the Institute of Notre Dame, at Montreal, Canada, and the Venerable Florida Cevoli, a Capuchin religious who died in 1727.

After the reading of the decrees, Rt. Rev. A. Le Roy, bishop of Alinda, formerly vicar apostolic of Gabon, and now Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, thanked the Holy Father, in a Latin discourse. Pope Pius X. then addressed a few words in Italian to the assembly, speaking with especial earnestness.

The cause of the Venerable Father Libermann is a remarkable one, and the Pope has been particularly interested in its progress. Born at Saverne, France, in 1807, and the son of a Jewish rabbi, Jacob Libermann was converted to Christianity in Paris at the age of twenty-one. Shortly afterwards, he entered the seminary of Saint Sulpice, where he became an example of virtue to his fellow-students.

Among the latter, he made the acquaintance of two young creoles, Frederick Le Vavasseur, from Reunion Island, and Eugene Tisserand from Hayti. These young men frequently alluded to the miserable condition of the black slaves in their respective countries.

Their description of the wretchedness of these poor people made a deep impression upon Father Libermann and, in 1842, after encountering many difficulties, he founded the Society of Missionaries of the Sacred Heart of Mary for the evangelization of the negro race. This society later, and still under his direction, united with the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, under the title of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and of the Sacred Heart of Mary.

Father Libermann died in the odor of sanctity in 1852. This is the first instance since the establishment of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, that the cause of a Jew has been presented to it.

The New Football.

Will the football of 1910 be a more interesting and a more spectacular game than that of 1909, or will the new rules and new restrictions deteriorate from its prominence as the leading college sport? This is the question that has been worrying players, coaches, and patrons of football ever since the new rules have been published. Whether they will benefit the game remains to be seen, but so far they have proven more of a failure than a success. By this I do not necessarily mean the rules themselves, but rather that the attempts to play according to them have not come up to expectations. Whether the numbers of fatalities will be less than that of last year can be decided only at the close of the season, but still it is not fair to think that the game will be free from accidents because the rules have been reconstructed. No true lover of the sport will expect such a thing as this, because the game is played under conditions according to which accidents are inevitable. What the experts who have compiled these rules expect to accomplish, is, to lessen the number of injured, and to make a severe injury an impossibility.

The accounts of the games played so far have not been of a character to give added prestige to the new game. Inability to grasp a proper idea of the rules, innumerable penalties, and excessive roughness have been the chief characteristics of the preliminary contests of 1910.

Penalizing will play an important part in the game because the restrictions are so numerous and so severe that it will be almost impossible to play a thoroughly clean game. This will detract somewhat from the interest of the game, because the average spectator, unless he is a prejudiced partisan, does not enjoy a game in which a penalty has to be enforced every second or third scrimmage.

The season of 1910 is now in full swing and the

newspapers will be able to furnish you with a better idea of the game, and you can then judge for yourself whether the new football is superior to the old.



Aspersions Cast Upon Oberammergau.

Of late, in one of our local papers, usually most reliable, and considered fair in its criticisms, there appeared an account of the great "Passion Play" at Oberammergau, which tended almost wholly to cast very serious reflections upon the spirit and the motives with which this solemn spectacle of world-wide renown is being conducted. The principal charges against it, to which all others may be reduced, are that it has resolved itself into a money making venture, and that, after all, the acting is very commonplace and mechanical.

Now we have got no brief for the defense of Oberammergau, nor do we wish to refute such aspersions of the lady-critic with an appeal to the universal verdict of those, who from all parts of the world have witnessed the unique performance and who have come back therefrom, edified. Happily we have a more immediate source of information in the person of a member of our faculty who profited of the opportunity afforded to him by a visit to the land of his forefathers to be present at a full performance of the great play and to spend some time in the little village. From his mature and impartial judgment we learn more than sufficient to repel, especially, all insinuation of mercenary motives inspiring the players. The very fact that the principal members of the Caste have refused flattering offers for its production in different countries would be very far from encouraging such a supposition. Indeed the records of past years will prove that only a few of the chief actors receive any compensation for their services. A local authority stated to our informant that "so far as he was able to learn, nobody in Oberammergau was at all making money out

of the play." True, the agencies who have made it their business to accompany parties of tourists about the country in connection with the play, and to accommodate the vast numbers of visitors, are, no doubt, profiting from it; but who could justly make the villagers responsible for any such results of ordinary business speculation—and who would, on that account prevent them from charging the moderate prices which are the rule within the village itself for the board and lodging which are incidental to the assistance of the play? And who shall refuse to these humble villagers and their humble town the benefit accruing only once every ten years from a work for which they have been all this time preparing? Is it merely, or even partially, mercenary on their part to ask for such labor a compensation which is distributed not only to their personal needs during so long an intervening period, but to the needs and improvements within their town which the increasing exigencies of strangers from all over the world expect to find a place of modern and comparative comfort?

The very history of this drama, which the good villagers have ever present to their minds, gives a very strong guarantee against what their simple lively faith would consider as a sacrilegious transformation of its original purpose. It was about the year 1638 that Caspar Schuckler brought the plague down upon the village of Oberammergau. The wretched inhabitants of this lowly place promised to produce a "Passion Play" every ten years should they be delivered from this affliction. Their prayer was immediately heard and so it is that every ten years the play is publicly presented as fulfilment of the pledge, made by their pious forefathers. No wonder those people, as every impartial visitor can realize, look upon its production as almost a form of worship very acceptable to God and are more devout in its performance than many Christians assisting at divine services in our churches. Next to the impression made upon the spectator by the actual performance of the great

drama, nothing affects him more than the simplicity of faith and the sincerity of devotion not only manifested by the performers, when off the stage and in the daily course of ordinary social life, but following them like an inspiration, into the masterpieces of wood-carving which have earned for them such well-merited distinction.

To say, now, that their acting is mechanical is in direct contradiction with this underlying spirit prompting the performance, and is especially in opposition to the effect produced on the great cosmopolitan audience.

Many a tear is shed during the play, not merely by women and children, but by men, supposed to be immune from lachrymose tendencies. They realize, for the first time, the significance of what is, after all, but a faint portrayal of the greatest tragedy the world has ever seen—and their hearts are touched. This is the daily verdict of the majority of Oberammergau's most exacting critics. And so, it must be but a puny mind, little alive to the higher, refining and elevating influences, that can stop, in presence of such a spectacle, to belittle its excellence, magnify its short-comings, and resume, with one stroke of the pen, the characters of its performance into the words, mercenary and mechanical.

G. V. DUGAN, '11.



Early Rising.

There is nothing so detestable in the ordinary course of life, as the somnolent individual. If repose is a kind of chronic with him, he is of very little use among those who go to make up the busier side of life. In the broad arena of battle and strife, one must be constantly alive to what is taking place around him. The numerous changes and transformations that happen within a short space of time, should be a warning that no one but the active man is able to succeed against whatever odds he may have to encounter.

One of the prime requisites to a successful career is early rising. The advantages to be derived from arising early are manifold. Considering or rather contrasting the "early bird" with his tardier rival, we generally find, after much discussion, that the "early bird catches the worm." This may not always prove to be the case, for the proverbial worm sometimes fails to live up to his regular custom.

In discussing advantages of early rising, we find from experience and from medical authority that it is a healthy habit. From a human standpoint, this is a leading argument, for no one is so foolish as to dispute the right to health and happiness. In examining any one class of individuals we find the class that arise earliest is generally the most robust. In reference we may name the farmers.

Not only in agricultural pursuits is the early riser the one who succeeds, but in every trade and profession. In commercial houses, the man who comes late is not wanted. The doctor, the lawyer, must all rise in time to grant themselves justice and their professions also.

Many men whose business does not require early rising, rise early because they deem it best for their system. That it is healthier than late rising is admitted. A late sleeper never seems to do as well as the early bird.

Since health is the basis of a long life, it is evident that the majority of old men have arisen early in their young days.

From what we see in every day life, the man who rises early, is the one who appreciates the beauties of nature. There is a great deal contained in this appreciation, for the person who does not consider nature, as being the most powerful force he has to contend with, is simply excluding himself from the common mass of civilization.

Therefore, those of us who can afford to rise early, do so. By doing this, we shall be more alive to the work of

the day, and shall have no hints as to the dullness and drowsiness of our nature. Take heed to the old quotation and we shall not go far astray. "Early to bed, early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."



LOCALS.

A FEW changes were made in the faculty this year. Father T. A. Wrenn received a new appointment to St. Peter Claver's Church, Philadelphia, where his energy and devotion will be employed in work among the colored Catholics. In the College, he had very important classes, besides being Assistant Dean of Discipline. We sincerely trust that God will bless his labors, and that he will reap a rich harvest of souls.

AFTER a three months' tour of France, Germany, and Ireland, Rev. Father H. J. Goebel has returned to us in all his old-time vigor. Father Goebel is in charge of the Plain Chant classes this year, and even already we may discern his energy in this line, as well as in all his other undertakings.

WE welcome back to the College, Rev. Edward Knaebel, S. T. L., C. S. Sp. During his absence from the College, he pursued a very brilliant course in the University of Fribourg. Had he remained there another year, he would have received the Doctor's cap. But owing to scarcity of men, he was called back to fill the position of Dean of Discipline.

ANOTHER acquisition to the faculty is Mr. D. C. Dillon.

MR. C. L. McCAMBRIDGE, C. S. Sp.; and Mr. Rossenbach, C. S. Sp., both of the Class '08, have returned to us from the Holy Ghost Seminary in Ferndale, Conn. Both of them are filling positions of professors and prefects of discipline.

JOHN HAYES, a brother of Rev. Ralph Hayes, D. D., is again with us this year. We expect John to take the lead again in his class as of yore.

HEIMBUECHER has just returned from his trip abroad.

THE boarders are numerous this year. Both Seniors and Juniors are right into hard work.

WOODWARD, Hoffmann, Kenney, and Dannemiller have been raised to the Seniors' ranks. It is remarkable with what pride they say, "When I was a Junior."

WHEELING, W. VA., is well represented this year by the Ackerman brothers, Byrnes, and Hoffmann.

THE class rooms are exceptionally well filled this year. The Business Hall has the lead. Then comes the Second Academic, great in quantity and quality.

AMONG the many visitors of the College during the past month, none received a more cordial welcome than the Rev. V. J. Fandraj, C. S. Sp., who was a class-mate of the Rev. Thomas F. Coakley, D. D., and graduated in the year 1903. On leaving college, Father Fandraj continued his studies in France, and later spent three years at the University of Fribourg, Switzerland, where he was ordained priest on December 8th, 1909. While at the University, he devoted his time to Theology, Scripture, Canon Law and History, and also attended the lectures on Religious Psychology, receiving with high honors the title of S. F. L. The most distinguished of his professors were the Rev. Del Rado, O. P., formerly President of the University of Manila, who taught Dogma, and the Fathers De L Augen-Wendels, O. P., and Mandonnet, O. P., who taught Moral Theology and History, respectively. Dr. Sfeiser was his professor in Canon Law. Father Fandraj will leave shortly for the East, where he will begin labors. Our best wishes for success accompany him, and a visit to his *Alma Mater* at some future time will be highly appreciated.

The Commercial Course.

The Commercial Course has never started under more favorable conditions than it has this year. The different classes of the Course are taught by a very competent corps of professors. The enrollment is very large and the students are about equally divided into three distinct classes, namely, the Preparatory, the Intermediate and the Advanced.

In the Preparatory Class, which is for beginners, special attention is given to English Grammar, Penmanship, Commercial Arithmetic and the first principles of Book-keeping. When students in this class pass a satisfactory examination in all the above mentioned studies, they advance to the Intermediate Class in which Type-writing and the rudiments of Commercial Law are taught.

After finishing in this class, the students are placed in the Advanced Class, where they are thoroughly drilled in English Composition, Correspondence, Higher Accounting, Banking, Office Practice and the higher principles of Book-keeping. Students may graduate from this Course at any time during the school year, after they have passed a final examination in all the subjects of the Course.

Then there is a special Short-hand or Stenography Course. Although independent of the Commercial Course, it is conducted in connection with it. But a student can enter the Short-hand Course without having taken the other. This Course practically completes the three years' study which is necessary for a thorough business education.

In this department competent instruction is given in English Grammar, Composition, Correspondence, Type-writing and the principal study of the Class—Short-hand.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the necessity of a good business education, especially in a commercial center such as Pittsburgh. Many young men and boys study for a few years in preparation for some profession,

then drop their studies and are not then fit to accept a position of any kind, so they have to spend a year or so more in studying Commercial work. It would be a boy's advantage to enter the Commercial Course, unless he has fully decided to follow up some profession.

It should be mentioned, too, that in all the classes from the lowest to the highest very special attention is given to the study of English Grammar, as this subject is so very important in any kind of an education.

J. M. GAUGHAN, '12.



ATHLETICS.

The campus at noon of a warm Indian summer day presents a lively scene. To those who still have the baseball fever in their bones, the high grass on the diamond seems no impediment. Some good material for next spring's 'Varsity has shown up among the new students. Many are busy "chasing the pigskin," and this practice will be of use to them, as there will be no Rugby on the Bluff this fall. On account of the number of fatalities on the gridiron last year, the Athletic Committee has decided to confine the energy of the strenuous ones to Association football. Class teams will soon be formed, and this will be essentially a year of development. The seven fine cement handball alleys claim their usual large number of devotees and the new fellows are being initiated into the mysteries of "killers," "hinders," and "slaps."

Tennis.

We are happy to welcome back that good old game of tennis which has been missing from the College for the past few years. Tennis has been played in the College at different times in the past, but it seemed that the interest in the game could not be kept up, and gradually the

clubs were disbanded and the court used for other purposes.

Tennis is a clean, healthy sport, a game that is interesting to play and interesting to watch, and it will be a great pity if the present movement be allowed to die out like some of the former ones.

The objects of the present club are to promote the game in the College, to open up a new channel for exercise and recreation, and to encourage that feeling of comradeship, which should exist among college students.

Professors Ryan and Connolly were principally responsible for starting the present organization, and it is owing to their advice that it has been placed on such a firm basis; if we can judge from the interest and enthusiasm that has already been shown, the club will be a successful and permanent one.

From the skill displayed by some of the members, we can truthfully say that the club contains some very good players. The friendly rivalry that will naturally spring up, should serve to give an added impulse to the present interest and enthusiasm.

At a meeting held on September 12th the following officers were elected :—President, James J. Hawks, '11; Treasurer, Henry J. Gelm, '11; Secretary, John P. Egan, '11. In addition to these the roster contains the following members :—Blumm, Duffy, Groff, Gilbert, Isherwood, McGraw, Hoffmann, Mansmann, Siedle, Slater, Sawders, Robinson and Wilson.

J. P. EGAN,

J. N. HAYES.



OBITUARY.

SYLVERIUS A. KESTER, who graduated in the Commercial Department last June, died on Wednesday, August 27th. He was buried from St. John's Church, S. S., Friday, August 26th. Fathers Danner and Wrenn represented the College at the funeral.

RESOLUTION OF SYMPATHY.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His Infinite Goodness and Wisdom, to call to Himself our fellow-student, Sylverius A. Kester; be it

RESOLVED, That we, the undersigned, in behalf of his classmates and fellow-students, tender his bereaved mother our heartfelt sympathy, and that a copy of this Resolution be inserted in the BULLETIN.

ROBERT R. MELLODY, '11.

ANTHONY F. EMMERLING, '11.

JOSEPH P. DEVLIN, '11.

JOTTINGS.

HELLO, Everybody !

REMEMBER, boys, you can make or mar the year. It's up to you. Try and get this—it's important.

WHATEVER you do, don't knock. A knocker is a man with a grouch, and a man with a grouch is an abomination in the land.

THE chap who hasn't a thing but a lot of nerve and a smile that won't come off, often accomplishes far more in life than a pessimist with real brains.

FOLEY is going to write for money after he leaves college. He ought to make a success of it, he's had plenty of experience.

COUSINS, the man who made Sheridan famous, is rapidly gaining a national reputation. He receives mail from all parts of the country.

GROFF continues to shine in the after-dinner league. If Bill ever finds out where first base is located, he'll make a great short-stop.

O'CONNOR, when he isn't otherwise engaged, makes impromptu speeches to anyone who cares to listen. He has a unique way of dealing with the questions of the day, and combines a magnetic personality with an amazing vocabulary.

"IRON MAN" ANGEL is still pitching. He has pitched nearly every day for over four years. He hasn't any speed and he hasn't any curves, and no control to speak of. How does he do it? Uses his head. What?

THE Freshmen look intelligent. This is as it should be, for with the possible exception of a policeman, a Freshman knows more than any other human being.

WE understand that the Sophs are having trouble with the "Irish thoroughbred." Try a little oats, boys!

EDDIE BUTLER of Araminta Brown fame, was the heavy man with the McKees' Rocks Repertoire Company during the summer months. He says he couldn't think of playing in the college hall again, because he has become accustomed to large crowds. They always followed him. Sometimes they waited for him.

I'd like to write a poem of the golden autumn time,
Of memories and faces and the dear old "auld lang
syne;"

I'd like to tell a story that would be both sad and gay,
But my Muse has gone a-maying, so it can not be to-day.

I find her most eccentric and sometimes even rude;
That's why my metre's shaky and my verse is often
crude.

It's most exasperating and my feelings are quite hurt,
Tho' I do my best to woo her, she remains a heartless
flirt.

So I can not tell the story of the fading autumn leaves,
Of gathering in the harvest, or of binding up the sheaves,
Tho' I feel that I could do it in a very charming way,
But my Muse has gone a-maying, so it can not be to-day.

JAMES J. HAWKS, '11.



ALUMNI NOTES.

WE are happy to learn that the graduates of the past year have nearly all settled down to hard work in the different spheres which they have chosen for their respective avocations in life. Those who have aspired generously to the priesthood are Messrs. F. Dillon, who is studying Theology at Mt. St. Mary's, Emmittsburg; F. S. Shields, who is at St. Vincent's, Latrobe; T. J. Sculcz, who has gone to St. Mary's, Baltimore; and J. McGlade who, chiefly for the purpose of familiarizing himself with the Polish language, is studying at the Seminary of Sts. Cyril and Methodius, at Detroit, Mich.

HUBERT GAYNOR, '04, who, at the late Commencement, after a regular examination in all the subjects, received his B. A., and who, a year previous, had finished his medical course with honor at Georgetown University, is now practising medicine with unusual distinction in Parkersburg, W. Va. J. H. McGraw, who was the Valadictorian of his class, has entered the Wool Co. under the direction of his father; C. K. Kaylor, of Altoona, is still at home, and we are told has practically made up his mind to enter the medical profession, like his classmate, C. J. McGuire, who is already hard at work in the Georgetown University Medical Department.

AN extract from a recent letter will show how Charlie appreciates his present work and his surroundings. "I like Georgetown as a school, and the City of Washington itself is one that is worth miles of traveling to see; it is a beautiful city, and the atmosphere is so noticeably free from smoke, that when one looks at the wide streets lined on both sides with trees, it seems more like a large country settlement than a city. A noticeable feature of the city is the absence of all trolley wires, electric light poles, and all overhead wires,—everything is underground, the street cars getting their power from the underground 'third rail.' At school we are kept very busy; we begin every morning at 9 o'clock; on Thursday and Saturday we are through at 4:30 p. m., and on the other four days of the week we have class until 6 p. m. So you see we have plenty of hard work. Tell the Seniors that if they want to have it easy (?) in their next course, after graduation, to study medicine.

WE have not heard recently from M. J. Shea, but we hope to be in the position to say in our next issue what the genial representative of Steubenville, O., is contemplating as his life's career.

EDDIE J. MCKNIGHT was also expected to enter one of our seminaries in view of the priesthood; but Eddie's health has been causing great concern to his friends and family, who have decided that our former captain of the baseball team of '09 should take a good and much needed rest.

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Pittsburgh College Bulletin

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Weep Not for the Dead.

Weep not for the loved ones, departed and fled
From Earth's bitter sorrows—weep not for the dead !
Were they buds of a day that the first chilling blast
Has nipped, ere the Spring of their life had been passed ?
Were they blossoms of promise, whose fragrance remains
In the petals that op'd not on Earth's frosted plains ?
Transplanted to God's sunny garden and soil,
Oh ! call them not back—where the blights may despoil !

Were they knit to thy heart-strings, like fibres new-
 grown,
And torn from thy love, left to bleed all alone ?
Oh ! strive not to keep them, or snatch them again
From the land where they know neither sorrow nor pain !
They came as a bright gleam of light from on high
From the wing of some spirit that passed swiftly by ;
Tho' now in their parting thy hopes are laid low,
Oh ! call them not back to the land whence they go !

Weep not for the past, though it hold in its gloom
Loved forms that have sunk to their rest in the tomb—
Fond voices that rang in the laugh of the song,
And faces that smiled as they flitted along :
Oh ! call them not back—for they went in their mirth,
Ere their hearts had been chilled by one frost of this
 earth !

Thy idol was earthly ! Earth's life-star has set—
There are bright ones in Heaven that beam for thee yet !

The Venerable Father Francis Mary Paul Libermann and the Negro Missions.

Now that the public and solemn decree of our Holy Father has pronounced as heroic the life and virtues of the Venerable Father Libermann, it will not be deemed inappropriate to place before our readers a summary of the life of this great modern Apostle of the Negro Race, as well as a brief review of the results that have been accomplished by his sons in the missionary field all over the world.

“The weak things of the world hath God chosen, that He may confound the strong” (I Cor. i, 27). In every period of the Church’s history, from the day of the Ascension when our Divine Lord commanded his chosen twelve to go and teach all nations and to be His witnesses in Jerusalem and Samaria and in the uttermost parts of the world, up to the present day, these words of St. Paul have been corroborated by historical facts. It was not the philosophers of Greece or the orators of Rome who by their wisdom or eloquence were to preach the glad tidings of salvation, and it was not the armies of Rome who were to direct the feet of the Gentiles into the way of peace, but the chosen few to whom Jesus Christ had promised His ever-abiding presence and assistance. Many a time in the course of history it seemed as if the bark of St. Peter would be overwhelmed by the storms and waves of schism and heresy, persecution and calumny, when the Lord in His own good time raised his voice to quiet the storms and raised His chosen instrument to lead her safely through the storm-tossed and storm-beaten waves. When, towards the end of the eighteenth century, the Encyclopedists and Atheists prophesied the ruin of the Catholic Church, God raised up the saintly Pius VII (1800–1821). When, under his gentle rule, the Religious Orders were restored and missionary work among the heathens was resumed, God had chosen a humble servant girl, Pauline Jaricot,

to found the "*Work of the Association of the Propagation of the Faith*," whilst at the same time he had chosen a weak instrument which was destined to do a great work among the benighted descendants of Cham in the Dark Continent of Africa and elsewhere, and to give an impulse to the revival of Catholic missionary work in general. Francis Mary Paul Libermann, a Jewish convert to the Catholic Faith was rejected by his father, a fanatical Jewish Rabbi, and after many years of trial became a Priest of God, the Founder of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart of Mary, the first Superior General of the united Congregations: The Sacred Heart of Mary and the Holy Ghost, now commonly called, The Missionary Society of the Holy Ghost, whose chief object is to devote themselves to the conversion of the Negro race.

FRANCIS MARY PAUL LIBERMANN.

Jacob, or Francis Mary Paul Libermann was born on April 12th, 1804, in the little town of Saverne, situated in the province of Lower Alsace. His father, the parent of seven sons and one daughter, one of the most famous and learned Jewish Rabbis of the ancient school, was filled with fanaticism against everything Christian and Catholic, and in his hatred went so far as to despise all classical studies and languages, ancient or modern, with the exception of Hebrew, so much so that he was unable to write either German or French. Samson, the eldest son, and Jacob, the fifth, were the special favourites of whom the father entertained the highest hopes as the future guides and lights of Judaism, and yet, strange to say, both became fervent Catholics and gained the highest reputation: Samson as a famous physician at Strassburg; Jacob as priest, spiritual director and founder of a most enterprising missionary Society. When Jacob was thirteen years old, he was solemnly introduced into the Synagogue, and, by being made a full member, became one of the most zealous fanatic zealots and strict observers of the principles and conservative doctrines of

his father. To give him a better education, his father sent him to a rabbinical school at Metz, where he was to devote himself exclusively to the study of Hebrew. At this time, however, his family received a severe blow, for Samson, whose resolute nature revolted against this one-sided, narrow-minded education, together with his wife, embraced the Catholic religion, after the Protestant minister Friede to whom he had applied for light and guidance had failed to give him any. Jacob was at once despatched to Strassburg to commence a crusade against his brother, to persuade him to change his mind and to return to Judaism. One day, however, his sister-in-law, after having listened to him, said in prophetic words: "Jacob, one day you shall become not only a Christian but also a priest and an apostle." The result of Jacob's campaign was that two other brothers became Catholics, whilst he himself turned Atheist and Freethinker. This, however, did not last long. One of his colleagues, a young beginner in Hebrew, one day gave Jacob a book, written in Hebrew, which he was unable to read, and asked young Libermann to read and to explain it to him. Libermann found that it was a translation of the Gospels into Hebrew, and, after having read it with great care, he became quite enthusiastic about the personal character and the work of our Lord and made up his mind to embrace the Catholic religion. He resolved to see his Catholic brothers in Paris, and, before starting for his journey, he visited his father in Saverne. As sinister rumours had reached the ears of the latter, that Jacob had sadly neglected the studies of the Talmud to gain time for Latin and Greek, he subjected him to a severe examination. Only after he found that the rumours had no foundation, he allowed him to go to Paris. Here an old friend of the Libermann family, Monsieur Drach, a converted Rabbi, got shelter for him at the college of St. Stanislas, where he lived retired, giving himself to study and prayer. On the eve of Christmas, 1826, he was baptized as Francis Mary Paul at the age of twenty-

three, and on Christmas day itself made his first Communion. Three other brothers, four nieces and a nephew were also received into the Church; the father and Sarah, the only sister, adhered to Judaism. In 1827, Libermann left St. Stanislas for St. Sulpice to commence his philosophical and theological studies. But before he reached his much desired end, Paul Libermann had to go through the school of the cross. When on the point of receiving the sub-diaconate, he got epilepsy which he bore patiently for ten years, and when that was over, a period of dryness and depression set in. At St. Sulpice he made the acquaintance of two students of theology, Frederick Le Vavasseur and Eugene Tisserand, who knew well the pitiable condition of the Negro race and described it to Libermann. Tisserand was a creole of St. Domingo, Le Vavasseur the son of a rich farmer of the island of Bourbon or Réunion. These three students united themselves together, guided by one and the same desire to devote themselves to the conversion of the Negro race. And these three: Libermann, whose illness was very likely to block his way to the priesthood, Le Vavasseur, who, in consequence of a nervous headache, was almost unfit for any intellectual or spiritual exertion, Tisserand whose intellectual capacities in consequence of ill health fits scarcely allowed him to acquire the most necessary knowledge for the priesthood, were God's chosen instruments to give the impulse for the Christianization of the Dark Race.

When the Superiors of the newly revived "Congregation of Jesus and Mary" founded by P. Eudes, applied to St. Sulpice to obtain somebody who would be able to train their novices at Rennes, curiously enough the choice fell on Libermann "who, though in minor orders, is to be treated and esteemed like a priest." Here he wrote his famous letters on the spiritual life to religious and seculars, wherein everything breathes the purest and most fervent love of God.

FOUNDER OF A RELIGIOUS CONGREGATION.

In 1838, Le Vasseur went to Rennes to interview Libermann and to discuss with him the plans of preaching the Gospel to the Negroes, and to obtain the assistance of Abbé Des Genettes. The latter preached an eloquent sermon on Candlemas Day, 1839, in the church of Notre Dame des Victories on the conversion of the Negroes. On October 28th, the feast of SS. Simon and Jude, 1839, Libermann resolved to found a religious community for the evangelization of Africa, and in the following year the Jewish convert, in minor orders, with no means, suffering from epilepsy, laughed at by all his friends, set out for Rome. In the beginning of March, 1840, he had an audience with the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda and on this occasion handed in his scheme. The only answer he received was that, before he wished to start anything of the kind, he must first become a priest. Patiently he waited in Rome, hired a garret for which he paid three shillings a month, cooked his own food or begged it, wrote the Constitutions of the future Congregation and a commentary on the Gospel of St. John, with no other books but the New Testament, the Imitation of Christ and a Paayer Book. Propaganda encouraged him to persevere, and Bishop Raess of Strassburg, on hearing of his difficulties, promised to ordain him. In 1841, after one year's stay in Rome, Libermann returned to Strassburg where Bishop Raess ordained him sub-deacon on Saturday before Trinity Sunday, and on August 10th, 1841, Deacon. The Bishop of Amiens placed at his disposal a little country villa at Neuville, where he opened his first missionary college. Surrounded by his first three companions Le Vasseur, Tisserand and Collins he was ordained priest by the Bishop of Amiens on September 18th, 1841, sang his first Mass at Notre Dame des Victoires, and then returned to Neuville where they commenced their Noviciate.

FATHERS LAVAL, LE VAVASSEUR AND TISSERANL.

The first priest of the new Congregation to enter the mission field was Father Laval, formerly a famous physician in Normandy; he became a priest at the age of 36, and at the age of 38 joined the community of Father Libermann. In 1841, he founded the mission among the Negroes on the island of Mauritius, where for five years he worked by himself, spending daily eight hours in the church, consecrating six hours to the people who visited him, four hours to spiritual exercises and visiting his congregation, and six hours to sleep. After four years of missionary work, Father Laval had gathered round him a congregation of 2,000 people; for twenty-three years he continued his work among liberated Negro slaves and gained the sympathy of all to such an extent that some 40,000 people of every rank and position followed him to the grave. The grateful people of Mauritius erected a mausoleum in his honour, which has since become a spot much frequented by pilgrims and visitors; in 1907, some 140,000 people visited his tomb. Father Le Vavas seur went to his native island of Bourbon to preach the Gospel to the Negroes of his native home, whilst Father Tisserand set out in 1843, for Haiti, the home of his mother, to commence missionary work there among the Negroes.

A few months later the first band of African missionaries set out to conquer the Dark Continent for Christ and His Church. The seven missionaries landed at Cape Palmas, Guinea Coast, on November 29th, 1843. But a month later the deadly climate demanded its first victim, and a few months after, five of the seven had passed away, another one had to return to Europe. Father Bessieux, later on Vicar Apostolic of the Two Guineas, was the only one to remain and to carry on the work till further help came. From the 29th of December, 1843, to the 29th of December, 1909, 650 missionaries of the Congregation of Father Libermann have died in the various mission fields of Africa.

In 1846, Father Libermann went again to Rome, and submitted a complete plan for the conversion of Africa, requesting at the same time that three Vicariates *i. e.*, two for the Two Guineas and one for Senegambia should be erected. The petition was granted and the whole field was entrusted to the sons of Father Libermann, or the Congregation of the Sacred Heart of Mary, which in 1848, was united to the Congregation of the Holy Ghost under the common title, The Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Sacred Heart of Mary, with Father Libermann as its first Superior General.

Father Francis Mary Paul Libermann died on February 2nd, 1852, and his remains rest, since 1865, at Chevilly, near Paris. On July 1st, 1876, Pope Pius IX bestowed upon the Founder the title "Venerable Servant of God."

At his death scarcely twelve years had elapsed since the foundation of the Congregation, yet Father Libermann left it to his successor, Father Schwindenhammer, firmly rooted and organized with 60 members. The field was extended, new missionary centres founded, Prefectures and Vicariates Apostolic erected, schools and seminaries opened. To-day, fifty-eight years after the death of Father Libermann, the Fathers of the Holy Ghost are at work in Belgian, English, French, German, Portuguese and Spanish Colonies, in North and South America, on islands in African and American waters and in many lands of Europe. To-day they have under their jurisdiction 8 Vicariates and 6 Prefectures Apostolic and 5 Missions, and the Congregation numbers 802 priests, 752 brothers, 994 aspirants, scholastics and postulants, or a grand total, and a crown worthy of Father Libermann, of 2548 members.



Facts About the Holy Name Parade.

—It was great.

—“THE West’s awake.”

—It was only the first.

—OUR country’s flag went first.

—THERE were over 20,000 men by actual count.

—NOT a disorderly incident from beginning to end.

—PITTSBURGH is at the head of the Western procession.

—THE Grand Marshal, James P. McNally, was one of our old boys.

—THERE were ten counties and eighty-five congregations represented.

—Two of our old boys, Fathers McMullen and Coakley were in the front line.

—THE College boys were recommended to march with their parish societies.

—THE appearance of these staunch, determined men, twelve abreast, was a sermon !

—Boys were there by the side of their fathers and big brothers ! What a lesson for both !

—TWENTY-SIX nationalities were there ! But they were all thoroughly Catholic and American.

—As it was Sunday, there were no brass bands ! Yet it made a wonderful and lasting impression.

—THE Right Rev. Bishop Canevin, afoot for the whole distance of three miles, led the Christian army.

—THERE were at least 60,000 persons massed around the Cathedral square at the moment of the Benediction.



Visit of the Governor.

On Wednesday, October 12th, we were fortunate in having with us His Excellency, Edward S. Stuart, Governor of Pennsylvania.

The day previous, Governor Stuart was principal speaker at the dedication of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial,—that fitting tribute to the valor of the men of Allegheny County during the War of the Rebellion. Father P. A. McDermott visited him during the day and secured his consent to be present.

After breakfast in the Hotel Schenley, the Governor, his Secretary, Judge Charles F. McKenna, and Colonel O. S. Hershman, were met at ten o'clock by Very Reverend Father M. A. Hehir, President of the College. It was very agreeable to see the Governor's automobile arrive a few minutes later. The feelings we experienced that morning, at having with us such a distinguished guest, cannot be easily expressed. As he entered, hat in hand, deafening cheers arose from the students, who were lined up on both sides of the Hall. The enthusiastic salute was cordially returned with bows and smiles. After the party had been seated, the College Orchestra rendered appropriate music.

In an eloquent speech, Father Hehir briefly outlined the work of the College. He told how the good fathers are devoting their lives to giving a thoroughly practical education to the four hundred students assembled before him; and, above all, to imparting that religious training so essential to Catholic manhood and good citizenship.

Mr. J. J. Hawks then delivered the address of welcome in behalf of the students. Mr. Hawks said in part: "We consider ourselves all the more bound to express and emphasize our feelings in welcoming, for the first time in our history, the honored and esteemed Chief Executive of our great State of Pennsylvania, as your visit so happily coincides with the celebration of the new

holiday, commemorative of the great Columbus, which, as we know full well, owes to Your Excellency the consummation of its actual establishment and enactment. Nor can we forget that in honoring us to-day in such a signal fashion, Your Excellency has come fresh from the impressive scenes of the dedication of that noble monument to the patriotism, the devotion, the bravery, and the heroic sacrifices of our fathers from this county during the trying days of war. Your very presence amongst us, surrounded with such an atmosphere cannot be other than an inspiration,—especially when associated with the examples of sterling justice, upright character, and elevated principle, that have signalized your memorable tenure of executive office.”

Vociferous applause greeted the Governor as he stepped forward to address the students. At first, His Excellency spoke in an easy, conversational way; but, as he warmed to his subject, those powers of eloquence, so characteristic of him, became more noticeable.

“Boys,” he said, “these days of college life should be the most joyous of all life’s days to you. They should be days of pleasure. You are being taught to be good men, and you will be such, I believe. I have confidence in you all. Your bright and manly faces inspire it.

“I visited your city 37 years ago at the time of the first reunion of the ‘Boys in Blue.’ Its growth since then has been marvelous, almost miraculous, as also your industries and your population. It is surely a wonderfully changed city since that day, 37 years ago. And only yesterday Allegheny County dedicated the greatest memorial building in the State. Every child in the County should be proud of that.

“The greatest asset this country has is the boys in front of me, and such as they. But remember that a boy must struggle to get through. No man succeeds without struggling. The fight of life is the making of the man.”

At this point Governor Stuart reverted to his own early experience, reciting a number of anecdotes to

illustrate what he was trying to press home, that no man can reach success over a lazy pathway.

"Have love, affection and hope in God," Governor Stuart continued, "and then you cannot fail to be good citizens of the commonwealth. There are still great opportunities in this blessed land of ours. Yours are as great as those of the boy of 50 years ago. And the boy of 50 years hence will also have just as good a chance to make himself a manly man and a big success as the boy of half a century ago. Your opportunities are plentiful. Just keep your eyes to the front and work away.

"Have character and integrity. Remember you are on probation here. Parents and teachers watch over you, but without your own industry all their watchfulness and anxiety will avail nothing. It is possible for a man to impose upon others, but he cannot impose upon himself."

Great applause greeted the Governor as he concluded his talk. Leaving his chair again, he said:

"Boys, there is one thing I forgot. I remember now that I am chief executive of this State. As chief executive, I now declare a half holiday for Holy Ghost College to-day. Remember," he added, "the half holiday must go through the regular channels. President Hehir, I now ask that you declare a half holiday."

Father Hehir rose at once and told the boys that there would be no school that afternoon. Judge McKenna then spoke briefly to the students.

A special committee of the Alumni Association met the Governor at the College. The names of the committee follow: E. S. Reilly, J. D. Reilly, J. E. Kane, F. T. Lauinger, J. Dawson Callery, Dr. F. D. Murto, and the Rev. J. Wilms, C. S. Sp.

E. J. MISKLOW, '12.



Postal Saving Banks.

National thrift is the product of individual economy, and any institution which encourages its people to yield a gratification of the present to a consideration for the future, must be an important factor in political economy. The necessity for some absolutely safe place for the deposit of the savings of our people has long been recognized by all public-spirited and broad-minded men. The entire lack of responsibility to depositors on the part of stockholders of saving banks, beyond the face value of their stock, and the repeated ruin of depositors by the failure of such banks, have caused many people to lose confidence in them. That there is a need of better facilities for saving in this country, and that this need will be provided by a system of postal banks, is generally admitted, but it is a question of debate whether they will be beneficial and practicable in our country.

That we shall be benefitted politically by the system is readily seen. The knowledge that he has money invested in the Government will cause each depositor to take a deep interest in public affairs, outside of, and beyond, a natural affection and concern for his country. There is nothing that will more elevate the spirit of independence, contentment, and happiness, of a people, than the fact that, through their own foresight and thrift, they have made their future prosperity secure as regards monetary matters. We are a thriving but not a thrifty nation. Many of our people must yet learn to moderate their consumption below their production.

For years it has been a slogan of parties, advocating non-interference with the State regardless of the rights and welfare of the masses, that postal saving banks are too paternal for our form of government. Is not the function of carrying the people's mail as paternal as that of preserving their savings?

If a system of saving banks had been established as

part of our postal department at its institution, we would consider it now as much a matter of course to entrust our savings, as our mail, to the Government. The argument that political corruption and dishonesty will be increased is equally unsound. Perhaps a few of the sixty thousand post-masters in this country are dishonest. Because not a few, but many, bank presidents have proved faithless, should we lose confidence in all of them, and abolish their banks?

The postal system of the United States is the grandest organization of its kind in the world. Its employees are controlled by the Civil Service regulations and are chosen for their ability. That they have no banking experience, I admit, but if I may indulge in a little boast, though it is the truth, allowance must be made for the superior capabilities of Americans. Heretofore our chief advancement has been made in recognizing the best European methods, improving them, and making them our own. Why should not the same apply when we adopt the postal bank system, for more important duties will bring greater efficiency?

We shall be benefitted financially by this system. The amount of money in circulation in this country will be increased. It has been shown by statisticians that there is an average of \$10 hoarded by every individual in this country; that there are \$95,000,000 lying idle, doing their possessors and their fellow-citizens little good. In England it has been found that only one-eighth of the money deposited during the year in postal banks, is left to draw interest, the other seven-eighths are withdrawn from time to time to meet ordinary household expenses. Last year \$110,000,000 were sent out of this country by immigrants working here, because they had more confidence in the postal banks of their native lands than in our private institutions for saving.

By investing the deposits in national bonds, the debt of the nation will be placed in the hands of its citizens. Although these banks will draw large deposits from rural

districts, this money will not be withdrawn from these communities; as one of the chief investments of these funds will be the loaning of them to nearby banks, where they will be available for local enterprise. This system will not be costly, as the running expenses will be exceeded by the difference between the interest received on investments and that paid on deposits. Even if there should be no profit, there is a satisfaction in the people's reposing a trust in the Government, and in the latter's reciprocating that confidence by protecting it.

Although it may not be apparent at first sight, this system will benefit private saving banks. It will act as a great primary school for their advantage. It stands to reason that when a man has reached the maximum limit of deposits, and has discovered the value of saving, he will put his money into a State bank for higher interest. Then, the postal banks will act directly as "feeders" to existing institutions; and they will not compete injuriously with private banks because a wholly different class of depositors will be appealed to, a much lower rate of interest will be paid, and the amount of money on deposit will be limited.

Postal saving banks are in use in all the leading countries of the world, except in the United States, Germany, and Switzerland. We can obtain the best idea of their practicability in this country by considering their success in Great Britain and Canada, both of which resemble us very much in their business methods and customs. One year after the system had been established in England, 2,500 offices were open and \$10,000,000 were on deposit. Now there are 11,000 postal bank depositaries, and one out of every seven persons is a depositor. In 1868 the system was introduced into Canada. In 1885, 66,000 depositors were credited with \$14,000,000. Of this number, 14,000 farmers deposited \$4,700,000 and 5,500 children deposited \$170,000. Besides, the accounts of many laboring men were in the names of their wives, as 12,000 married women were

credited with \$2,400,000. In Canada in 1900, 135,000 depositors were credited with \$34,000,000. During that year, the total expense in this department of the Government was just \$60,000.

Our postal system is admirably adapted for the administration of saving banks. This is shown by the rapid growth of the Money Order system and by the success of our rural free delivery. During the year 1908, 130,000 money orders, amounting to \$8,100,000, were bought at first and second class post-offices alone. These two classes are confined entirely to large cities, and they number 1900. There are in the country 60,000 post-offices, but of these no more than 40,000 will eventually conduct saving banks.

The law authorizing postal depository banks requires that ninety-five per cent. of the deposits in each postal bank shall be loaned to the nearest bank that is willing to accept them. If there be more than one bank in the town, the funds must be divided among them in proportion to the amount of their capital stock. Most banks certainly will be willing to accept these deposits, for in prosperous times facilities for good investments in the United States are unlimited. American cities are progressive, and are ever anxious to acquire parks, improve streets, and own and control all public buildings and works which serve their people. The other five per cent. of all deposits will constitute the reserve fund of this system, under the control of the Treasurer of the United States.

Any depositor who wishes to invest in Government coupons or registered bonds may do so, by surrendering his deposits in sums of \$20, \$40, \$60, \$80, \$100, and multiples of \$100 up to \$500.

There are then five reasons why postal banks will prove beneficial to our country: first, they will afford an absolutely safe place for the deposit of savings; secondly, our circulation will be increased by probably \$95,000,000; thirdly, if \$100,000,000 be deposited in ten years (and

this is not beyond the bounds of reason), this sum would pay for all outstanding United States' bonds and place the debt of the nation entirely in the hands of its citizens; fourthly, the independence and comfort of each depositor will be increased; fifthly, a greater interest in public affairs will be excited.

That we, the people, believe the postal bank system will be, at a very early date, universally adopted in this country, is a foregone conclusion because, through our representatives at the last sitting of Congress, we approved the bill and made it a law.

JOHN N. HAYES, '13.



I.

Hear the voices calling
From the moss-grown spring,
Where the moonlight's falling;
Childhood scenes they bring:
We travel to the West, yet to the East we cling.

II.

For the present working;
Still the past is blest
Never duty shirking
Dreamtime still is best:
If faultless is the past, why lay its shades to rest,

H. J. SCHMITT, '11.

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EDITORIAL.

A Princely Legacy.

At a time when so many journals are filled with the details of the late visit of His Eminence Cardinal Vannutelli it is needless to dwell at length on his stay in this country; still we cannot but draw attention to one or two remarks which he made before his departure from our midst, and which we may well retain as a precious legacy.

The words which he addressed to the Italians of New York City are especially worthy of comment, words which, had they been spoken by a descendant of the Pilgrim fathers, could not have breathed a truer American spirit.

"Be faithful," he said, "as I know you are, to your God and your Church. Be loyal to your new country. Be good Americans and repay the generosity of your reception here with your heart's blood if need be. I am proud of you, my people, who have come to this land and have fared so well that you have built this beautiful Church and have established schools of such size."

A wonderful exhortation and coming from such lips, carrying double weight! Yet the tone of it need not surprise us when we remember that he is the same man who spoke, on leaving our country, those words, of which we have a just cause to be proud, and which are well worth being quoted.

"I have found here a republic that is one in reality, not merely in name, like most of the republics of Europe. It has been most refreshing and inspiring to come in touch with the spirit of Christian justice and charity that influenced the founders of your institutions, at present dominates their development, and predestines, I am confident, their glorious future. Within a few weeks, I have traveled through the large cities of the West and East, and everywhere I witnessed the greatest possible reverence for religion and respect for authority—both now sadly lacking in some of the old countries of Europe.

The permanency of your Republic is assured if recognition of God and obedience to authority continue to exercise their benign influence on American life."



The Practical Side of Social Study.

To the average mind the 'social question' and 'social reform' are mere abstractions, something to be

treated of in the pamphlet or discussed in the drama.

It is about time that our Catholic people awake to the fact that 'fireside philanthropy' does not succeed, and that the sum total of charity is not to have one's name on the list of contributors to an orphan asylum, or to give a nickel to the blind musician around the corner.

It is very expedient, therefore, that Catholics take part in the movement for the betterment of the impoverished, which is speedily gaining headway, and not only take a part in it, but a leading one, and to give to it a Catholic tone. They should raise it from mere philanthropy to Christian charity of the highest kind.

But all this requires study. It is comparatively easy to give, but where and how to give requires grave consideration. Slipshod, disorganized and indiscriminate charity accomplishes nothing. We must start to work in a systematic, practical way. It is the work not of the clergy and leading laity only, but of every man. The social situation must be studied from every point of view; from the work-man's and from the manufacturer's. We must go to the very basis of the matter, we must study the lives of the poor, and ascertain the cause of their destitution and how best to build them up. In the words of a well-known Catholic writer "the spectacle of their misery should stir us to business-like action, based on careful study. That may do something to stop the leakage which is due largely to economic pressure."

"There is work for all, once the call to it is realized. There is work for any willing helper who can give the smallest amount of time to the cause."

H. J. SCHMITT, '11.



Vital Religion.

The utterances upon religion from any man of note are, if merely as matters of curiosity, always worth the reading, but they are doubly so when the views are so pronounced as those coming recently from the lips of

Mr. Pepper, the editor of *Pepper and Lewis Digest* and professor in the law school of the University of Pennsylvania, at the late meeting of the Bar Association, held in this city, October 28.

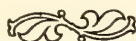
The average man reads the newspaper so superficially and skips so many things of importance that it will not be wholly outside of our function to quote extracts from speeches such as the following one from the address of Mr. Pepper. It is just another proof of the fact that men are beginning to realize more and more that religion is essential to the welfare of the country.

It is rare to find such plain but fearless and healthy utterances as these at a meeting of professional men, especially when they are members of the Bar. Hence they are, on that account, the more precious and the more effective.

“Every man in the community, and, of course, I include every member of the Bar, stands to-day more than ever before in need of that enthusiasm for the ideal which nothing but vital religion can give. My proposition is that religion, and not justice, as Webster said, is the greatest interest of man upon earth. I reassert the familiar saying that our civilization, if it is to be permanent, must have a religious basis. We cannot have civic righteousness in a community if there is no other kind of righteousness there. We cannot have a pure and wholesome family life if we recognize different standards of virtue for man and woman. We cannot expect men to live noble lives unless there is a motive so compelling that the ignoble cannot compete with it.

“When I speak of religion I use the word as indicating the relation of man to a personal God. There may, of course, be many within the sound of my voice who hold the agnostic position. Let me suggest to these men, if any there are, a point not always recognized—that there is, in point of fact, no distinctive course of conduct which corresponds to the agnostic position. Either there is a God or there is no God. The law of excluded middle

makes impossible any third condition. It is hard to resist the conclusion that human life would be a richer and happier thing if we all were to act on the theory that there is a personal God in control of the universe than if all mankind were to act consistently upon the opposite theory. Therefore we must focus our minds on character building, and we must begin with our own."



Columbus Day.

During the past month Pennsylvania celebrated her second Columbus Day. And when we see with what genuine enthusiasm and sentiment the day was observed, we cannot but wonder that a people usually just and considerate delayed for so long an open acknowledgment of the great navigator's achievements.

The local Knights of Columbus celebrated appropriately with a notable banquet at which were present prominent speakers of national, and even world-wide renown.

With this exception, however, the celebration rested chiefly with the Italian portion of our population, and to them we tender our congratulations for the thorough and fitting manner in which they honored a great man and his noble work.

But in all of their numerous manifestations of honor and appreciation there was one bright feature which struck the average American as most commendable and reassuring, namely, their spirit of American patriotism. Although the unusual prominence of their former standard together with other reminiscent features naturally brought back memories of the fatherland, yet they never seemed to lose sight of the fact that they are American citizens; and, while they gave honor to a European, they did so as citizens of that great and generous Republic which they have adopted as a home.

ALUMNI NOTES.

FR. WM. J. McMULLEN, who was the first assistant of the Cathedral since its consecration, has recently been appointed pastor, which position had been retained up to the present time by the Rt. Rev. Bishop. After his preliminary education in Pittsburgh and Canada schools, Fr. McMullen entered Pittsburgh College and graduated in 1891 with high honors. In the summer of the same year he sailed for Europe and entered the Seminary and the Imperial University of Innsbruck, Austria, where he was ordained on July 26, 1895. He remained in Innsbruck until February, 1897. After two years at the Gregorian University, Rome, where he completed his course in Law under the most eminent Canon and Civil Law Professors that the Catholic Church affords, he returned to America. Fr. McMullen was connected for some time with the Pittsburgh Apostolate and conducted a number of missions in and around the vicinity of Pittsburgh, and his host of friends will be pleased to hear of his new appointment.

J. T. McMAHON, '09, wrote to us lately from the heights of the Rigi Kulm, one of the highest peaks of the Alps, where he was spending his vacation.

J. P. CURRAN, '04-'06, who graduated from the Law Department of the Val Paraiso University, Ind., has taken up a post-graduate course at the University of Pittsburgh. Our best wishes for success attend you, old boy.

GEORGE LEY and D. J. McFarlin, graduates of the Scientific Department, '10, were visitors at the College during the past month.

C. H. DILLON graduated this year in Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, with high honors, and is now practising Medicine at Blocksley Hospital, Philadelphia.

Two of our old boys graduated recently at Johns Hopkins University, and are practising at the Baltimore Hospital as Internes: Dr. Theo. Kvatsak and Dr. James Conti.

THREE of the recent class of University of Pittsburgh, of '10, namely, Dr. Al Cratty, of Fair Haven, S. S.; Dr. Victor Vieslet, of Jeanette, Pa.; and Dr. Houck, of the East End, Pittsburgh, are former students of Pittsburgh College.

REV. RALPH LEO HAYES, D. D., of '05, is stationed at Holy Rosary Church, Homewood.

ALBERT R. NEESON, of '07, expects to graduate in the Law Department of U. of P. this year.

DR. W. J. HICKSON, '03, has gone to Austria to take up a special course in Medicine. He was until lately practising out in Lawrenceville.

DAN A. SULLIVAN, '10, is a stenographer for the National Tube Co., City.

OUR Millvale member of the BULLETIN Staff has given us some details about the following old college students from that lively little borough:

GEORGE BRAUN, who attended College, 1899-1902, is at present assistant teller in the Bank of Millvale, Pa.

JAMES HOULAHAN, who attended the Commercial Class, 1898-'99, is now Burgess of Millvale, Pa.

EDWARD MERTZ who was a student of the Classical Course, 1903-'07, is now employed by Jenkins.

EUGENE MADDEN, who was a student of the Classical Course, 1897-'98, is at present with the Independent Brewing Co.

EDWARD ZEPFEL, '08, is employed as a stenographer for the P. R. R.

JOHN J. MUELLER, of '90, is the proprietor of the

Mueller Hotel, Millvale, Pa. His eldest son and heir, Francis J., is one of the foremost and most promising members of the Freshman Class.



The Total Abstinence Society.

After Mass on Wednesday, October 26th, the College Total Abstinence Society held its first meeting of the year. About 250 were present. Rev. Father Mehler, the Spiritual Adviser, presided. The meeting opened, as usual, with a prayer, after which Father Mehler, in a short discourse pointed out the advantages which total abstinence extends to those who practise it. Mr. Grattan Dugan, the retiring president, then moved that a vote of thanks be tendered to our Spiritual Adviser. A rising vote was taken and the motion carried unanimously, amid much enthusiasm and applause. This shows conclusively the popularity of Father Mehler and his eminent success as Spiritual Adviser of the Society.

Mr. Dugan, in a short, but eloquent speech, exhorted the members to strive earnestly to increase the membership. He pointed out that the College Total Abstinence Society is the largest in the Diocesan Union, but that, as each society in the Union is always increasing in membership, it would be necessary to enlist new members, if our Society wishes to retain its position. At the conclusion of his speech, Mr. Dugan was warmly applauded by the members, all of whom know the admirable manner in which he has fulfilled the arduous duties of president during the past year.

The business before the meeting was the election of officers. In order to give entire satisfaction, the offices were distributed among the various classes. In order not to delay morning class more than was absolutely necessary the newly-elected officers were not allowed to make speeches. The only exception to this rule was

made in favor of the new president, Mr. Hawks. He was enthusiastically received as he stepped to the front of the stage. In a short, but well-balanced and rhetorical speech, he thanked the members for the dignity they had conferred on him, and stated that he would fulfill the duties of his new office to the best of his ability. The members feel sure that Mr. Hawks will make an excellent president, and prove a credit to the Society.

The officers of the College Total Abstinence Society for the years 1910 and 1911, are as follows :

President, James J. Hawks, '11.

First Vice-President, Grattan V. Dugan, '11.

Second Vice-President, John N. Hayes, '13.

Recording Secretary, George Isherwood, '14.

Financial Secretary, Michael J. Yates, '11.

Treasurer, Frank Madden, '12.

Librarian, John McGraw, '13.

Marshal, John Kane, '16.

JOHN V. O'CONNOR, '12.



ATHLETICS.

When the Athletic Committee announced that there would be no football this year, the deepest gloom prevailed among the students, and there was "weeping and gnashing of teeth" among the worthy aspirants for gridiron honors. However, as the members of the Athletic Committee are most humane men, and fearful lest the despondency of some of our football heroes would lead to fatal results, they very considerably heard a petition to reinstate football, and their affirmative decision has gladdened the hearts of the rooters and brought forth blessings from the players.

The Freshmen were first in line and their team is probably the lightest that ever represented the College as a first team. The boys are all willing workers, how-

ever, and hope to overcome the handicap in weight, by playing a fast, open game. Dugan, '11, who has been a 'Varsity end for several years was elected captain. He will be at his old position at right end, with Mamaux on the opposite end. Flynn, will play the same tackle as last year. O'Keefe has made a regular position as left tackle. Broderick will again put the ball in play, and Sanderbeck and Baldesberger will hold down the guard positions. Gaughan will direct the plays. Kane and Murphy, both new men, will be on the halves, with Heinrich at full. Isherwood, though not a regular, will probably break into every game. Walsh and Haley are big men and will help out on the line. Butler will assist Broderick in case of necessity.

The first game played with the Amity Club on October 29, resulted in a victory for our boys, but they had to work hard to win, Murphy making the only touchdown. The visitors were light and fast, and had the ball on our three yard line, but could not score. The tackling of Murphy, Dugan, and Gaughan, kept the visitors from making any decided gains around the ends, but the College line was weak at certain points and the visitors took advantage of this by ramming the weak spots for short gains. Heinrich made some good plunges through the holes opened by Flynn and Sanderbeck. Broderick held like a stone wall, and made some of his "spectacular" tackles.

Reserves.

The Reserves are lighter than last year and the team is made up almost entirely of new men. Tobin has been elected captain, and the manner in which he handles his men looks promising for the future. Reilly, S. Sunseri, Sorce, Ley, McGraw, Cousins, Maloney, Yuhaz, Hussey, Cusack, Rosa, Dowling, Koruzo, Larkin, Tobin and Moore, will be used regularly.

Their first game against Riverside High resulted in a hotly contested no score affair. Owing to the muddy

field, they were unable to get their plays started quickly enough, but the punting of Sunseri kept the ball out of danger. McGraw and Sorce made some good tackles, while Sunseri and Dowling did most of the ground gaining. "Shorty" Crehan, one of our former Juniors, was at the pivotal position for the visitors, and it was owing to his aggressiveness that the Reserves were unable to score.

On October 29, the Reserves were defeated by the Schenley A. C., a heavier and more experienced team, by the close score of 5 to 2. Sorce, McGraw and Ley performed brilliantly for the Reserves, but the light line could not withstand the attacks of the visitors' heavy backs.

Independents.

The Independents, under the leadership of Capt. Yates, have a well balanced team, but are handicapped in not having a good punter. When this defect is remedied, the Independents will be able to hold their own with any team in their class. In their opening game with Manchester Lyceum, they were outweighed, but by plucky, consistent playing, finished the contest with a no-score tie. Burns and Lyden at ends, Kalinowski and Dambacher at tackles, Kearney and Zymczack at guards, with O'Rourke at center, make up the line. Dannemiller is playing quarter, with Travers, McIlvaine and Yates in the back field. Slater, Hoffmann and McGuire, will be used as reserve men.

Minims.

The Minims, staunch little fellows, will again take care of the College honor on Saturday mornings, and if we can judge from their scrimmage work, the visiting youngsters will carry away no victories from our little heroes. The little men who have made good are Marlier, Robinson, Kane, Blum, Kavanagh, Byrnes, C. Sunseri, Kenny, Gallagher, McLaughlin, Huckestein, Gaynor, Woodward, Snyder and Sierakowski.

Business Course.

The month of October finds the Business Course in systematic order; the few who were not able to stand the pace set by the other members of the class have been dropped and all is moving as smoothly as a perfected machine. A large amount of matter has been covered in all departments, and the students are now brushing up for the November examinations. All are preparing carefully for these examinations, and it takes no prophet to state, that there will be much rivalry and that the competition for honors will be keen, especially in the two higher classes.

The short-hand department is the busy place. The students are all industrious and willing to learn. They realize that great opportunities await them when they have finished. They know that the demand for good stenographers at the present day exceeds the supply. Men are willing to pay stenographers almost any price, provided they are competent. A large class is about to go into dictation, while the others are working along rapidly, so that these conditions promise to make it one of the most successful years in the history of that department.

This course in the College is a most advantageous one. The student entering at any time of the year is allowed to proceed according to his own progress. A willing worker can master the principles of short-hand in a reasonable time. Great progress is being made in the type-writing department. All the students are working to acquire the touch system. Two forty-five minute periods are required of each one in this department. Judging from the indications at the present time, great results are expected from the present system, as already shown by the progress of the energetic workers.

Recently a debating society was organized consisting of the first and second English classes and adopted as its name "The Commercial Debating Society." At a

meeting the following members were elected:—President, James M. Gaughan; Vice-President, Walter E. Bauer; Secretary, Michael J. Yates; Treasurer, Irwin Crock; Librarian, Stephen Sweeney.

Up-to-date questions will be discussed and especially those questions bearing on the outside commercial world. As this is one of the means used in training the youth for a commercial career, all are anxious to take part in the debates brought up by the Society. The first public debate will be held in the early part of December.

One of the pleasing features to be noted in this year's students of the Commercial Course, is the universal interest shown in the C. T. A. U. They seem to realize that a successful career cannot be accomplished by any one that has acquired the drink habit. They understand that such a business man's chances are very slim for gaining the top of the ladder.

The students of this department are firm believers in Cicero's saying "a sound mind in a sound body." They take an active part in all athletics. Every football team has representatives from the Commercial Course. Seven of them have made the 'Varsity team, while four are holding regular and permanent positions.

M. J. YATES, '11.



JOTTINGS.

Lots of pepper, fellows !

As my old friend "Mike" Shea would put it "paragorically speaking" everything's going fine. Even the grass on the campus.

THE man who can do one thing and do it well, is a whole lot better off than a man who can do a multitude of things in a sort of a way.

LET everybody root for the football team. It isn't the greatest team in the world, we can't help realizing

that. But it's our team and it's the best team that could be gathered together under the circumstances, so pull for it and pull strong. And if you think you've got something on any of the present squad, don a suit and get out and try yourself. It might do you good. It certainly will convince you that there is a vast difference between playing on the field, and playing in the grandstand.

“WILD IRISH” Cousins, in old time form, submits the following musings :

When you're feeling somewhat tired and worn out with
busy cares;

When you'd like to shirk your exercise and copy
unawares;

When you want to pick a fight from everyone within
your range,

Don't blame it on the weather, for there's
goin'

to be

a change.

When your Prof. don't suit you nohow and your class
seems “on the rum,”

When associates and colleagues knock you till your life is
glum;

When to shaded dell or covert, you would willingly
repair,

Just scratch your pate and meditate,
a change

is due

somewhere.

H. COUSINS, '12.

THE first day the football candidates reported for practice, Coach Egan after looking them over carefully, said to Isherwood, “I'm going to try you at left end.” “All right, Mister,” Isherwood replied, “Ill do my best;” Egan nodded and walked away. Then Isherwood walked over and whispered confidentially to Capt. Dugan: “Say

sport, which is left end, I never played on this field before? ”

I WATCHED a little bubble as it bubbled thro' the air,
And I wondered if the bubble ever bubbled anywhere,
And as I sat and watched it, so free from care and strife,
I naturally concluded it must lead a jolly life.

It was full of light and sunshine, it was full of colors rare
And in its own particular field it certainly “was there”
I know it's quite impossible to call these musings verse
But remember, Alfred Austin often writes much worse.

So please try and grasp the lesson I am trying to convey
Do take it home with you, and try and make it
stay—

It is, that life's a grand old thing and on us ne'er should
pall :

And it's better to have lived at least than not to live at all.

JAMES J. HAWKS, '11.



EXCHANGES.

The life of Charles Carroll of Carrolltown, just ended in the latest October number of the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, held our attention from the start by its interesting details. In an earlier *Scholastic* a comment on the “Reply to Archbishop Ireland,” forms one of the brightest little editorials that have come within the notice of the BULLETIN for a long time. The *Scholastic* gives in one quarter of a page the meat of the “Reply” that occupied so much space in the *North American Review*, and that evidently shows the reverend author of the “Reply” thought a good flow of bitterness would support gentle reason.

“Patriotism and the Fourth of July,” in the *Solanian* is a reasonable argument that some of the display of patriotism we blaze off so furiously on the

night of the Fourth, should be kept smoldering within us during the remainder of the year, for such worthy moments as election day, on which the true patriot—the man with the good of this country in mind—comes to the front.

It would be a sin of omission to forget to mention the pleasure we had in reading the story of the "Black Rock Light," in the October *Georgetown Journal*. The action is rapid, the style easy, and the unexpected turns are frequent and well timed.

The contributors to the *St. John's University Record* have lost no time in trimming their goose quills. There is an eye opener for every student in a Catholic college on the taxation of Catholics to pay for schools with which they have no connection. The simile in the poem "Vacation" is drawn to a nicety, and "Constantine's Vision" tells in blank verse the story of the converted Emperor. From the whimsical but ingenious *Autobiography of a Football*, the *Record* rises to higher tone in "Classical Education," an article in evidence of the proven uselessness of other systems, that drop the classics in the attempt to broaden the mind of man.

Those who read the *Mountaineer* will agree that "Home Rule for Ireland," though a much used subject, appears this time in an attractive form. For lovers of College baseball as played to-day, the description of the first ball game at the Mount, by Mr. A. V. D. Watterson, our genial Pittsburgh attorney, will have for modern enthusiastic fans the same effect as a history-bearing slab would have for a society of Egyptologists.

"Louis Pasteur" and "Madame de Sevigne," in the *Nazarene*, are very apt and pertinent biographies for a college paper. Neither could be called a cursory sketch, although each one gives us some passing glimpses into the more interesting features and periods of their respective lives.

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Pittsburgh College Bulletin

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The Snow-Man.

I.

Shall I tell you of the snow-man
That I made when I was young,
Fairest specimen of snow-man
From the snow-god ever sprung?
We had watched him slowly growing,
As we formed him day by day
From the purest of the snow-flakes
That the snow-god threw away.

II.

And our games were all forgotten,
And our books were thrown aside,
And that giant of a snow-man
Was our only joy and pride;
And we said, "He'll last all winter,
Even to the flowery spring,
When the children of Apollo
In their leafy bowers sing."

III.

But the sun-god was offended
At our service to the snow,
So he hid the clouds in Neptune,
And North winds forbade to blow;
He had frowned but for a second
On the work of many a day—
When our snow-man shook and trembled
And then slowly thawed away.

HARRY J. SCHMITT, '11.

The Development of the Love of Learning Among the Young.

The old saw, formulated by Pope,

“ 'Tis education forms the common mind,
And as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined,”

although somewhat rusty, still holds good. Youth, as we all know, is the time when habits are formed; and thus the position of teacher of the young becomes only the more responsible.

All children have a certain facility for gathering information, for learning to do things. The love of learning does not need to be explicitly instilled into them, for nature, guided by the hand of its Creator, has done that. But the thing that must be done and which is the function of those, who are the guardians of children, is to direct this aptitude to learn into its proper channel, to keep it from becoming stagnant.

The reason why this appetite for information often lies dormant is because it has encountered some obstacle or other which has deadened it, has stopped its development too abruptly. This obstacle is often an impatient and inefficient teacher, who has very probably studied one child's nature and has since acted upon the general principle that all children are alike. Or else he imagines that all pupils must be bullied into submission.

No greater mistake can be made. One out of a hundred children that have been tenderly reared, not spoiled, mind you, will submit to bullying. Children will be led, but they will not be driven.

The study of each individual pupil's nature; how best to add zest to the innate love of knowledge; how to make school a place where children enjoy going; to take away from study the accustomed dread and monotony; to make the pupil realize that the master is really the scholar's friend, is a great and important part of the teacher's work.

But this plan is utterly utopian as long as the primary school teacher has a class averaging from fifty to seventy. It is impossible, too, while girls, eighteen, nineteen, and twenty years of age, giddy and incompetent, occupy positions, obtained through political influences, in our primary schools.

Another thing that should be given due attention is the knack of inclination the child has for certain things. Let that be developed. There are men in our state institutions with the genius to do wonderful things, to effect marvelous inventions, if it had been rightly guided; and yet, to-day, they are notorious rogues.

Lastly, I would like to emphasize the need of good, wholesome, standard literature in our homes. There are only too many houses the country over, whose sole library consists of newspapers, cheap periodicals or, worse still, paper-covered novels. Take from your boy his "Diamond Dick," and give him "Stevenson" instead.

Give the little girls classics suitable to their age. Let them read history, not large, ponderous volumes, dry and pedantic, but books they can understand.

Remember, there is nothing that develops the love of learning more than reading. So, let the children read. They will bless you in old age for the happy, happy hours of sweetest companionship they have spent among their books.

HARRY J. SCHMITT, '11.



James Warren, Hero.

I.

Instinctively we are all hero worshippers even in our earliest infancy. Yet there is nothing in life we understand or know so little about as heroes or heroism. This is because we look upon heroes from a theatrical point of

view. We think of them as superior beings who perform great and wonderful and always spectacular deeds, that call forth the praise of an admiring world; and we always see them after the danger is over, when the laurel of victory is being twined about their brows, and the applause of the multitude is ringing in their ears.

Consequently we never give a thought to that vast army of heroes who walk the common every day path of life, who stick steadily and bravely to their allotted tasks, and for whom the applause of the multitude, and the bells of triumph will never ring out. And yet *they* are heroes too.

I think I ought to remind you of this in order that you may understand this story better, for it is the story of a hero, though not your kind of a hero, and if after reading it you say that you fail to see where the heroism comes in, I shall not blame you, because you would be expressing the common opinion of all mankind. In any case, I think I had better tell the story, and let you judge for yourself.

When Father James Warren left old St. Paul's Seminary, he carried with him the good will of both the students and the faculty, as well as a host of memories that, as he said himself, would keep him company for many years. A few months, however, before this notable event, the Superior of the Seminary had written to Jimmy's bishop out West, and the following extract from the letter gives us a pretty clear idea of what sort of a man Jimmy was.

"He's not very bright;" the Superior said "in fact, I hardly think he has shown a spark of brilliancy during his entire course here. He often goes about things in a rather indolent manner that is most exasperating. Still I never had a student here that I liked better personally, and I can say in all sincerity that I think he will make an efficient man." The bishop read this last paragraph, and read it again. Then he tossed it aside, and laughed in the quiet, dignified way bishops always

laugh. He knew Jimmy well and had an altogether different opinion of him from the Superior of the Seminary.

II.

When Father Warren reported for work, the bishop sent him to one of the largest city parishes his diocese boasted of. And here he labored in his own inimitable way for over two years. His ways were decidedly unique; for instance, he threatened to cowhide a man for not coming to church regularly.

His shocked the good sisters who taught the school by telling them they were giving the children spiritual dyspepsia, something they had never heard of before. "Be a little more practical;" he would say, "they're entirely too young for a lot of these things; give them a chance to grow up with strong healthy minds." And the nuns, because they did not understand, wondered, and continued to wonder, and finally asked the Rector about it.

The Rector tried to explain what he thought the young priest had meant, and told them not to mind. But—he never said anything to Father Warren, which was rather decent of him, because an obscure curate hasn't any right to interfere in the working of a school. He leaned towards mysticism in philosophy because he said St. Bonaventure, Thomas à Kempis, and Gerson didn't spend half their lives in controversy, though he confessed to a little liking for Aristotle and a great admiration for St. Thomas. He had a good many theories of his own that he never hesitated to give voice to. Preaching was one of them. "Never try to deliver orations to the people," he often said, "they're all right on certain occasions, but they're decidedly out of place for a Sunday morning sermon. Preach a simple little homily; give them something tangible, something they can take away with them and remember.

So two years passed away, and then a vacancy

occurred at Deerfield. Now, Deerfield was the bugaboo of the diocese. It consisted of the church at Deerfield and a mission which was visited twice a month.

The people were poor, very poor and ignorant—the kind of Catholics that make those outside the fold say that the Church is composed chiefly of the illiterate and uneducated—the kind of Catholics that are such a menace to the Church, because they are constantly expressing and circulating disparaging criticisms against the Church, her priests and bishops, her methods, her schools and institutions; and yet who have the old faith, the grand old faith, that is above all education and learning, but who are especially trying to their priests because they never seem to understand them.

There was work enough at Deerfield for two or even three men, but the bishop never could spare them, and, furthermore, one often had all he could do to eke out a slender living.

So when the vacancy occurred, the bishop hesitated for a while before making a selection. He thought of his many young men who were eligible for a parish. He thought of every possible man, and finally took an old letter from a pigeon-hole in his desk and read it thoughtfully.

“He will make an efficient man,” he murmured, “he will make an efficient man.”

And yet he asked himself wasn't this young priest, with his sunny golden smile, ingratiating ways, his originality and executive ability, fit for something better than a lonely missionary parish?

Wasn't there someone else; someone who would do just as well; someone who had learned the lesson of the years and could accept ingratitude without a tremor or a tinge of sadness?

For a long time he sat, his head resting upon his hands, lost in thought.

After a while he sighed, arose from his chair and rang the bell for his Secretary.

“There is no aristocracy of souls” he quoted almost defiantly, “there is no aristocracy of souls.”

III.

The bishop sat alone in his study a sparely but neatly furnished room as befitted a missionary bishop.

Everything was appropriate, nothing seemed out of place, not even the bishop himself, for he was one of those rare men who always appear to advantage no matter what the place or environment may be.

The hand of time had dealt very gently with him, or perhaps it would be better to say he had dealt gently with time, because he seemed to have mastered the greatest of all human accomplishments, that of growing old gracefully.

His life had been a hard one. He was no stranger to privation and to suffering, yet he had met the years with a smile, and in spite of all their storms remained younger at heart.

On this afternoon he was in a rather thoughtful mood. It was Autumn, the time for memories, and the world outside had put on the grey penitential garb of the season.

Not a sound, not one false note broke in upon or disturbed the harmony of the afternoon. It was a day for memories, and the bishop must have had many of them, for he sat quite lost in reverie, and did not hear the polite little knock at the door, or notice the tall well-groomed priest who entered immediately after it.

“I hope I’m not intruding, Bishop,” said the latter. “Father Rollins told me to come right up as you were expecting me.”

The Bishop started, smiled, and then he laughed, a cheery, hearty, wholesome laugh that flooded the room with sunshine.

“Of course you’re not intruding, Father Warren,” he replied. “I’m very glad to see you; I’ve been expecting you all afternoon.”

The interview was very short. A real commander, a man who is really capable of leading and governing others, never hesitates when he has reached a decision, but gives his orders at once, and the Bishop was a man of this kind in every sense of the word. So almost in less time than it takes to tell it, Father Warren was appointed rector at Deerfield, and, because he had a previous engagement, he declined with thanks the Bishop's invitation to dine, knelt and received the Episcopal blessing and departed.

At the foot of the stairs he met Father Rollins the Bishop's secretary. "Well," asked the latter, "Am I to be deposed and are you to be my successor? Or, are you to be Papal delegate to the United States?" "Speak, O friend of my foolish days for I am yearning to know."

"Worse than that my boy, worse than that," was the reply.

"Jimmy you don't mean?"

"Yes, I do mean Deerfield."

"Farewell, comrade!" *Morituri Salutamur!*

JAMES J. HAWKS, '11.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



My Mother's Little Isle.*

I.

Dost see right over in the River's bed,
' Midst dark Monongahela's winding stream,
Yon humble little mound that rears its head
And catches every passing sunlight gleam?

* Lines suggested at sight of the emotion expressed by a little boy, when passing by, in the train, the mound rising out of the river-bed, that marked the spot, once an island, where his mother had been born!

When e'er I pass by there, I love to pause,
And—tho' no longer 'tis the "Island" styled—
I love to gaze upon that knoll,—because
My mother played there, when a little child !

II.

'Twas on its banks she first beheld the light,
And ope'd upon the fair broad earth and sky
Those eyes of hers that, like the crystals bright,
Reflect, for me, such depths of love and joy.
I love to sit there, now, when Summer fades,
Or, in the gloaming of the Autumn mild,
To roam those woods, around whose hollow glades
My mother wandered, when a little child !

III.

'Twas there those tiny feet, which since have toiled,
And trudged full oft, perhaps, in my pursuit,
First toddled down the beaten paths now soiled
With unkempt weeds and many a creeping root.
So now I'll stop and tread, myself, those walks
'Round which the grass grew plentiful and wild,
And once more sit upon the same old rocks
On which *my mother sat* when still a child !

IV.

'Twas there she laughed and sang the songs of youth,
So sweet and pure that now, in later days,
Where once her voice rang out so soft and smooth,
I hear the echoes of her childish lays !
Oh ! let me,—when I'm old and sick—be brought
To those sweet scenes of earlier days, beguiled
By mem'ry of this all-absorbing thought:
My mother sang there, when a little child !

V.

'Tis true, there now remains but little trace
Of what was once a green and grassy plot—

A speck above the water's dreary space
Is all that tells me of the dear old spot !

And yet—if all the wealth of kingly throne
Were in one pyramid majestic piled,
It could not buy from me—were I to own—
The *Isle my mother loved*, when still a child !



Should Young Men Enter Politics ?

The numerous exposures in city, state, and even national government, during the past few years, have created quite an upheaval in the political world. The newspapers of the country, ever ready to flash the least item of crime to all parts of the globe, have taken great advantage of these disturbances to further the interests of those seeking power. So, on all sides, it is no wonder we hear charge and counter-charge among politicians.

To those who are unfamiliar with the history of the past, these reports cause a great deal of anxiety. But with others, who have closely examined the lives of the ancients, who know the great degree of corruption that existed in the glorious days of Greece and Rome, who have followed events through succeeding centuries to the present day, there is no indignation at a few reports of bribery. For, in all ages, it has existed, and men of renown have fallen victims to the temptations offered in the political world.

What we know of these crimes is, by no means, all that has happened. Exposures are, as it were, but dim rays of light that find their way into the gloom of wickedness that pervades the government of even the smallest town.

We all remember the old proverb, "There are tricks in every trade." Although, strictly speaking, it would not be proper to call politics a trade, nevertheless, the

continual scheming and bartering, so characteristic of the political arena, might well win for it such a name. At any rate, no one will deny that political adversaries are ever on the alert for a pretext to slander and defile those in power, so they, too, after the battle has been won, may give over the conquered land to sack and pillage. The days of exalted and disinterested patriots have passed: most men enter politics, not so much to advance the interests of the state at the sacrifice of their very lives and fortunes, like those who laid the foundation of this mighty nation, as in the expectation that, like a commercial venture, it will serve their own personal aggrandizement. Since there is in most men a peculiar greed for money, it is no wonder they yield to the temptation when they see the outstretched hand.

Man is weak, and it is evident that, unless he be made exceptionally strong morally, and appear like a veritable bulwark, the enemy will break in upon him with disastrous results. Men are not weak in politics alone; they are universally so. In every occupation one could choose, whether in the din and bustle of the largest city, or in the silence of the cloister, there are temptations.

Let us, for instance, reflect upon the great opportunities a young jeweler has, to enrich himself at his employer's expense. Or, let us consider the temptations of tellers in banks, of ticket agents for railroad companies, of cashiers in any retail or wholesale establishment, where men have money before them continually. Is not the temptation great in such cases, and is it not, to a certain extent, greater than in the political world? There are cases where such men abscond with funds; yet, who will tell his son not to become a banker, a ticket agent, or a cashier, because there is a great temptation to steal?

In so treating of temptation, however, I would not like to be accused of defending injustice and wrongdoing in public men. But I have instituted this comparison, that by way of analogy, the true state of things

may be presented as an encouragement to young men to enter politics.

What is needed in the political world to-day, as in every sphere of life, is men with conscience, that will go forth like the knights of old, clad with the armor of religion, to battle successfully in the lists of life. Young Catholic men, the time is ripe! The chances for good men to ascend the ladder of fame were never better. With an abundance of such candidates, justice will be administered, and the character of politicians in general will be raised to a respectable standard.

E. J. MISKLOW, '12.



Fifty Years of Educational Work.

This year marks a great epoch in the history of the Order of the Holy Ghost in Ireland; it marks the advent of their Golden Jubilee year. And although it had been decided not to celebrate the Jubilee until next year, it was difficult to allow the occasion to pass without in some way commemorating the remarkable pioneer work accomplished by the first Blackrock fathers. At the annual dinner given lately by the Blackrock College Union, in Dublin, the President of the Union, Surgeon D. Kennedy, M. D., F. R. C. S. I., addressing himself to the large body of Alumni gathered about him, after reviewing the immense work of the past fifty years and dwelling upon the brilliant successes achieved year after year by the students of Blackrock and her sister colleges, Rockwell and St. Mary's, referred to those of the older teachers, who were still present among them, and particularly to Fathers Ebenrecht, Botrel and J. T. Murphy, who had been associated with Blackrock and its destinies for over forty years.

It will, no doubt, be interesting to the readers of the BULLETIN to learn what was said, in response to this

allusion, and in reference to the occasion itself, by our former well-known President, now Provincial of Ireland, the Very Rev. Father Murphy. He thanked the Chairman very much for the kind things he had said about the representatives of the Holy Ghost Order in Ireland, and he thanked them in a particular manner for the splendid hospitality they had shown that evening. It was a matter of the greatest pleasure to him, on his return to the old land, to find himself once more in touch with the members of the Blackrock College Union; to find that the cause which they represented, the cause for which they had lived and laboured for many years, the cause of unswerving loyalty to their ideals, of mutual aid and good fellowship, is not only alive but is actively progressing with years (hear, hear). As their President so well said, there must needs be in the minds and hearts of them all that evening one thought uppermost, and that thought was that they were passing that year through Blackrock's Golden Jubilee, the solemn celebration of which is to take place next summer. They were on that very evening on the eve of the fifty-first anniversary of the landing of the illustrious founder of Blackrock in the Harbour of Kingstown (hear, hear). Fifty-one years are not much in the history of a great institution; but fifty years of Blackrock history in particular tells a tale that should go deep into the tendrils of their hearts. A great thinker had said that every man should acknowledge that most of what was good in him he owed to the mother that bore him; and the same may be said of the College which stands in loco parentis to him. Blackrock College had been fifty years a fruitful mother of sons who had made their mark in Church and State; and not only to "Rock" men should this Jubilee appeal, but to all those who take an enlightened interest in the history and progress of education in Ireland. No one who makes himself acquainted with the state of education in this country fifty years ago, when the impress of persecution days was still strong upon it, and who compares that

condition of things with the healthful activity which obtains to-day, but must recognize that in these fifty years there have been great labours, achievements, and triumphs. He would add that any rightful thinker and observer of that history should acknowledge Blackrock's claim to a share in the credit for that progress and advance in educational matters in the country. In these labours and struggles and triumphs it should be said of Blackrock:—*Quorum pars magna fui*. These fifty years have been for Blackrock years of travail, years of sacrifice, years of unbounded zeal for higher educational ideals, years of unbounded confidence in the perfectibility of our ancient Celtic race, years adorned and cheered by many triumphs in every field of scholastic competition (applause). And to-day, at the close of these fifty years, Blackrock is as poor in this world's goods as she was on the day that her illustrious founder laid the first stone of her buildings; poorer in this world's goods, without a penny of endowment or reserve; richer only in her increased equipment, richer in her enlarged and beautiful surroundings, richer in the ever-increasing confidence of her pupils, and richer in the ripeness of the fruit of fifty years of labour. There is no greater fallacy in this land than that which represents colleges like Blackrock as wealthy. Why, there is not a college of the class of Blackrock in Ireland to-day which could keep its doors open for a year were it to give even a moderate salary to each member of its staff. These colleges to which he referred had been supported and kept going by religious communities at great sacrifices. Those who unwisely are led by over-confidence to discuss secondary education will find themselves deceived if ever they have the misfortune to get into it closely. That is why he said that colleges like Blackrock should appeal not only to their own immediate beneficiaries but to a wider circle; and he hoped and trusted that that wider circle, who take an interest in educational matters and educational progress in the country, would be interested in the achieve-

ments of Blackrock. The Golden Jubilee of Blackrock is an occasion which should elicit the sympathy and the support not only of "Rockmen," but of all those who study the history of education in the country, and who to-day in the presence of that fuller, richer, and riper fruit which is now a heritage of every child in Ireland, recognize how much is due of these results to the labours of Blackrock and similar colleges. He hoped and trusted that through their labours and efforts, and splendid spirit which this Blackrock Union had shown from the beginning, through the spirit of zeal and sacrifice that the opening of the Jubilee celebration will find Blackrock possessing some substantial memorial in the form of increased equipment. It is with that in view that he spoke that night of Blackrock men past and present. The spirit of its founder is still among them—the spirit of zeal, sacrifice, courage, and devotedness, to stamp itself in the coming years upon their labours; and through them and through their labours, and the co-operation of other men of good will in the land they would be enabled to make the Golden Jubilee a worthy memorial (applause).



AMBITION.

Ambition is an eager desire to rise. It is the load-star of the mariner on the storm-tossed sea, and it is the bright moon which attracts the full tide of our strength. It is a longing to be as high as the leaders in all action, or higher; it is a coveting of honor and glory and power; and it is a spur to action. It is a dissatisfaction with present conditions; it is a fire unquenchable while the fuel of hope lasts.

This aspiring for preferment and elevation is a passion which stimulates us to attain our ends. Boys show their desire for supremacy in their games of

strength and skill, and for superiority in the class-room. But this is a season when none but petty ambitions animate the mind. With his intellect is broadened, and his powers are quickly blossoming to their maturity, the young man looks beyond the pleasures of each happy day. He sees far ahead success, gleaming, promising, beckoning. He studies the various paths leading to it, and revolves in his mind which is the most advantageous to him, which is the most suitable to his ability, perseverance, and confidence,—the short, quick, precipitous climb, direct, but full of danger, or the long, slow, plodding walk, with all its windings on the road to success. Many unwise youths have attempted the former, but only a few, with greater genius and strength, have reached the summit.

There is a necessity for ambition, for "hope without an object can not live." When every man who has gone a little way in life's journey, is content with his mean lot; when there are no lofty soarings of men endowed with high genius; when the recounting the heroic deeds of our honored ancestors no longer causes the pulse to quicken and a longing to rise in the soul, then shall we have sunk deep in our decline.

The Greeks tell a story of a youth travelling in a strange land, who was traversing a broad plain early one morning, when his eyes were suddenly dazzled and blinded for a moment by a brilliant ray of light. He was surprised and excited on discovering that the sun's rays were reflected with intense brightness by some object on the top of a distant hill. Filled with a desire to make this seeming treasure his own, he hurried toward it and made inquiries of the natives along the way of what this sparkling object might be and by what path it could be reached. They replied that no one had ever scaled the mountain; that many attempts had resulted in failures, and that therefore they could only conjecture that the substance would prove a treasure to the one who reached it. These replies served as fuel to the fire of the

youth's imagination, and though there were some who, jealous of his superior strength and vigor, attempted to delay him, his zeal was not abated and, with a small company of men, he journeyed on to the foot of the mountain. It was a bluff, steep cliff, rising abruptly from the plain, and presenting a very discouraging outlook. The men who had followed the youth strove to dissuade him from his purpose, telling him of the hardship, injury, and, sometimes, death, that had been the lot of those who had tried the ascent. But the youth seemed not to hear them, for he was searching the side of the bald cliff for some natural path which might have been worn by a rushing torrent or by the tread of goats. Then bidding them farewell, he began the ascent. Bravely he struggled, using all his youthful strength and taking advantage of every natural favor. He surmounted apparently precipitous rocks, and clambered, torn and bleeding, over sharp crags until, though often he had slipped and lost ground, he finally attained the summit. As he never thereafter descended to the plain, narrators differ as regards the shining reflector, but all agree that it disappeared at this time. Some say it was a layer of mica cropping out on a rock, but, at least, it no longer deluded the treasure-seeker; others maintain that it was a mass of almost pure gold, worn smooth by the action of winds and of time. But all agree that the noble youth reached the goal of his ambition.

The influence of ambition is universal. The day dreamer, weaving his airy castles in the bright sunlight, shows by these very fancies that he has in his soul an idea of what he would like to be if he were industrious. The benefits of a worthy ambition are undoubted. Certainly disappointments follow in the train of hope, but the man who works has hope always; it is an encouragement and an incentive to him. If a successful man's ambition has not been entirely selfish, he has it in his power to do his fellow-man great good. To the student, worthy ambition is personified in Shakes-

peare; to the scientist, in Sir Isaac Newton; and, to the artist, in Michael Angelo. Napoleon's life shows what a selfish, greedy ambition can do for a man. A general and statesman of the highest genius, his ambition may have been worthy at first, but it overleaped itself; his greed was never satiated.

We have in our own country a remarkable example of pure, unselfish ambition, which exhibited itself in the patriotism of "our man of sorrows,"—Abraham Lincoln. He was a poor boy, and with difficulty obtained an elementary education. It is told of him that he would walk miles to obtain the loan of a book, and the picture of his long, lanky body stretched out in front of a fire, by the light of which he was reading, is hung in nearly every school-house in the land. It is a source of emulation for all young men when they look upon the likeness of that man who recognized that there is a

"Tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves."

J. N. HAYES, '13.



OBITUARY.

It is with sentiments of profound regret that we chronicle the death of Miss Marie Bernadette Quinn, daughter of Professor J. J. Quinn, M. A., Sc. D., who died on November 5th, 1910' at the age of 7 years and 3 months.

Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to the bereaved parents who mourn her loss.

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EDITORIAL.

New Emancipation.

The agitation begun recently against the enormously high prices of living that prevail to such an alarming degree, is not without its interest for everyone of us, and if, as must surely be admitted, its purpose is eminently practical, we should all be ready to contribute our share to make it effective. The Allegheny County Medical

Association, of which our Professor of Bacteriology and Advanced Chemistry, Dr. William Glynn, is an active and prominent member, is contributing valuable aid to this great cause by the popular and specially prepared addresses made by its members at the series of meetings inaugurated in furtherance of the pure food movement by the Pittsburgh Hygiene Committee. At one of these meetings the famous Dr. H. W. Wiley, Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, Department of Agriculture, was the principal speaker and dwelt upon the detailed operations of his department in view of securing the greatest possible purity of the people's food.

The general consensus of opinion as expressed by the respective speakers was that there was a wide-spread conspiracy to defraud the consumers of food in every possible line of goods, and that we should all keep a constant and careful watch on what we buy and on what we see exposed for sale. Dr. Glynn, in particular, urged the use of all the means within our power to encourage more generous appropriation for the members of the food inspection department of the city. He laid especial stress on the fact that out of four million pounds of meat weekly consumed in Pittsburgh about one million pounds is uninspected, and, therefore, open to suspicion. He cited the fact that there are only five slaughter houses in this city that are under Government inspection, while the remaining sixty-five are operated without any supervision by duly constituted authorities whatsoever.

With such facts staring us in the face, it is no wonder so many human machines easily break down, and that, as Dr. Wiley says, "we are suffering from a slavery—that of the greed for the dollar—more destructive of human beings than the African slavery of former years." Let us hope that in a short time we shall celebrate another Emancipation Day, when food-stuffs will be sold only on their merits.



Health Knowledge.

During the latter days of November, we have had in our midst a very well attended "Health Congress" at which two of the chief features of the closing session deserve comment on our part. The first one of these, which could easily be termed the great practical feature of the entire conference was the address of Dr. W. A. Evans, Commissioner of the Department of Health, of Chicago, on the "Education of a City" at the health point of view. There is no doubt that, as we have now ascertained from the success attending the question of Tuberculosis and its prevention, the primary and most important means of combating disease is to be found in the wide-spread diffusion of health knowledge among the masses of the people. To this, as Dr. Evans properly remarked, pupils of ordinary schools, and students of larger institutions can largely contribute by taking a deeper interest in the health bulletins, and in the statistics of health conditions, which the respective departments, local and national, are publishing in every conceivable form, capable of reaching and attracting the public.

The second and closing feature of the Conference was the assemblage of a large number of boys from various schools, such as the High School and Carnegie Tech., as well as from the Boys' Brigade, to hear a series of addresses upon the subject of "Young Men's Health Problems." It is not for us to enter upon a controversy regarding the advisability of treating these subjects before such a mixed audience as the one above described. No doubt, in schools or at conferences, where religion has to be ignored, and only lay morality is inculcated, it may be found necessary to dwell on such topics, and this peculiar brand of morality may even imply what the Chancellor of Pitt University says "is one of the most important functions of the universities, namely, to send men among the people who would teach them how

to free themselves from the bondage of preventable disease." But while we are of opinion that all possible means ought to be taken to further and encourage the publication and diffusion of health knowledge, we are firmly convinced that the delicate problems to which allusion has been made, cannot be ultimately solved in individuals, especially in the young, without the accompanying aid, and the powerful sanctions, of religion.



A National Problem.

The fight for the conservation of our timber has been a memorable and successful one, and now that the safety and longevity of our trees is assured, it would be appropriate for us to turn our attention to another important principle going to make up the permanency of our country, and that is the cultivation of our food products, and the proper use of them after they have been given to us.

Mother Earth is a generous old dame and always gives back a hundred-fold what has been entrusted to her care, and it is not befitting that we should waste her resources, particularly as we are dependent on her for our existence.

The human race is increasing year by year, but the numbers engaged in farming is decreasing in a ratio almost as large. However, during the past few years efforts have been made to induce more of our citizens to take up the occupation of supplying their fellow-men with the necessities of life. This has been successful in a way, but still not enough to warrant any jubilation over its triumph, and unless these efforts are more effective and more vehement, a grave problem will be confronting us in the course of a few years.

J. P. EGAN, '11.



To Mary Immaculate.

I sing to thee, my heart's delight,
Preserved from sin's defiling blight,
More fair by far than harvest moon,
More brilliant than the sun at noon.

Oh, how I love to contemplate
The glory of the Immaculate,
The privilege bestowed on thee
By reason of thy purity !

As oft I ponder on this life
And feel full weary of the strife,
I turn to thee for help to bear
The burden of my toil and care.

More precious gift I ask of thee—
To purify the dross in me,
For thou art powerful, mother mine,
With God the Son, the Word Divine.

J. F. R. CORCORAN, '12.



ALUMNI NOTES.

THE Rev. V. J. Fandraj, C. S. Sp., '03, visited the College during the past month, coming direct from Philadelphia, where he was appointed professor of English in the second and third Academic Classes as well as of a class in Polish. He is well satisfied with his professional appointment, and our best wishes for success attend him. We were pleased to hear some interesting notes concerning some of the past professors and students of the College, who are at present stationed at Philadelphia, and whose names are familiar to most of our old boys.

FATHER REILLY, C. S. SP., is professor of Latin in the third Academic Class.

FATHER SCHROEFFEL, C. S. SP., is professor of Latin in the second Academic Class, and also conducts a class in Physics and Chemistry.

FATHER GRIFFIN, C. S. SP., besides being superior, is professor of higher Latin including the Sophomore Class.

FATHER RUMBACH, C. S. SP., is professor of Latin and Greek in the first Academic, and also of a class in Botany and French.

VINCENT DRISCOLL, one of our old boys, is doing exceedingly well as a member of the second Academic Class.

OUR best wishes and congratulations are extended to the following, who were ordained for the Holy Priesthood on October 28th: John F. Malloy, Joseph L. Jaworski, J. J. Dekowski, J. Pobleschek, and F. A. Schwab.

F. SZUMIERSKI, L. Zindler, F. Roerhig and A. Johns received minor orders, and will be ordained next year.

J. F. CARROLL and S. Kolipinski are continuing their studies at the University of Fribourg. May their labor be crowned with success.

J. McGLADE, '10, was transferred from the Seminary of Sts. Cyril and Methodius, at Detroit, Mich., to St. Vincent's Seminary, Beatty, Pa.

GREGORY F. ZSATKOVICH, '05, graduated from the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania at the close of the last school year. His law office, unknown to many, is at 705 St. Nicholas Building, Pittsburgh, Pa., May he soon ascend to the heights of fame.

ON Wednesday morning, November 16th, at 10 o'clock, the annual Solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated in the College chapel for the deceased alumni, benefactors and professors of the College. Many alumni, in company with the student body, assisted at the Mass. The celebrant was the Rev. Lawrence A. O'Connell;

Deacon, the Rev. Michael A. McGarey; Sub-deacon, the Rev. Gustave Schoppol; and Master of Ceremonies, the Rev. Timothy F. O'Shea. Rev. John Enright and Rev. Charles Gwyer were present in the sanctuary. An eloquent sermon, suitable to the occasion, was delivered by the Rev. Patrick E. Maher:

There was no period of the world's history, said the Rev. Speaker, in which the dread Reaper, Death, had failed to claim his own. Where were the generations that had peopled the earth for so many years? the patriarchs and prophets of God's chosen people? the kings and the mighty ones of old? the countless armies that had met in the shock of deadly conflict? All were now fast sunk in the sleep of ages—and this world had become one huge sepulchre; for all that trod the globe to-day were but a handful to those that slumbered in its bosom.

With equal assurance Death blasted the mighty oak and blighted the mossy bud—with impartial foot it entered the home of the poor, as well as the palace of the rich. It respected not learning, nor strength, nor power, any more than ignorance or feebleness or humble station; nor the morning of life any more than its sunset. It was, however, only when it came home to ourselves in the person of some loved one snatched away from our midst, that we realized its awful reality; it was when it tore from our love the lives that had been bound up with ours, that the first great sorrows of life struck our hearts, especially at that solemn moment when we heard for the first time the cold clods of earth rattling down pitilessly on the sacred coffin, on which we looked as the last home of those we loved.

But we, at least, who were there that morning, assisting at those ceremonies, knew well that all was not over between our loved ones and ourselves at the edge of the grave. Faith bade us look beyond the shadows of the tomb, and catch bright glimpses of the life immortal, and hear again the echoes of the voices that had been hushed

on earth. Here was the sweet and precious element of consolation, dropped into the bitter cup of human sorrow. Here was the atmosphere that sanctified the sacred word "Farewell," and gave to the words of earthly parting which the different peoples use, the genuine and Christian sounds of "Adieu," "au revoir," "auf wiedersehen!" It was faith that had given to these old words of the spoken and written language of Christian peoples such a hallowed signification; it was faith that had crystallized such sentiments!

To us, especially, would those thoughts recur with consoling emphasis, who were assembled there that morning at the invitation of our *Alma Mater* and at the promptings of our holy faith to pay a just and fitting tribute to the memory of those we have loved. And while our prayers were mingled with our tears we could remember that they were not only tears of sorrow but also tears of hope; tears of sorrow for the loss we have sustained in the death of our venerated professors, our dear classmates, and kind benefactors, whom we have learned to love from their relations with us and this institution; tears of hope, for as the snows pass away from their graves we look through the eyes of hope for the great to-morrow to meet them again in a brighter land beyond earth's gloom where heart-strings are never severed.

So then let us twine their memories this morning around our hearts, and keep them fresh and green by the dews of God's grace falling gently on them in response to our prayers in their behalf. Let us look upon this duty of prayer as one inspired by affection, charity and gratitude; and let this annual memorial Mass be forever the criterion of our faith, the rallying point of hope, and charity, the lasting proof that our loved ones, though gone, are not forgotten.

THE following extracts are taken from a letter received from one of our alumni, recently ordained:

"A new tie binds me to you, that of the holy priest-

hood. Yes, the great day is over, the stupendous fact is realized. I am a priest and the first moments available after writing to the dear ones at home, and to my old directors, I consecrate to announcing to you the blessed tidings. No doubt the impressions of less than a year ago are still vivid in your mind and heart; judge then of my happiness in these first days of intimate friendship and familiar contact with the divine Master, and join with me in thanking Him for His tender mercy.

“It takes a big act of faith to admit the efficacy of the words of consecration pronounced by one’s own lips, especially when one is conscious of his misery and unfitness for such a charge. But once that act of faith is made, the morning Mass becomes a very Heaven on earth. It is not hard then to account for the ecstasies of St. Ignatius, St. Philip Neri, St. Francis Xavier, etc.; for though we don’t feel their fervor or penetrate all the meaning of the prayers and ceremonies as they did, we must admit that we never tasted a joy so deep and so unspeakably satisfying. Let us pray for one another, that the bishop’s advice, *Agnosce quod agitis*, may be ever more and more fully realized in us, as well as that other counsel, *Imitamini quod tractatis*.

“Ah, let me impress it on you, the joy of that Big Day, the joy of the first holy Mass, the renewal, each morning, of that *tete-a-tete* with the Master, is worth waiting for, is worth living for, is worth fighting for, is worth suffering for, away beyond anything it is the privilege of any of us to experience. If we could foresee what our Lord has in store for those whom He intends to make His priests, how different would be our preparation! Take my word for it, I did not think so much of Heaven ever came down upon our poor earth, into our poor lives. I haven’t had any ecstasies—no, but I can understand how the Saints could have had them when they offered the adorable sacrifice. Thank God with me for His unspeakable goodness, and thank Him for the grace He is prepar-

ing for you too. It seems far off now, but when it comes you will be astonished at its suddenness.

“I suppose you have heard all the details of the ordination. A few items that may not have come to your notice:—We were forty in all (for the priesthood) among whom five Americans, five Irishmen, and representatives of a good many other lands. There were more than 70 priests to impose hands on us, and they did it very fervently. The very movements of so large and orderly a band, apart from their signification, must have been beautiful. Monseigneur LeRoy, the ordaining prelate, was not only attentive, but positively affectionate toward us as we passed through his hands.”



ATHLETICS.

After a short but very successful season, the pigskin has been laid away, and peace and quiet reign supreme over the campus. The teams came through the strenuous time in excellent condition, and we are happy to state that no serious accident occurred in any of the games. The teams were light, but most of the games were hard fought and interesting to the spectators. In all probability football will be played next fall as during the season just closed, since nothing happened to warrant its abolition.

Freshmen.

Since the last issue of the BULLETIN, the Freshmen have played four games, winning three and tying one. They have had a very successful season, and all their games were featured by brilliant playing in all departments. They had a good ground-gaining back field and a strong defense.

On November 3rd, Allegheny High put an abrupt termination to an interesting game by leaving the field,

following the enforcement of a five yard penalty. We regret the occurrence very much, but such things happen occasionally. Wilson broke into this game at his old position at left end, and during the short duration of the game demonstrated that he had lost none of the cleverness which marked his playing of previous years.

On November 5th, Washington Parochial High played the Freshmen to a standstill, neither team being able to score, though the visitors had the ball on the 2-yard line. It was here that Broderick made his great stand and twice held the battering offense that threatened to cross our line. This game was the best played on the campus for a long time. Long runs by McCool and Kelly for Washington, and by Murphy, Wilson and Dugan, for the Freshmen, kept the ball see-sawing back and forth. Fullback Madden, who had been injured in the early part of the season, was back in the game, and his dashes through the line netted many yards. Kelly did some great punting, and it was principally owing to this that our boys were unable to score.

Tarentum Independents were defeated on November 12th, by the score of 10 to 5. Madden and Murphy carried the ball forward repeatedly, and each one scored a touchdown. Isherwood played end in Wilson's place, and the North Side boy showed that no mistake had been made in placing him there. Dugan's kicking in this, as well as in all the games, was one of the bright features, and his position will be hard to fill next year.

The season was brought to a fitting close on November 19th, by a decisive victory over Oakland. Madden, Murphy and Wilson in the backfield were responsible for some great offensive work, and each negotiated a five point mark. Dugan played a fine game at end and stopped the Oakland backs when they attempted to skirt his end. Flynn and O'Keefe broke through the visitors' line, and broke up play after play.

Altogether the Freshmen played five games, a fair number considering that the first game was not played

till October 29th. They scored 33 points to 5 for the opponents, and though this number is small, yet it does not show that they were weak on the offense, but rather that they were pitted against teams their equal in every way. Every player on the team was a willing worker, and this spirit of willingness was prevalent to the end of the season. Captain Dugan and Wilson, last year's ends, again filled the same positions, and their playing could not be improved upon. Both are sure tacklers and both are good men for forward pass playing. Isherwood played several games at end, and his work was of such high order that he will probably make a regular position next year.

Flynn and O'Keefe, tackles, played a strong, consistent game throughout the season, and we are glad that they will be with us next year.

Sanderbeck played a good game all the way, and the gains made through his guard amounted to very little. Left guard was a perplexing problem, and three different men were used. In the five games Baldesberger and Walsh were both good men, but the latter was used in the last few games and showed up well.

Broderick played his position at center like a veteran and we feel certain that "Pat's" playing could not be bettered.

Gaughan, a new lad and a youngster, has developed into a good quarterback, and his tackling in the opening is a valuable asset to his other qualities.

The Freshmen's main strength was in the backfield. Madden, Murphy and Heinrich are players who have played before, and a better balanced trio could not be found on any team in the vicinity. The long runs of Murphy and Madden were features of every game, and while Heinrich is not a spectacular player, he is a hard man to down, and his dashes were always productive of good gains.

Keane was a good backfield man, but on the return of Madden, he was shifted to the line.

Haley and Butler are good line players, but had few opportunities to play.

Reserves.

On October 31st, the Reserves were defeated by South Side High, 10 to 2. The game was hard fought, but the visitors worked the forward pass for good gains.

Baker, for South Side, played a brilliant game, and it was his playing that was a big factor in defeating the Reserves, as he scored both touchdowns. Cusack of the Reserves played a great game, his tackling saving a possible touchdown.

The Reserves defeated the Independents on November 22nd, by the score of 11 to 0. They scored both touchdowns inside of two minutes, but, after that, the Independents took the offensive, but were unable to score, losing a touchdown by a few inches. Sunseri, Cusack, McGraw, Ley and Cousins played the best game for the Reserves, while Captain Yates, Travers and Szymczak starred for the Independents.

The Reserves had a lighter team than in former years, and though they lost two games out of four played, the team possessed some clever players who played good football.

Independents.

The Independents played five games, won two, lost two and tied one.

On November 5th, Sample A. C. won by a score of 18 to 0. The visitors depended upon line bucks as their means of gaining ground, and gradually wore down the defense of our boys.

Washington Field Club was defeated 20 to 0 on November 15th. The visitors were light and unable to withstand the attacks of Yates, Travers and Szymczak.

Travers played a brilliant game scoring three touchdowns after long runs.

Their hardest game was played two days later when they defeated the strong Forbes Scholastics. Yates made the single touchdown on the kickoff, and this resulted in the winning score. The visitors were heavy and played a rough game, but the Independents displayed great pluck and aggressiveness. Yates played a great defensive game and O'Rourke, at center, broke up many of the visitors' plays.

In Dannemiller, Travers, Yates and Szymczak the Independents had a great backfield. O. Ackerman played in several games, and his punting was a great help to the team. For a new man Szymczak put up a great game, and was one of the hardest men on the team to down. O'Rourke, Kearney and Hoffmann were good men on the line.

Minims.

The Minims had a sturdy little team, and considering the difficulties they encountered in starting their schedule, displayed good football in all their games. Three victories, a tie and a defeat, were recorded.

St. Peter's School went down twice under the superior playing of the Minims. In the first game three touchdowns were made, and in the second, two five point marks were chalked up.

St. Mary's High was the only team to conquer our little warriors, and their lone touchdown was made only in the last quarter after a bitter struggle.

The best game was a 6 to 6 tie with Glenwood Indians. Both teams played hard, and, at the end, neither had an advantage over the other.

Forbes School was defeated 15 to 0 in a spirited contest in which our little fellows skirted the ends for good gains.

Kane, Snyder, Byrnes, Tobin and Marlier played sensational ball, and their work featured every game

Students' Athletic Committee.

Henry J. Gelm, Chairman; George P. Angel,
Henry J. Gilbert, John J. Lappan, John V. O'Connor.

J. P. EGAN, '11.

**EXCHANGES.**

The "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" gets its full share of good, bad, and indifferent effusions. Of the good ones, "Our Autumn Nights," by a '03 student, in the *Villa Sancta Scholastica*. "A November Reverie" and "Life's Autumn" in the *Xavier*, are worthy of mention. In the latter magazine, "For Ways that are Dark" is a light, brisk, and interesting story of work on international secrets.

The Dial. In the poem "In An Olden Volume," a lifeless rose stirs memories that forcibly impress us in the description of the scene in the garden when this one rose became so dear. On a key not much changed is "Broken Hearts," a thought of the hopelessness of mending these fractured organs this side of heaven. Another fool there was in "False Gods," who in his mad rush of pleasure, forgets that "this world is all a fleeting show." In these three poems there is that which should be the base of every poem—a thought; and when thoughts are worthy enough to hold us, we should applaud, not squirm at a harsh or unmetrical verse, "nor seek slight faults to find, where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind."

Manhattan Quarterly. In the thoughtful poem, "The Midnight Revel," there is a tinge of the power of Keats:

"Not of Jove's nectar do I sip, but of a vintage new,
That mellows through short years of cherished care;
My cup is that of memory, 'tis fraught with thoughts of you,
And as I taste, I feel your love somewhere."

Its style is above the hackneyed conventionality too prevalent in poetic attempts of college magazines. "The Coincident," is a romance beginning in New York, and taking us all the way to Japan.

B. J. McKenna, '11.

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Pittsburgh College Bulletin

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No. 4.

"A Solis Ortus Cardine."

From where the Sun doth morning bring,
To where his beams by night are shorn,
The Christ, the Anointed Prince, we sing,
Of Mary, ever Virgin, born.

The Maker of the world arrayed
Himself in likeness of a slave:
And not to lose the souls He made,
Put on the flesh, the flesh to save.

He bore to make the straw His bed,
Nor in the manger scorned to lie:
And He, with little milk is fed
Who feeds the ravens when they cry.

The Angels sing to God on high,
Songs heard on earth by shepherds' ears,
And through the opening midnight sky
The shining multitude appears.

To Thee, on that returning morn,
Jesus, the Son of God we sing,
Of Mary, ever-virgin born,
Of Heaven and all its angels King !

J. H.



An Echo From Portugal.

The recent revolution in Portugal has had its echo even in our midst, by bringing to our College halls one of the most distinguished of the Holy Ghost Fathers and Professors that had been laboring in one of our numerous sister institutions in that unhappy country. "*Nullum malum sine aliquo bono*," is once more happily realized in the case of the acquisition to our faculty of Rev. Emil Knaebel, C. S. Sp., the Senior Latin Professor, and Choir Director of the largest College in Portugal, at Braga, conducted for nearly half a century by the Fathers of the Holy Ghost.

He gives us a detailed and harrowing account of the sad and cruel experiences of the religious suddenly expelled from their homes under circumstances that have now become familiar to the whole civilized world through the columns of the daily press, and that have elicited the indignation and sympathy of all but the most unprincipled enemies of true religious and civic liberty. It is not for us to enter upon any of the general considerations prompted by this sudden, though not unexpected outburst of malignant and diabolical persecution; but we shall profit of this excellent opportunity afforded by the welcome addition to our number of one who arrives fresh from the scenes of destruction, to give an idea of the vast extent of ruin effected in such a short space of time. This will be the better understood from a brief survey of the large field of educational and missionary work covered once by this one single Order of the Holy Ghost, and by a detailed description of what those religious individually had to endure, apart from the other orders which experienced a similar fate.

It is not easy, indeed, to realize that thus, by one fell stroke the work of forty years has been practically ruined. Already as far back as 1867 the Holy See had confided to the Fathers of the Holy Ghost the Apostolic Prefecture of the Congo. But for want of the

proper vocations adapted to such an arduous work, the Mission continued to languish for five years, until in 1872, the Rev. Father Eigenmann, a native of Switzerland, erected a house at Braga, for the purpose of encouraging and developing future missionaries for the Portuguese Colonies in Africa, which house soon answered the further needs and demands for a College destined to the education of the young Portuguese themselves at home. Since that eventful year, one institution after another sprang up under the fostering care, and the ceaseless, untiring energy of this zealous and holy man, whose labors for education and missionary extension in Portugal and its extensive African Colonies met with no interruption, except for a few years' interval during which he was Provincial of the Holy Ghost Order in the United States. Strange to say, Providence in calling him to his eternal reward last July, spared him the cruel and supreme affliction of witnessing on this earth the temporal ruin of all the magnificent missionary structure that under God he had been mostly instrumental in erecting. It would have broken his heart, especially to have seen the fathers driven forth ruthlessly from the great Colleges and Institutions of Braga, Lisbon, Oporto, Cintra, Formiga and Carnide, of which he had been, successively, the founder. Besides these six establishments within the limits of the late kingdom there were other important missions in the islands of the Azores. In all these places, up to the very eve of the revolution over fifty fathers and sixty-six lay brothers devoted themselves to every variety of missionary and apostolic work. Now if we add to all these just enumerated, the seventy fathers and the sixty brothers laboring in the different missions of Portuguese Congo, on the west coast of Africa, we have at once, a fair opportunity of judging to what extent the recent revolution in Portugal has been a source of ruin and devastation at the religious point of view. What shall become of those poor missions and missionaries in distant Africa, when once the tidal wave of this

destructive spirit has reached from the mother country to her colonies? It is not easy to see how they can much longer subsist, as they were almost entirely dependent upon the subsidies granted by the home government, and upon the alms collected in Portugal itself through the medium and instrumentality of the central house in Lisbon. It is difficult also to foresee how, humanly speaking, and without a special intervention of Providence, those missions, although till now so flourishing, and productive of such beneficent results all over that vast extent of Southwestern Africa, can continue any longer to be supplied with missionaries specially trained for the colonies.

One great consolation remains to the fathers who have been thus driven from their chosen field of labor, as an asset which they can well put to their Apostolic credit, viz., the large number of faithful, staunch and well-educated young Portuguese of the middle and higher classes, that have grown up to manhood under the influence of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, and that will, no doubt, form the nucleus of what is destined to be most promising for the ultimate regeneration and salvation of Portugal.

It may not be without interest to give, at least in summarized form, a few striking details of the adventures and sufferings through which the members of the Holy Ghost Order were obliged to pass in the course of that period of revolutionary riot and chaos, which resulted in such sudden and widespread devastation. Such details when added to those which have already been published in connection with the experience of other religious bodies, as the Jesuits and the Lazarists, may at least serve to enlighten our American readers—more or less naturally inclined to partiality towards the new republic and its originators, as to the utterly illiberal, disgraceful and anarchical spirit that prompted those outrages. In presence of the facts now slowly coming to light, what must be the calm and honest judgment of

sane and unprejudiced minds open to the dictates of ordinary fair play when they behold, in this age of exalted liberty, men shielding themselves beneath the cloak of liberalism, republicanism and equality, driving from Portuguese territory a large number of inoffensive men and women, whose only crime was zeal for religion, education and morality, understood and taught in accordance with their own honest convictions, and those of the great majority of the population? All this was done to them without indictment of offense against any law, human or divine, civil or political, without a moment's opportunity for defence or for explanation that even the common criminal has a right to demand. They were torn from their homes without time to take a change of clothing or a single article of prime necessity; obliged to leave behind them the properties, the possessions, and acquisitions of a lifetime. Without book, or scrip, or staff, or even hat, they were hustled, like the vilest of degraded beings, through the public streets, struck down and spat upon, and reviled in every conceivable way that could be imagined as befitting the temper and instincts of the rudest savages in the torture of their hapless victims.

One of the poor missionaries who had just returned from the depths of Africa for a much-needed rest—his health being undermined by the tropical fevers—was recognized on the street by his tonsure. Immediately he was seized upon by the mob, and pushed and kicked through the streets, his clothing torn from his back, his soutane hoisted on a pole, and saved at last only by a miracle. It was seventeen days before he reached Paris, after privations that, within those few short weeks, surpassed all those of a long career among the savages. But those spectacles of open violence were merciful in comparison with the horrors of the prisons into which the religious, young and old, feeble and strong, were indiscriminately driven, at the point of the bayonet, to be there massed in crowds into one noisome, pest-laden dungeon, and left, almost at the point of starvation, for

days and even weeks, with the brutal threat of instant death hanging over their heads! Let us draw the veil over these fearful scenes. Their very violent and excessive character, the very absence of cause to explain or justify that sudden outbreak, the evidence of concerted action in the methods employed and in the victims selected, as well as the low, degraded, and desperate condition of the perpetrators,—all these are features and circumstances of the Portuguese revolution that repel the sympathy, and compel the loathing, of true, American lovers of liberty!



New Year's Eve!

The sunbeams kiss the hill-tops
And valleys white with snow,
And linger o'er the tree-tops,
As they were loathe to go.

But twilight grey is falling,
And through the failing light
I hear the New Year calling
From out the sable night.

So let the bells this ditty
Proclaim with joyous strain:
"Peace be to all the city,
And through the King's domain!"

J. J. HAWKS, '11.



A Christmas Reparation.

I.

It was Christmas eve. In the suburbs of a large western city a man was standing in the middle of the

street, gazing towards the town. He was tall and well built, and, as he stood there, a hat slouched over his eyes, the snow whirling and beating against him, he made a unique figure indeed. Hours since, the Christmas snow storm had arrived, painting the town white and delaying traffic. It had raged with such fury that but a few hours ago the beaver hat and pony coat had to get out of the snorting and trembling car and pick their way daintily to the house. And now all traces of footsteps were erased, but the man stood gazing towards the town, strangely indifferent to all his surroundings.

At last he turned and took the same path the beaver hat and pony coat had taken, walking boldly, yet cautiously keeping out of the rays of the light, past the frozen fountain, around to the side of the house, closer to the big window, and there Tim White, an outcast from society, with a price upon his head, the daylight robber of the Sloanville bank, the murderer of the sheriff of the county and of half a dozen others since, deliberately knelt down and peered in.

When curiosity got the better of Pandora, you all know what happened. But curiosity has no fixed rules, so that when Tim White looked into the window he saw a sight worth seeing. There was a coal fire in the room, and there was a Christmas tree, all aglow with lights and dazzling with colors; and seated around the tree was a family of five. There were no small children, the youngest was 'the kid,' a girl of fourteen, who now sat apart from the rest, and tried to extenuate the wistful look in her eyes by admonishing her elder brother and sister not to be "soft" and in order to prevent any such feeling on the part of her other brother, she reached out intermittingly and pulled his hair. She is rather a favorite of mine, this chit with her vocabulary of slang and her assumed airs of callousness. I wish you could know her and I wish you could see that family spending Christmas quietly at home and feel the love and kindness that hovers over that circle. Then you could per-

haps imagine what sensations Tim White must have experienced.

Just as a dying man sees by the light of the candle the whole of his past life reviewed, Tim by the flare of the tree glimpsed into the past. He saw himself, as he had been, a waif roving from one tenement of Gotham to another, sleeping in corridors and on stairways. He remembered how, on nights around Christmas, his papers all sold, he would wander to houses which he knew had trees and would peep in. They were not large houses like this western mansion, but they had a tree and that was all—sufficient. It was the one thing for which that lonely little heart, which had scarcely any joy, had hungered, and one it had never realized.

And Tim's mind skipped the long years of criminality, and pictured to himself three little faces he had often seen. They were waiting for Santa and he had killed that Santa—the sheriff. Even as he thought of it, the bright faces grew sad and tears rolled down their cheeks—or was it his own cheeks? And this man, who could look upon his own barren, neglected childhood without the least touch of self-pity, wept tears as he thought of the disappointment he had caused those bright young faces. With a groan he arose from his knees and walked away.

II.

I cannot blame you if you do not believe this story, but remember strange things happen; stranger things than that Tim White went to the toy-shops that Christmas eve, taking his life in his hands, and then with a tree and toys rode over the prairie to the sheriff's widow's house. There he easily got in, and while the children in the next room were dreaming of Santa, and the widow was in a deep sleep brought on by crying, Tim White trimmed his first Christmas tree.

It was finished at last, although he had crushed many of the frail ornaments in his clumsy hand, and he sat surveying it like a man who, after having oompleted

his cherished invention, refuses to part with it. Long he sat there, and had he not been so absorbed in the tree he might have seen two eyes glare through the window at him, and had it not been for the snow, he might have heard the gallop of a horse.

When the dawn came in at the window he lighted the tree, rang the little bell, left the house, and once more knelt at a window and looked in. But he was no longer a mere outsider, for it was his tree, his very own tree at last. A great joy filled his heart as he saw the pleasure of the children, and this man, who scarcely acknowledged there was a God, as he knelt there, said his first prayer. And as he prayed a shot rang out through the still morning air. The posse had arrived.

They picked Tim up and a happy smile was on his face. The men reverently took off their hats. And who can tell what light Tim had received during that one prayer? Who can say whether that one act of charity did not purge his soul? One thing however is certain, the children of the sheriff never knew that their Santa Claus was their father's murderer.

HARRY J. SCHMITT, '11.



View From the College Entrance.

Which is the grander, the sun or the moon? If confronted with this simple question, most people, undoubtedly, would confess themselves quite at a loss for a decided answer, for, even though appreciative faculties differ, nevertheless the golden solar lamp of day and the silver lunar lantern of night, each, seem to impress almost everybody as having co-ordinate magnificence. And, in like manner, one is obliged to assert a similar indecision as to the view from the college entrance, for the daylight scene and the scene by night closely

countercharm the respective impressions of each other's grandeur. Without doubt, both views are grand beyond the telling, notwithstanding that they are in strange contrast.

In daylight, the spectator at the college entrance beholds a pleasing panorama consisting of a long stretch of valley through which flows the beautiful Monongahela, on whose bosom may always be seen freighted steamboats plying to and fro and making frequent detours to avoid the spillway section of the dam and the many bridge piers along the river's course. In the background, a circumjacent chain of hills stands out in bold relief. Incline cars with great burdens climb up their steep slopes to the summit level, and then glide down again. Here and there, too, on the hillsides is discernible a church's silent finger pointing towards heaven. At their foot are clustered mills and factories—and railroads, serpent-like, lie curled around them on every side—and this, all this, one may see in a single brief survey from the college entrance at any period of the day.

But quite as picturesque is the scene by night. Hundreds of gleaming lights glitter in street and mill, on river bridge and steamboat. Fiery furnaces glow and lofty stacks belch forth dense volumes of red flame and black, gleaming smoke. A saffron-tinted sky bends above it all, while the wind-kissed waters of the shadowy river by a thousand imperfect reflections duplicate the scenic grandeur of the sight. A fitting subject, indeed, for a painter's brush! No wonder an enduring success fell to the artist who reproduced this on canvas; no wonder his painting held an honored place in Pittsburgh's galleries as a unique urban scene and a gem of American graphic art.

But a view from the college entrance means more than the mere sight of this grand landscape, for the observer, as he beholds, simultaneously acknowledges the propriety of the designations, "The Iron City," "The Smoky City;" and simultaneously, too, the buzz of the

business in the shops, the hum of the machinery in the factories, the throb of the engines in the mills, the rhythmic breathing of the locomotives on the railroads, and all the black smoke around about him, eloquently assert the magnitude of Pittsburgh's industrial life, thus providing the inquisitive and philosophical student mind with a subject for reflection and speculation.

M. J. HEGERICH, '13.



The Christmas Story.

When the snowflakes gently falling,
Cover o'er the earth so drear,
With a mantle white, appalling
To the eye in moon-light clear,
Then we love to hear the story,
Love to hear the story told,
Of the little Child, whose glory
Choirs of angels sang of old;
Love to hear, how in a stable
With a manger for his bed,
Christ the new-born babe was able
To inspire with love and dread
Men, who on the hill-side frightened
Fell upon the ground in fear,
As the star of Bethl'hem brightened,
And the angels' song grew clear—
Hastened to the Saviour's manger
From their bleating flocks of sheep,
Leaving them to face the danger
Of the lonely mountain steep.
Then the Magi, guided to Him
By that ever bright'ning star,
Thanked the Saviour, knowing through Him
They had seen that light afar.

C. A. SANDERBECK, '11.

James Warren, Hero.

[CONTINUED]

IV.

The west-bound limited was late, nearly three hours in fact. This was rather unusual, even for the limited. The group of soap-box statesmen and ruminating Solomons who are to be found loitering around every village station, got tired waiting for it, and went home to supper, leaving one Billl Hines, sometime town martial but now sexton of the church, sitting there in solitary grandeur.

This evidently was far from pleasing Mr. Hines, for he said things under his breath that were far from complimentary to the railroad or its officials, punctuating his views occasionally with disparaging remarks about the country in general and the town of Deerfield in particular. After a while he arose and strolled over to the ticket office, and inquired in a rather strained voice if the limited was likely to get in before morning.

"Due in exactly twenty minutes," said the operator with the calm assurance characteristic of railroad men.

"Huh! said Mr. Hines, you've been saying that for the last hour and a half, Charlie."

"No, I haven't been saying anything of the kind," replied the operator, whose temper had been somewhat soured from answering foolish questions.

"Don't you think," said Mr. Hines, disregarding the answer altogether, "that it's a cryin' shame fer a road to hev a train that can't git in on time more than once a year?"

"Don't you think, said Mr. Hines to the operator, that it's a crying shame fer a road to hev a train that can't git in on time more than once in the year?"

"No, I don't," said the operator hotly, "I don't think anything about it at all. It ain't any of my business. I'm not runnin' this here road. Furthermore,

I don't see where you people have any kick comin'. We can't work miracles with a single track. You ought to be thankful the road runs through your little jerk-water borough, at all."

"Deerfield ain't no jerk-water borough," Mr. Hines replied, his civic pride suddenly coming to the surface, "Deerfield, he went on angrily, ain't no one-hoss town. Not by a jugful! It's comin' along, Deerfield is, lemme tell yer that, young feller."

"Yes! and so is the end of the world."

"What?" inquired Mr. Hines' uncomprehendingly.

"Coming," said the operator.

"Rats," said Mr. Hines, . . .

"But say, Bill, who 're you waiting for?" said the operator, after the silence had grown a trifle embarrassing.

"New Priest!"

"Oh, yes! Well, I don't suppose he cares whether the train gets here or not, and I don't suppose you people care, either."

"Why don't we?" Mr. Hines asked.

"Well, you never act as if you cared much about your priests."

"You talk like a child, Charley," said Mr. Hines pityingly. "Sure, we care about them."

"Then, why in the mischief are you always disagreeing with them?"

"It's only a certain few that disagrees with them, and that's because there's always a few people everywhere thet goes round carryin' a grouch, and thinkin' their mission is to reform the world."

"There's the train," said the agent.

"By jinks, so it is," said Mr. Hines.

The solitary passenger who alighted from the big coach, looked a trifle travel-stained and weary, as if he had had a tiresome journey; but for all that, there was a lurking smile around the corners of his finely chiselled mouth, and a cheerful light in his eyes, that denoted he was one of those fortunate people who possess the

wonderful faculty of seeing a silver lining in every cloud.

Mr. Hines approached him, and lifted his hat, asking respectfully, "Father Warren, I suppose?"

"Yes"

"I'm Hines, sir, the sexton of the church."

"Ah!" said the priest cheerfully, "I'm glad to know you, Mr. Hines."

At this, the latter looked as though the honor was reciprocated.

"I'll see about having your trunk brought up to-morrow, sir," he said, "and if you'll wait here a minute, Father, I'll go over and borrow a buggy off Tompkins, the livery man; he promised to lend me one, and then I'll drive you right up in a jiffy."

"Is it far?" the priest inquired.

"Wall, no! not so fer! about a mile and a half, I guess."

"Couldn't we take a car?"

"No, Father, you see the cars don't run through this end of town, the fact is, they don't run through the town at all. They jest sort o' circle it at the other end."

"I see," said Father Warren, with a knowing look that indicated a faint recognition of the situation, "I see."

"Very good, Mr. Hines, I'll wait right here."

After a few minutes the sexton appeared, in a rather dilapidated vehicle drawn by an old bay mare. The priest put his suit-case under the seat, and climbed cautiously in, himself.

"Git up, Maggie," shouted Mr. Hines, and off they started. The driver was very respectful, and, for the first part of the journey, silent. For he was one of those persons who talk as the spirit moves them. When they're in the mood, you can't stop them, and when they're not, you can't start them. But Father Warren managed little by little to learn that Mr. Hines and his wife lived in the rear of the Rectory, that Mrs. Hines looked after the house, and did the cooking, while "her man" took care of the church and did odd jobs about the

place. Mr. Hines also remarked that the scenery around Deerfield was very beautiful. I think Mr. Hines actually believed this, and perhaps he was right. Scenery is like everything else in life. It depends upon the point of view. But poor Father Warren's heart sank within him, as, at one glance, he took in the outlines of the dreary landscape, and, in his inmost soul, he failed to coincide with Mr. Hines' opinion of the "scenery."

At last they drew up before the Rectory—a rather imposing-looking, old-fashioned house that stood well back from the road, amongst a little grove of trees. It had belonged to a former mayor of the town, who, after contributing to its surroundings some impression of his own personal and official dignity, had donated it to the parish, some years before. But time, and circumstances, especially the numerous changes among its later occupants, had given to the mansion an air of evident dilapidation that threw a damper on the spirits of the new pastor. He was, however, enabled to master all such unpleasant feelings, by finding in Mrs. Hines a good motherly woman of the old school; and after he had eaten the really excellent supper she had prepared for him, he finally retired to his room, where, after dreaming awhile over a cigar, he decided that he was going to like it.

The first few weeks of Father Warren's life at Deerfield were uneventful and rather pleasant; and because he was buoyed up with the hope and enthusiasm of youth, and, therefore, couldn't see things in their proper light, he concluded that it was not so bad as they had said it was.

Cheerfully, but firmly, he went about his work, meeting obstacle after obstacle, and overcoming them all; and when the bishop arrived on his confirmation tour in the Spring, he found a new parish.

The church was out of debt; the school was in a flourishing condition, and the people attended to their duties regularly. Time went on, and each day was but a

monotonous repetition of the preceding one. The long lonely years came and went and brought to him as he thought only trials and disappointments. A dull, common-place, matter-of-fact life his was; but then all heroism is prosaic and as I intimated in a preceding number, the applause, the music, the lights, and all the rest are but the aftermath.

All things however must have an end, and time becomes but a memory to everyone sooner or later. The end came to Jimmy Warren on a Wednesday afternoon in the early spring, just as the earth was donning her new-made coat of green, and the fragrance of the primroses was in the air. The circumstances that led up to it, however, and the way in which it all actually happened have never been told, and so now become public for the first time.

Negroes were not represented among the various races that made up the population of Deerfield. This is by no means unusual in the west, the negro preferring to remain in the south, the south-west, or the effete east. Consequently, Tompkins, the livery-man, was somewhat surprised when a battered looking specimen of the Ethiopian race strolled into the stable late one evening, and asked for work.

"How did you get here?" he asked. "I-ah done come in on a freight train, boss." "Well, you can't stay here, we've got trouble enough here already without bein' bothered by niggers." "I-ah know boss, but I-ah doan' intend to stay, I-ah only want to earn a little money."

"Well," Tompkins replied, after some deliberation, "I guess I could use you fer a few days. You kin sleep in the hay-loft."

"All right, boss," the negro answered in a weary, colorless voice. "Kin I-ah go to bed now?" "Yes," said Tompkins, "go ahead," and he immediately forgot all about him.

The next morning he was talking to Dr. Robinson,

the village doctor, about the latter's horse, when he heard a queer noise up in the loft.

"What's that?" asked the doctor. "Why," Tompkins began, "by George, I clean fergot all about him." "About whom?" "The nigger." "The nigger!" echoed the doctor. "Yes," said Tompkins, who rapidly mounted the ladder that led to the loft. He found the negro lying on a bed of straw, his eyes staring from their sockets, and emitting groan after groan from between his tightly clenched teeth."

"Great Caesar's ghost!" said Tompkins, "just come up here a minute, Doc, and take a look at this feller."

The doctor climbed slowly up the ladder. He was a big man, somewhat inclined to be stout, and by no means used to climbing of any kind.

"How did he get here?" he asked, after he had examined the prostrate man carefully. Tompkins explained briefly.

"H'm!" said the doctor. "Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes," said Tompkins in a surprised voice.

"Yellow fever!" whispered the doctor, pointing toward the negro. "Great Scott! Doc, you don't mean it?"

"Yes he's had it for some time; it's a hopeless case, but we must find him some place where he can die in comfort, and we must guard against an epidemic, at all costs. Fortunately, the germs won't live in this part of the country."

"There's that old vacant house of mine down the track," said Tompkins. "I've got a cot down stairs; we could get it, and take him down there in a covered wagon, and no one would be the wiser."

"Good," said the doctor, "we'd better do it at once."

There never were many people in the vicinity of the livery stable at that time of the day, so the removal of

the sick negro was accomplished without attracting attention. The doctor paid him several visits during the day, and did his best for him, but he saw that it was only a matter of time until it would be all over. Towards evening the dying man recovered consciousness and began to mutter something to himself. Believing he was still delirious, the doctor paid no attention to him, but when he kept it up for several minutes, he walked over and began to smooth his patient's pillow, thinking it might ease him. Then he realized that the man was trying to tell him something.

"What is it?" he asked gently.

"A priest! A priest!" the man managed to say, after a while.

"Priest! Why, are you a Catholic?" The negro nodded. The doctor fell into a brown study. He was not a religious man, but he was a kind and humane one; yet he doubted whether it would be proper for him to send for a priest. "All right," he said at last: "I'll get you the priest." The man smiled feebly, and broke into an incoherent babble of thanks. "Try and be patient," said the doctor—"I'll be back in a little while."

He found Father Warren in his study. "I've come on a peculiar mission, Father," he said. And he told him the story of the negro. "Now," he continued, "use your own judgment; come if you like, but consider it well, for you are practically taking your life into your own hands. Of course, you may say that it is your duty, and perhaps it is; but still I think you've got a right to refuse, because he is only a nigger, and a stranger, not one of your own people."

"Ah! but he is," replied the priest, "one of my own people, one of God's children, even if he is as you say, only a nigger and a stranger."

"I meant no offence," said the doctor, "I only wanted you to understand the case clearly."

"Of course, doctor, I understand." "If you don't mind, I'll drive back with you immediately."

"Very well," said the doctor, a new light of admiration shining in his eyes. He had been through a yellow fever epidemic down south, years before, and knew the risk the young priest was taking. They arrived in time for Father Warren to administer the last sacraments in death.

After it was over the doctor drove him back to the rectory. "You did a splendid thing to-night," the man of medicine said, as the priest was about to alight from the buggy.

Father Warren raised his eye-brows slightly with surprise.

"I see nothing unusual in it;" he answered "any priest would have done the same."

"Perhaps," replied the doctor, "still, it was fine, heroic."

"The priest laughed—"I only did my duty, doctor, nothing more. Come and see me sometime. Good-night!"

"Thank you," said the doctor, "I'll be delighted—Good-night!"

v.

The possibility of his taking the fever never occurred to Father Warren; nevertheless, he followed the doctor's advice, and carried out the preventive measures as he had been told to do. He was a practical man and considered it his duty to do so.

So he was not alarmed in the slightest degree when he was forced to retire to his room, a few days later, with a severe headache, and even that night, when he began to feel really ill, and sent for the doctor, the thought that he was in the toils of the dreaded disease did not occur to him. One glance, however, told the doctor the sad story.

"I think I can be quite candid with you, Father," he said,

"Yes, said the priest, you can."

"Then I might as well tell you, that you have the fever." "How long do you expect me to live?"

"Humanly speaking, about three days; but who knows what may happen? I'm not a Catholic—still, I believe in miracles, and I hope for one in your case. I'll get Dr. Wallace to come over from Brownsville, and I'll nurse you, myself."

"You are very good, doctor," was the priest's only answer.

"Not at all, my dear fellow; I have had it, myself, and so run very little risk, and then it is my duty, you know, just as you said yourself the other night."

"That was different, my dear doctor."

"So it was, and yet there is a similarity between the two cases."

"But are you sure your people can spare you?"

"Dr. Wallace will look after them." The priest nodded.

"Very well," he said, "thank you." "Is there anything you would like done to-night?" the doctor asked.

"Yes, you had better get Father Logan to come over from Brownsville, too." "I think Father Riley can get along without him for a few days."

"All right," replied the doctor, "don't worry, old man, I'll look after you," and he went out, closing the door gently behind him.

Jimmy Warren did his best, and made a gallant fight for his life, but from the first it was a forlorn hope. A constitution that had been spent and drained by worry, privation and unceasing hard work, was no proof against disease; so on that Wednesday afternoon he closed his eyes for the last time. They buried him at once and without ceremony in the little cemetery near the church, the nature of the disease making this necessary. But on the following Saturday a Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated in the little church for the repose of his soul. And to this Mass the people came,

and said the many nice and kind things people always say about you when you're dead. This is the way of the world, of the rich and poor alike. Here they came, the older people looking sad and thoughtful; the young people arrayed in their Sunday finery, looking care-free and happy, for even death cannot dampen the spirits of the young; the little girls in all the glory of freshly-starched frocks; the little boys clean for once, with their hair neatly parted, their shoes polished, and looking as though they had seen a ghost. There were priests from neighboring parishes and missions and all parts of the diocese; some of whom had been his class-mates and had known him well. These latter stayed the longest, and looked as though they were really grieved; one of them even said "poor Jimmy! always was an unlucky chap, wasn't he?" or words to that effect. And as they hurried back to the station to catch their trains, for they were busy men and the world cannot stop because one man has gone out of it, they talked of the days that had gone, before the world and the world's work had come between them and separated them. Then they said their fare-wells, shook hands, and went their ways, each one carrying with him the memory of a boy of the long ago, and with the feeling that something had gone out of their lives forever. The afternoon waned and died away. The sun set in all the splendor of the new-born Spring far out beyond the western hills, and twilight, like a benediction from heaven, descended upon the world, making the earth very peaceful as well as very beautiful, adding a tinge of sadness and loneliness to the apparently cruel fate of the one whom they had thus consigned to the silent city of the dead. But after all, what did it matter? What could any mere earthly beauty matter to him, when the matchless splendor, and the incomparable, indescribable beauty and grandeur of heaven, was his, for all the endless years of eternity? What could any mere human sympathy, or the lack of it, matter now to him, who had done simply, but fully and nobly, the work of the good Samaritan?

[THE END]

A Visit to "King Lear" at the Alvin Theatre

Last year, when Robert Mantell came to town, the members of the Senior and Junior classes went in a body to assist at his rendition of Hamlet, which was the "Author" studied in class that term. Their experience was so agreeable, as the BULLETIN testified, that they decided to repeat the enjoyment this year; but they selected "King Lear" as the drama to be witnessed, and it is scarcely necessary to add that there was no disappointment in their anticipations of a highly agreeable and profitable seance.

We all had carefully read the plot for weeks before the time, and even the Professor of Senior English had exchanged our regular "Julius Caesar" for "King Lear," of which he gave us a detailed and interesting criticism. Thus primed, we enjoyed to the fullest extent that

. "fierce dispute .
Betwixt damnation and impassioned clay,"

the very reading of which elicited from Keats some of his finest and most stirring lines. It did not take us long to agree with Shelley, in saying that "it is the greatest drama in existence." From start to finish we were brought beneath the spell of Mantell's perfect impersonation of Lear. Whether it was the latter's stupendous and ruinous folly, or his morbid feeling, or his perverted sentimentality—the Lear of Mantell enthralled us at every step. But it was especially where the great actor personified so beautifully and powerfully the betrayal of the old father's excess of sentimental generosity, by his heartless daughters—and when he brought the action of the play and of the character-portrayal of the king to a climax, through the gradations of his sublime folly, and by the contrast between himself on the one hand and Edgar, Kent and Gloster on the other,—it was then that

we realized the grandeur of the play, the genius of the master, and the talent of the tragedian. The power of Mantell is evident, especially in the scene where King Lear encounters the son of Gloster. It is a meeting of one madman reduced to folly with another madman reduced to the depths of despair.

Haslitt tells us that Mantell, in order to enable himself the better to picture the part of a madman, frequently visited a New York insane asylum, where by carefully studying the features, expression and conduct of one of the inmates, he mastered this delicate situation which to-day places him so high in the roll of Shakespeare's exponents, and so firmly fixed in the esteem of the Shakespearean public.

Mr. Mantell is ably supported by a company of most capable actors of whom we may just now be permitted to mention only Mr. Fritz Liebert, who, in the role of Edgar, showed easily the effects of study, practice and talent, as well as Mr. Alfred Hastings and Mr. Henry Fearing, in the respective and difficult characters of Gloster and his bastard son, Edmund, whose influence upon the march of the tragedy, though secondary, is so important.

HENRY J. GELM, '11.



(With apologies to Goldsmith)

Ill fares the land, to "storage cold" a prey,
Where meat accumulates and eggs decay;
Dealers and butchers may flourish, or may fade;
Our money makes them, as our money made—
But the poor stock-farmers, their country's pride,
By wretched famine prices must abide.

J. N. HAYES, '13.

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EDITORIAL.

New Year's Greetings.

We are so accustomed to the scholastic division of the year, with all its corresponding accompaniment of sessions and terms and programmes, that we cease to be as sensitive as others to the approach of the ordinary "New Year." In fact, it is only now that we have

reached the very core of our year's curriculum of studies, and the remaining term will come upon us with the sense of impending graduation, quickened with the hundred and one features and incidents of annual entertainments and out-door exercises. It is, therefore, scarcely to be expected that we should indulge in New Year's greetings, even to our friends and subscribers, at least in the accepted sense or fashion. And yet, we cannot omit the customary and almost instinctive glance of retrospection upon the year now numbered among the past. It has been fraught with blessings to the dear old College on the Bluff—in increase of numbers and of prestige; especially in the immediate promise of greater things, and of a broader and higher sphere of usefulness and influence. We hope soon to be in a position to speak more explicitly of these greater prospects, which we can now only anticipate. But we feel that the year that we are now entering upon, will mark an era to which we of the present, as well as future generations of scholars, will look back with legitimate pride—and we may, therefore, be forgiven the impulse that prompts us to greet the friends and patrons of our *Alma Mater*, who have encouraged her in her infancy and in her growth to present proportions, and to sing with the poet:

“What is it that mak's us sae thankfu'

As thae lang by-gane days we reca'?

'Tis the kindly, the hearty, the true freens,

Wha hae stuck to us fast thro' them a'.

“Dear freen' we hae lang run th' gither

The guid coorse o' herts steadfast and leal,

We've been a' in a' to each ither,

Our freen'ship, I treasure it weel.

“May the rosiest days we hae seen

Be as naught to the days yet to see,

And the happiest times we hae spent

Na compare wi' the times yet to be!”



Irreparable Losses.

The passing of the old year brings naturally to every mature and reflecting mind the thought of balancing its gains and losses—especially in regard to time itself and its fruits. But there is no one for whom that thought must, at least in after life, carry a greater burden of regret than the student who is conscious of having misused the vast opportunities that well-spent time placed within his grasp. Reading the trivial and trashy nonsense of the daily papers, and frittering away in aimless, unmethodical and unsustained work the precious hours of study—these are the chief evils which not only bring about the actual losses of the moment, but form the deadly germs and fore-runners of subsequent mental barrenness. Let us, therefore, give heed to the warning notes of the newly-born decade of the twentieth century—let us, by the uncomprising sacrifice of the reading that engenders lasting emptiness of mind after the transitory satisfaction of a moment's curiosity, as well as by courageous and persevering application along the lines of experienced tradition, prepare for the ripe harvest of a mental training that will bring its own ultimate fruition, along with the success and utility which are its more immediate aims and purposes.



The Passage of Tolstoi.

The death of Count Leo Tolstoi, marks the passing of one of the most peculiar, grotesque, and at the same time, pathetic figures in the field of literature. He was among the most prominent, and was undoubtedly, the most unique of present day writers.

Judging from his dying words and the circumstances attending his last hours, it would seem that his death was in harmony with the altruistic spirit which had persuaded him, long years before, to don the homely garb of

the lowly peasant and to labor by his side. During the period of his self-imposed poverty, however, it appears that he was never forced to endure real hardship and famine, nor even the fear of it.

We cannot laud Tolstoi as a practical reformer. He was essentially and preëminently an extreme theorist—a man of the most impracticable and unattainable ideals. Of his aesthetics we might be more considerate, were it not that they are invariably tinged by his ethical doctrine, so that, grant him what qualities we will as a novelist, we cannot but consider him a weak and inconclusive reformer.

The deeper we study into the man and his works, the more perplexed and astounded are we at the abruptness with which he drops from the sublime and lofty heights of argumentation to the lowest degree of the absurdly illogical. But whatever may be his errors and absurdities, it would be unjust to doubt his sincerity and conscientiousness, although it seems almost incomprehensible that a man of such unusual and undoubted genius should be so lacking in common sense.

It is quite possible, however, that many of us are apt to underestimate the importance of Tolstoi's work, but we must consider that he was speaking as a Russian to Russians, and all of his labors were not in vain. We know that, in his novels, he has discovered Russia not only to the outside world, but to the Russians themselves, and he did this in a manner far and away beyond the efforts of any other historian who has undertaken the task. Some of his ethical principles, even, have found fertile soil in the hearts of his countrymen, principally; and through various modifications they have become productive of more or less important results. But it has been said of him that, like Lincoln and Napoleon, he died before the finality of his work had been attained.

We may leave, therefore, to a hidden and uncertain future to disclose the quality and character of the fruits, if there be any, of his work.

H. J. GILBERT, '11.

Orchestra and Entertainments.

The orchestra is under the competent direction of Professor Charles B. Weis. It comprises several young gentlemen of marked ability, who are so interested in their musical improvement, that they never fail to attend the practices during the recreation hours on Thursdays and Fridays, and disregard alike winter's cold and summer's attractions, in order to enhance the Sunday evening concerts with their presence and their cheering strains.

Clement J. Staud, to whom is entrusted the trombone, is noted for his unusual versatility as a musician, and for his most accommodating character. The drummer, Balthasar Weis, has a handsome equipment, and accompanies in keeping with his outfit. John P. Egan, a performer of many years' experience and proportionate efficiency, and Daniel V. Boyle, who is always ready and prepared to replace him, preside at the piano. The clarinets are taken care of by that most capable artist, Professor Patrick Cronin, and a tyro of great hope, Samuel Daley. The cornets are in the hands of Philip Weis and Paul Fidel, the former a master of his instrument and the latter a very promising player. We have quite an array of violinists of exceptional talent: Balthasar C. Blum, Albert J. Brown, Charles Clifford, William F. Graham, William J. Kennelly, John J. Koruza, Albert J. Mamaux, and Raymond A. Siedle.

The programmes of the entertainment are given by the various classes in turn, and comprise essays, recitations, songs and musical selections. The concert proper is followed with debates by the Senior, Junior, Sophomore, Freshmen and Commercial Classes. Thus entertainment is combined with instruction. Occasionally the gymnasts give us a display of their skill, and, from time to time, gentlemen of talent favor us with music and song, thus Mr. Philip Bansbach, lately returned from a two years' stay at Strasburg delighted us with masterly solos on the violin—De Beriot's Seventh Concerts

and Wieniawski's *Legende*, and Paul Campbell sang for us, with his charming soprano voice, "Garden of Roses" and "Sing Me to Sleep."

We regret that lack of space will not permit us to give all the programmes rendered of late; that of Sunday evening, December 18, must suffice.

Medley March, . . . Think It Over, . . . Orchestra
 Recitation, . . . The Bostonian Lady at the Game, . . .
 James B. Dannemiller

Piano Solo, . . . Popular Airs, . . . Daniel V. Boyle
 Recitation, Cigarette's Ride and Death, Leo A. McCrory
 Violin Solo, . . . Landler, . . . Raymond A. Siedle
 Pianologue, Francis S. Clifford
 Chorus, ' Neath the Pines of Vermont, Sophomores
 Medley Overture, . . . Hits of 1910, . . . Orchestra
 Vocal Solo, The Heart Bowed Down,
 Rev. P. A. McDermott

Cornet Solo, . . . Violets, . . . Paul Fidel
 Gymnastic Exercises, . . . Parallel Bars,
 Professor C. Geber and Class

Chorus, . . . Silver Threads Among the Gold, . . . Freshmen
 Cornet Solo, . . . A Mother's Love, . . . George Weis
 Vocal Solo, . . . Song of the Open Sea, . . . Edward M. Murphy
 Monologue, . . . Words, Words, Words, . . . James J. Hawks
 Vocal Duet, . . . Believe Me,
 J. F. Corcoran and C. A. Sanderbeck

Monologue, . . . To-Morrow, . . . Grattan V. Dugan
 Finale, Two-Step, . . . He 's a College Boy, . . . Orchestra

The following Selections were given lately by the Orchestra:

A Novelette, . . . Sunshine and Roses, . . . Rolfe
 Spanish Waltz, . . . My Cavalier, . . . Nathan
 Intermezzo, . . . The Beautiful Rag, . . . Snyder
 Operatic Selection, . . . Enoch Arden, . . . Lachner
 Newport, . . . Autumn Leaves, . . . Bert Howard
 Waltz, . . . Seven Days, . . . Theo Bendix
 Two-Step, . . . The Dublin Rag, . . . Recker

Business Department.

Wednesday morning is devoted to the subject of Commercial Law. The object of this study is to familiarize the young aspirants with the full knowledge of their rights and limitations in the business world, and to enable them to regulate their actions according to the requirements of law, and thus avoid lawsuits.

For some weeks past they have been considering contracts—the requirements for a binding contract—and have found to their great satisfaction that the most of them are still infants and consequently can only make binding contracts as regards necessities of life; as for all the others, they can at will set them aside, on or before they arrive at the age of majority.

It is certainly very interesting, to hear the members of the class discussing cases of great import and arriving at a conclusion by applying the principles. Thus, for instance, A makes a wager with B that C will be elected Governor of Pa. at the coming election. C is defeated and the money is paid to B. A brings an action to recover the money wagered. Can he succeed? Immediately the young lawyer thinks he has found the answer, and cries out: “yes, he can, because wagers are unlawful, and therefore cannot be enforced by law.” But he forgets, for a moment, the second principle which says, once given, the law will have nothing further to do with it, since it is unlawful money. It would be quite the contrary if the stakes were still in the hands of a third party when A would reclaim it. He could then sue the third party and recover his share, because a wager is contrary to public policy and therefore void.

Though we take great interest in these Wednesday morning classes, it is far from the intent of the class to make lawyers, but rather to give the rights and limitations, to tell how far to go, and, at the same time, be protected by law. In a word, it is to impart a knowledge practically indispensable to the successful business man.

SODALITIES.

We give below the list of officers of the various Sodalities that have, for a long time past, been organized in the College. These Societies fulfill a most useful purpose, in giving to the students, in proportion to their age, or at least according to the various stages of their gradation in college life, an opportunity to cultivate piety and to practise virtue, by means of prayer in common, by the power of mutual good example, and by the lessons received from frequent instruction.

The good results secured by membership in these college societies, as well as from the edification wrought by companionship, and from the spiritual advantages which these regular meetings necessarily entail, are not merely transitory—they are destined to be lasting, and are consequently most suitable to the solid training and the ultimate development of the truly practical and Christian young men, of which our present society feels so much the need.

Sodality of the Infant Jesus.

Director	Rev. Michael Sonnefeld, C. S. Sp.
President	John M. Sullivan
Vice-President	Edward R. Horen
Secretary	John R. Foley
Treasurer	Edward J. Edmundson
Librarian	Joseph Passafiume
Standard Bearer	Lawrence J. Morrisey

Sodality of the Holy Angels.

DIVISION I.

Director	Rev. H. J. Goebel, C. S. Sp.
Prefect	John J. Lydon
First Assistant	Earl E. Emmons
Second Assistant	Oscar W. Ackerman
Secretary	Paul P. Ley
Treasurer	Ralph J. Criste
Librarian	Joseph F. Travers
Standard Bearer	Simon S. Grybas

Sodality of the Holy Angels.

DIVISION II.

Director	Edward Knaebel, C. S. Sp.
Prefect	John M. Kane
First Assistant	Joseph M. Ganter
Second Assistant	Fraser W. Camp
Secretary	Herbert C. Mansmann
Treasurer	John E. McGee
Librarian	Philip G. Weis
Standard Bearer	Charles A. McShane

Sodality of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Director	Rev. Joseph Danner, C. S. Sp.
Prefect	Patrick J. Broderick
First Assistant	Edward A. Butler
Second Assistant	John F. Ryan
Secretary	Robert R. Mellody
Treasurer	Michael J. Yates
Librarian	Morris F. Walsh
Standard Bearer	John McMullen

Sodality of the Blessed Sacrament.

Director,	Rev. Henry J. McDermott, C. S. Sp.
Prefect	Leo F. Lavelle
First Assistant	Adrian J. Briggs
Second Assistant	Albert M. Flinn
Secretary	Florence M. Ubinger
Treasurer	James B. Dannemiller
Librarian	Vincent I. Burke
Standard Bearer	James Piorkowski

Sodality of the Holy Ghost.

Director,	Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp.
Prefect	Philip A. Dugan
First Assistant	John F. Corcoran
Second Assistant	Clarence A. Sanderbeck
Secretary	Cornelius J. Mahony
Treasurer	Harry J. Gilbert
Librarian	John V. O'Connor
Standard Bearer	Grattan V. Dugan

Presidents of the Various Classes.

Senior	James J. Hawks
Junior	Edward J. Misklow
Sophomore	Adrian J. Briggs
Freshmen	George R. Isherwood
First Academic	E. A. Wilson
Second Academic	Ralph J. Criste
Third Academic—A	Joseph F. Travers
Third Academic—B	W. Fraser Camp
Fourth Academic	Joseph M. Ganter
Grammar	John M. Sullivan
Senior Scientific	W. A. Caveney
Junior Scientific	James A. Kennedy
Sophomore Scientific	Charles K. Blundon
Freshmen Scientific	Paul P. Ley
First Commercial	Patrick J. Broderick
Second Commercial	James Madden
Third Commercial	Daniel V. Boyle
Fourth Commercial	Eugene F. Hoffman

**ALUMNI NOTES.**

It is with great pleasure that we chronicle the ordination, to the Holy Priesthood, of the Rev. James J. Gough, '06, at the Cathedral, Cleveland, O., by the Right Rev. Bishop Farrelly, D. D., on Saturday morning, December 17. The young priest sang his first solemn Mass on Christmas morning, in St. Aloysius' Church, East Liverpool, O.

CHARLES DUFFY, M. D., '06, paid a visit to his *Alma Mater* while at home on his Xmas vacation. Charley graduated at the Georgetown University last June, and is now an interne at the Georgetown Hospital.

HARRY MURPHY, '07, is in his Junior year at the Georgetown University Medical Department. Harry was captain of the baseball team last season, and in all probability he will be re-elected this coming season.

HARRY COLLINS, M. D., '01, is at present located on Collins Avenue, E. E.

E. M. DONNELLY, '96, has been engaged for the last five years in the Pgh. P. O., and has given such satisfaction, that he is now in line for rapid promotion.

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Cradle Song.

Tell me, gentle little baby,
Lying still throughout the day,
Do you dream of pretty angels
As you sleep the time away?

Sure your face so fair and tender
Makes one think of those above,
Shining in supernal beauty
' Round the Fountainhead of Love.

Often as I gaze upon you
On your count'nance there's a trace
Of a smile that soon illumines
Your angelic little face.

Sure 't is cherubs that delight you
And commune with your pure soul;
I am certain they advise you
Of the struggles toward your goal.

I will pray that when you're older
They will still with you abide,
Straightway rising to defend you
When the Arch Fiend's at your side;

So that when the thread is severed
That retains you here on earth,
You'll ascend with those about you
Who protected you since birth.

The First Home-Rule Convention in the United States.

The late magnificent meeting, at Buffalo, of Ireland's friends in the United States and Canada, for the purpose of encouraging and furthering the attainment of Home Rule, was admitted by all to be the most successful assemblage of its kind ever held in this country. The members who were present on that occasion were most enthusiastic in their sentiments and most generous and practical in their contributions of the "sinews of war." They felt as if this were to be the last great gathering before the final achievement of the great goal, for which generations of Irishmen and their friends, at home and abroad, have been praying and working and fighting with such unexampled perseverance and determination. It looks indeed as if these anticipations were to be realized; for everything seems to be pointing toward such a happy issue. At such a thought or rather in the immediate presence of such a prospect, it is impossible for the earnest student especially when he is imbued with the genuine spirit of American institutions and under the influence of our own domestic history, not to feel keenly the liveliest and deepest interest in the outcome of a struggle which has had no parallel in the history of other nations.

Imagine, then, the surprise and gratification of the writer of this article, when, impressed with these thoughts he laid his hand upon an old newspaper of nearly seventy years ago which described the very first "National Repeal Convention" held in Philadelphia on the 22nd day of February, 1842,—the anniversary of the birth-day of the father and founder of American liberty, the glorious, the immortal Washington.

The delegates assembled in the large Hall of the Philadelphia Museum, which was not only handsomely, but gorgeously decorated for the occasion, by a brilliant display of National flags, intermingled with devices of

the "Island of Green," and harmoniously blending the American Eagle, the Harp of Erin, and the Star-Spangled and Shamrock—bedecked banners, at once reminding the participants of the well-earned laurels of the native and adopted citizens won in the common cause of resistance to oppression. In the centre of the magnificent room there was a large marble fountain which presented an object of surpassing attraction, owing to the peculiar arrangement of birds and flowers with which it was thickly covered. The whole was surmounted by a full-sized eagle of rich and elegant plumage, with extended wings and out-stretched neck, "indicating," as was remarked by one of the eloquent speakers, "the desire of the American Eagle to pounce upon tyranny wherever it be found, and forming a bold and beautiful crowning of the exquisitely arranged pyramid."

It was remarked by all at the time that the weather was most beautiful and propitious. It was a day of Summer rather than of early Spring. The day was thus in glorious keeping with the occasion, being made to gladden the hearts of freemen; it seemed as if the season smiled upon Freedom's opening flower, and that after its dark winter of bondage, it was about to be blessed with the spring-time of light and liberty. It must have carried those of them that were exiles back in remembrance to the land for whose disenthralment they were met to pledge themselves, where they had so often hung with rapture upon the matchless eloquence of her beloved Liberator, and listened to his withering denunciations against her plunderers and oppressors, and they must have felt satisfied that his oft-repeated lines of Ireland's immortal bard, regarding her future destiny, were about to be realized:

"The nations have fallen but thou art still young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others have set,
And tho' slavery's doom o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet."

It is very interesting for us now-a-days, after the lapse of seventy years, to peruse the long list of delegates, who came from every part of New England and the Middle Atlantic States. There were several from Augusta, Me.; as well as from Cincinnati, O., and Lexington, Ky.; though our local pride must feel aggrieved to confess that not a single name is to be met with from Pittsburgh or its immediate neighborhood. We find there, however, many names—that afterwards became illustrious for their civic virtues and for the potent influences which they wielded in the legislatures of their various states, as well as for the part they played in the administration and prosperity of their respective cities. Non-Catholics were as enthusiastic as the most devoted sons of Mother Church, and the honor of presiding was unanimously allotted to one of Boston's most distinguished abolitionists, John W. James, Esq., who, on taking the chair, said that he had been too long attached to the noble cause, not to feel thankful for such proofs of confidence bestowed on him by the friends of Ireland, and for this emphatic proof of regard at their hands. They met in a consecrated place, on a consecrated day, the natal day of him who was an honor to his country, and cast a lustre over human nature itself—it was the birth-day of Washington, a name to last as long as human history endures. They met near a consecrated spot where the deathless declaration of independence was first promulgated to mankind—the Magna Charta of civilized man. They should recur to its principles and apply them, not merely to their fellow citizens, but to their fellow creatures, and particularly on behalf of that oppressed portion which had, on this great occasion, brought together the friends of Ireland.

The period at which the great meeting convened was one of great political and social turmoil; and it was a doubtful question whether it was prudent to hold such a gathering, or whether it would not rather end in confusion and dissension. Harrison, the Whig President, had

just died, only one month after entering upon the duties of his office, and selecting his cabinet. Though elected by an immense majority, his election was not a popular one, as in spite of his getting 234 electoral votes to Van Buren's 60, his popular majority was only 140,000 votes; and the influence or rather the ascendancy of Jackson, whose administration, including that of his nominee, Van Buren, had lasted twelve years, was still powerful in the country. His severe and narrow financial policy had brought about a grave crisis among the banks and in all classes of business circles, ending in ruinous schemes of speculation and consequent failures, so that confidence was destroyed and trade was practically paralyzed. The anti-slavery agitation was also beginning to loom up as a national question, and had given birth to the abolition movement in the East and West. But many of Ireland's most devoted friends were far from being partisans of abolition in the violent and extreme tenor in which it was advocated in Massachusetts, and were naturally afraid that the similarity of the two great questions might induce some acrimonious debates that would endanger the unity and the usefulness of the Convention. Their conjectures were not in vain, and it was only by the energy, prudence and tact of the presiding officer, aided by the eloquence of Mr. William Stokes, the great Catholic lawyer and orator of Philadelphia, who had been chosen as the 1st Vice-President of the Convention, that the subject of Abolition, thrown upon the meeting through the channel of an incautiously-worded resolution, did not become a fire-brand, and create a violent explosion.

To show the sympathy for Ireland among the leading politicians of the day, the following interesting letter was read from Col. Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky, who had been elected Vice-President of the United States under Van Buren's administration by the Senate, after the failure of all other candidates for that position, in the popular election of 1837.

FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY, FEBRUARY 24, 1842.

GENTLEMEN:—I have been honored with your letter to the friends of Ireland, containing information of a National Convention of all the Repeal Associations of the Union, to be held on the 22nd—the birthday of Washington. I should rejoice at the opportunity of being present at this Anniversary, in company with such a band of patriots. It will be a sublime spectacle to see such a body of men celebrating the virtues of that man, that was first in war—first in peace—and first in the hearts of his countrymen—and there, at the same time, offering a united prayer upon the altar of liberty, for the success of the moral struggle in Ireland, for the divine right of the people to make their own municipal laws for their own government. My humble duties will prevent this happiness. I send you this sentiment:—"Ireland!—may her present struggle be peaceful, but successful!"

Most respectfully,

RICHARD M. JOHNSON.

The ultimate result of the Convention was the promise of every possible form of practical aid and sympathy to the patriots at home, in their grand struggle under the leadership of O'Connell, and the adoption of a large series of resolutions of which we may give the more important ones.

RESOLVED, That, from all past history, we are persuaded that Ireland's resources can never be developed, her genius properly elicited, or her freedom permanently secured, until she has the power to make her own laws, and to prepare in her own way the foundations of her prosperity;

RESOLVED, That we are willing to aid her by every constitutional and appropriate means in our power, to cheer her patriots onward, and warmly to express our sympathies in her behalf;

RESOLVED, That with undivided and unceasing

affection for the glorious principle upon which our American States are united in a general confederacy, we should be rejoiced to find, safely invoked in behalf of Ireland, the great means of combining the proper energies of government with the practical freedom and happiness of the governed, however varying in situation, manners and institutions;

RESOLVED, That believing in the established truth that "in union there is strength" we would earnestly urge upon the people of Ireland the necessity of extinguishing sectarian flame, and of kindling on the altar of their common country the sacred fire of liberty.

It is needless to say that there were on that memorable occasion many notable bursts of genuine eloquence, either in praise for the great National Leader's wonderful achievements, or in sympathy with the dear old land, or in condemnation of England's unjust and oppressive conduct towards her down-trodden sister Isle. But of all the orators who gave utterance both as Americans and as friends of Ireland, to their patriotic sentiments, none elicited so much expression of feeling and so much applause, as Mr. Isaac H. Wright of Boston, who addressed the meeting on the closing day.

He called to the attention of the Convention the day on which they had met—the birthday of the immortal Washington. What day could have been better chosen or was more fitting to rally in the great cause of obtaining freedom for Ireland? This fact should never be forgotten, but should be handed down from father to son, that the First National Irish Repeal Convention in the United States assembled on the anniversary of that day which was the nativity of Washington, and in the good old city of Philadelphia, from whence was promulgated that Magna Charta of human freedom, the Declaration of Independence. When that noble band of delegates from the colonies congregated together here, it was to shake off the oppression of foreign domination, to establish civil liberty on the broad basis of equality; and that declara-

tion which went forth from the precincts of yonder hall, has been and ever will be the proud evidence of the manner in which they discharged that high duty. Our people were then but feeble colonies, yet armed with indomitable hearts, and trusting in the holiness and justice of their cause, they dared to struggle against the most potent nation of the civilized world, for the establishment of those rights which were theirs by all that entitled them to the rank of freemen. Had they failed in their exertions, they would have been branded as a handful of rebels, and expiated their bold resistance to England by the ignoble fate of traitors. It was the success which crowned their undertaking which gave us the happy institutions we now enjoy, and made it our pleasure as well as our duty to commemorate their patriotic career. So with the patriots of Ireland, whose blood thus poured from the scaffolds of tyranny, and drenched the fertile soil of their lovely country, success would have made them the high-souled patriots and benefactors of men, instead of the mourned but venerated victims of unsuccessful rebellion.

The Recorder of Philadelphia, Hon. Richard Vaux, next addressed the Convention. He hoped to have remained a silent member of their interesting proceedings. He was not born in Ireland and had no Irish blood in his veins; but as an American, he hoped that he might listen to the doings of the Convention, and be warmed into a deeper interest for Ireland's wrongs. He stated once more the great question at issue, and said the pages of history for ages had been calling for the redress of Irish grievances; that the cry for justice had gone up, and in vain, from the valleys and mountain tops. England had treated the people of this country in the same way, when they addressed her in their own behalf, and the only way to influence her or her people was to hold her up to the scorn and indignation even of despotism itself. She, herself, knew full well that she owed much of her glory to Irish valor and genius;

and he would, therefore, propose that, instead of making, as some gentlemen had suggested, a direct appeal to the people of England, an open address should be made to the friends of liberty throughout the world. Such an address from the American people, from a people who regarded liberty as of God's right-hand planting, could not but have due effect.

This suggestion was ultimately adopted, and after some further discussion of various minor matters, the First American Convention in favor of Home Rule for Ireland, adjourned, amid great cheering and enthusiasm.



The Town Clock.

Four square to every wind that blows,
It stands the shock
Of Spring's soft sighs and Winter's snows—
The old town clock.

Not long ago there was a time,
With grateful pride,
We counted out its pealing chime
Afar and wide.

So regularly all the day
The hours it tolled;
And round the hill without a stay,
The echoes rolled.

And after every hard, harsh clang,
In harmony
The hills with softened voices sang
The melody.

It roused the toiler from his bed;
Alike the clerk;
Told, when the East is bathed in red,
“ 'Tis time for work.”

When children gaily streamed to school
With book and slate,
At stroke of nine, they knew the rule—
“Ne’er to be late.”

Upon the little school-house knoll
Throughout the day,
Whenever it began to toll,
We glanced that way.

To it the trainmen always looked
To see the time;
And wives declared they always cooked
By that clock’s chime.

At night its bright and cheerful gleam
And booming roar
To all the people here did seem
A monitor.

Its gleam is gone, and gone its voice:
And strange to say,
It was not by the people’s choice
They’ve gone away.

But now that voiceless tower-top seems
To boldly mock
Each one of us who fondly dreams
Of Crafton’s clock !

J. N. HAYES, '13.



A Visit to the Steel Works.

When we realize what our steel industries have done for our city, it is indeed remarkable how little interest the ordinary citizen or even student pays to the manner in which steel is made.

It had long been my desire to visit one of these

plants and see for myself the great product that has given to our city its proudest title of the "Iron City."

Little did I think, at the beginning of last summer vacation, that I should soon be afforded an excellent opportunity to become familiar with this industry; for scarcely had school closed in June when I was so fortunate as to obtain a night clerkship in that very department which had so long fascinated me. Whether or not I have profited by my good fortune, I shall leave to my readers to judge; but it will afford me the utmost pleasure to place before them, to the best of my ability, even the little knowledge of steel making which I acquired during my ten weeks of employment.

First comes the purifying department, where we find a row of huge stacks commonly called "Blast Furnaces."

Into these the ore is placed by means of small buggies running on an inclined plane. This ore is in its natural state, having come direct from the Great Lakes by rail, the rivers not being navigable to the large Ore Liners. By means of intense heat it is melted and, in the shape of a pure molten mass, is poured into large vat-like cars and conveyed to the south side of the river, where a certain amount of cinders is placed upon the hot metal to prevent splashing.

The vats are emptied into a larger vessel commonly called a "Converting Vat," in which, by means of compressed air, the cinders are blown off, causing that wonderful sight, familiar to all Pittsburghers—the flying sparks, resembling a display of fireworks.

This process is used for the making of Bessemer steel; and certain quantities of Sulphur, Carbon, Manganese and Silicon are infused, according to the grade of steel required in the respective orders.

Bessemer steel, as you undoubtedly know, is a much harder and more inflexible grade of steel than the open hearth steel of which I shall speak later.

Low Carbon Bessemer steel is that which contains from eight to ten points of carbon and not more than

seventy points of sulphur, and is used for common work, while eighteen to twenty-three point Carbon Bessemer is used for automobile axles, small trucks and wagons, and that of eight to eleven point Carbon, along with sixty to eighty points of Manganese and ninety to one hundred thirty points of sulphur, is known as Bessemer shafting steel.

The orders are given to the man in charge and he sees to the infusion of the proper chemicals.

Now the steel is poured into larger moulds, ten feet in height and twenty-five inches wide, which are taken into the bloom yard where they are cooled and the mould removed. The steel thus shaped is called an "ingot." Although this yard is uncovered, the heat is intense.

These ingots are next taken to the Heating Department, known to the steel world as Soaking Pits.

After heating they are placed on small conveyors and brought to the rolls; but we shall leave this department for the present, as I shall treat of it after we come to the open-hearth founderies.

Open hearth steel is the more common grade of steel. Unlike the Bessemer, it is made from Pig metal, scrap steel and mends. I deem it worthy of mention that not a scrap of steel is wasted in these plants, as the remnants are made over into open-hearth steel. The latter has one more ingredient than the Bessemer, namely phosphorous; thus it contains carbon, sulphur, manganese, phosphorous and silicon. Twenty to thirty points of carbon, with 60 to 80 points of manganese, is a grade of open hearth steel used principally for the more powerful shaftings; 8 to 15 points carbon open hearth steel is used for shovels, chains, and so forth. It is a very soft grade. High carbon open hearth steel is used for electrical appliances, such as small armatures, pinions, etc.

Then the steel is moulded and reheated in the same manner as the Bessemer, and we now come to the billet mills, whose purpose is to reduce the steel ingots into

smaller and more convenient shapes, so as to enable the finishing mills to produce the various steel implements more readily.

The ingots, twenty-five inches wide, are forced through a series of graded rolls, the aperture of which begins at 24 inches, becoming smaller and smaller in succession, until they are converted into billets more than thirty feet long, six inches thick and sixteen inches wide. These are then divided by mighty shears into lengths which vary according to the orders received, and range from two to six feet or more.

In leaving the shears they are loaded into buggies by means of a conveyer, which is operated by compressed air in some mills, and by electricity in others.

These billets are then transferred from the buggies to the "Rolling Mill" where they are once more cast into a furnace and heated.

They are taken from the furnace by means of an electrical appliance known as "drag down." By means of "hooks" operated by men, but controlled by the aid of compressed air, the steel is placed upon the rolls and passes through the same process as the ingots.

It comes forth at last to our view not as a crude piece of steel, but either as a perfectly rounded rod, or as a square, or as an angle beam, according to the orders, and the specific purposes of the mill we are visiting.

Undoubtedly, you are wondering how so much work can be accomplished in so small a space. It is not merely a wonder, it is a marvel. To visitors this plant is a city in itself, with its multitude of men, going here and there; its numerous small engines; its cranes overhead, whirling along at an astounding speed, and often carrying in their mighty grasp twenty and thirty thousand pounds of heavy metal. With the whistles incessantly blowing, the signal bells of cranes and engines, the tumultuous uproar of the steam exhausts, you are unable to hear a person speaking, even when he is at your side.

It seems, indeed, as if Divine Providence was par-

ticularly watchful over those who labor in these mills. To escape from death or serious accident for any length of time is truly miraculous, when we consider the manner in which these men work over huge vats of molten metal, with never a fear that they may fall, or that in less time than it takes to tell it, they may be burned to death, without their ashes being subsequently noticeable in this melting mass.

But there is another, and perhaps a still more precious and more ennobling lesson to be learned from a close inspection of these vast and wonderful hives of human industry—it is the lesson of human nature, which, in some form or another, will assert itself wherever men, in large numbers, mingle with one another continuously, in the pursuit of a common purpose. It must not be imagined by the superficial observer that, here in these mills, he will find only the illiterate, uncouth or uncultivated workingman, whom the monotonous routine of heavy labor has rendered callous to the finer and more delicate feelings and influences of the less material callings. No, he will find amongst that crowd of rough-looking artisans and toilers a large and unexpected proportion of bright, intelligent, energetic men, who are not afraid to work—nor afraid to stoop to the handling of a machinery that, after all, requires skill and caution and mature judgment. He will find there men who have gone through college and who have made it their ambition to take up the steel business from its initial stages—men who have all the qualities needed to make them leaders of their fellow-men.

It is sometimes thought, but very unjustly, that mill men are rude and hard-hearted. The more closely you come in contact with them, the more you will find such a statement gratuitous and entirely unfounded. My own brief but thorough personal experience has confirmed me in this conclusion. Indeed, some of the best and kindest-hearted men whom I have ever met with were men with whom I rubbed shoulders amidst the

whirl of machinery and the roar of the blast-furnaces, during my last Summer vacation—men of genial character and of simple but polite ways, who had ample consideration for the most ignorant foreigner working under them, as they had for their more skilled assistants. In this connection I may be permitted to cite a little incident that will go far to bear me out in regard to my previous statement. One evening, just as it was getting dark, a low-sized, haggard-looking individual, scarcely able to walk, came into the office to seek employment. He told of his domestic troubles:—his wife was seriously ill—there was a three months old baby that lacked the proper nourishment—he could not get work elsewhere . . . and yet he was willing and well able to work. It was easy to see that his famished appearance was really owing to a want of food, and that he was otherwise sincere—so, after a moment's hesitation, the Superintendent put him to work. Just then my office partner quietly left the room with his dinner basket under his arm, although it was still an hour or two before the usual supper-time for the men on night turn. I said: "Are you going home, Will?"—"No. Grat.," he said, "I am just going up to the chipping-yard." He went and was back in ten minutes, but when he returned, he had no basket. He wouldn't tell what he had done with his supper, though we tried in every possible way to find out. Next morning, however, about three o'clock, as I was making my way out of the office to call one of the time-keepers, somebody stumbled up against me at the door-step . . . it was the newly-engaged workman of the previous evening, who looked about him as if trying to recognize somebody. I stood there a moment, outside, in the shadow of the door-post, and heard him whisper, in a husky voice and before my partner could take in the situation or prevent him, "Thanks, Mister, I certainly do feel grateful for your kindness."

So it is, that, under the stern and perhaps rough ex-

terior of those disciples of the mighty Vulcan, we find men true as the steel which is forged by their brawny muscles, and whose kindness is as enduring as the metal which they send out to the world of construction.

GRATTAN V. DUGAN, '11.



My Stout Friend.

"That," said the stout man beside me on the front platform of a trailer, as he pointed oratorically to the bulletin-board, pushing the little man with the big lunch into a corner, "that was a rotten fake."

I put my head out far enough to have any passing car knock it off, and looked to see what had called forth such a vehement denunciation. It proved to be of no less moment than the account of a prize fight which had taken place the previous night.

"Yes, said I, trying to work up a polite amount of enthusiasm.

You bet your life it was," he rejoined forcibly. "Why the big fellow had it all over the little one; had him beat a million ways. You show me any big man who lets a little one step on him," and to emphasize this he promptly stepped on the little man's toes.

I kept my peace.

"It's the last time," he continued, crowding the little man and the big lunch farther into the corner, "that I'll ever bet on anything. It's all crooked. What was the world series? Tell me that. What was the Johnson-Jeffries fight? What was it? A lay-down pure and simple. That's what it was."

Here a blockade of the cars occurred. My friend leaned far over the railing to ascertain the cause of the delay. When he had returned to his normal position he began anew.

"This is the worst city under the sun, but it's miles

too good for the street car company. If Pittsburghers had any grit they'd chase the whole crew out of town, they'd burn them at the stake. That's what they'd do. Why, the horse thieves, they're stealing the bread out of our children's mouths and what do we say? 'Have a cigar, please,' that's what we say.'

Before such a flow of eloquence and classical English mixed with such sound logic, I felt that I was powerless.

With a jerk the car started, but the jerk pulled the big lunch out of the little man's hands and my friend with wonderful presence of mind promptly put his foot on it.

"That," said the little man meekly, "is my lunch."

"I don't want it," said my friend magnanimously.

"But you have your foot on it" protested the little man.

"Oh! have I! Well, take it from me, my lad. Don't put your lunch on the floor, and no-one won't step on it."

The owner of the lunch eyed it ruefully. It was lamentably lopsided, but he said nothing.

The river came into view next. It was an inspiring theme.

"There's another hold-up. We were going to have free bridges four years ago, and we won't have them a century from now. Graft—graft—graft! No wonder some people can smoke a 'two for a quarter' and ride around in an automobile."

Just then the one-armed newsie put his head out of the door and my friend very charitably bought a paper, handing the boy a nickel. You may imagine my astonishment, when in answer to the poor cripple's rather abstracted "how much?" this modern Diogenes yelled, "why, a quarter, you blooming idiot. How much do you think I gave you? Why don't you mind your business?"

And for the first time that morning I saw him smile,

as he pocketed his ill-gotten gains and leered at me diabolically.

He got off at the next stop and the last of him I heard was a strong adjective which he threw at the conductor for taking him too far.

The little man turned to me and there was really a gleam of humor in his eyes as he said:

“That man should have married my sister-in-law.”

HARRY J. SCHMITT, '11.



WHEN DUTY CALLS.

When President Lincoln issued a call for volunteers in the year 1861, that memorable year which marked the beginning of the terrible struggle between the North and the South, large numbers of men and boys in all parts of the North hastened to obey the summons.

The call to arms had spread throughout the North like wildfire, reaching the ears of the inhabitants of every city, town, and hamlet, and the remotest corners of the northern section. When the news first reached the little village of Merlin, situated in the central part of Maine, it caused much excitement, principally because this little town—hemmed in from the busy world by mighty forests—seldom heard anything of sufficient importance to arouse the slightest degree of enthusiasm.

War now was the chief topic among the people of the village and especially among the youths who were making plans for joining the army.

Among the youthful inhabitants of the town was a boy by the name of John Wayne, a strong, well-developed lad seventeen years of age who, with his brother Frank, was the only support of his mother. John, like many another boy of his age, was anxious for a change of scene and for new surroundings, and, when several of his boy friends told him that they were going

to join the army, he made up his mind to go with them if his mother would permit.

At first he was somewhat afraid to ask permission, for he knew that it would be hard for her to part with him; but finally he asked her consent.

His mother, knowing the dangers he would have to face and fearful that he would never return, was reluctant to give her consent; she did not wish to check his patriotic enthusiasm for a moment, but felt how hard it was to part with her dear boy, and how heavy the strain would be on her younger son to support the home. She finally acceded to his wish hoping and trusting in God to bring her son back to her after the war.

When the day for departure arrived, he said good-bye to his mother and brother and, with several of his friends, set off to enlist in the northern army. He was filled with grief and sorrow as he thought of leaving home, but consoled himself with the reflection that his brother would be able to care for his mother, and that he would be home again in a short time, for it was rumored that the war would be "a ninety days affair."

He joined his regiment which before long was called upon to go to the front. For a while everything seemed to go along smoothly as new scenes opened up before him, and as long as the novelty of the soldier's life remained; but these soon grew to be monotonous and the routine of camp life and daily duties as a soldier became a bore to him. However this dissatisfied feeling wore off after some time, and his patriotism reasserted itself.

After he had been in the army about three years an accident occurred which will no doubt cause him sorrow until his death. During those three years he had achieved great merit for his bravery in the field and had been promoted to the rank of captain.

One morning a sentry under his command reported the capture of a Confederate spy. When the spy was brought before him, the captain was startled at first sight on account of the striking resemblance he bore to a

picture his mother had. He had never asked his mother on the subject, and she had never told him anything about it.

When the prisoner was taken before the superior officer it was found that he wore a false beard and a wig; after they were removed, Captain Wayne was more surprised than before, for the man looked very much like his mother.

The rebel spy was sentenced to be shot at day break, and was placed under the guard of two of Captain Wayne's men. This was as the captain wished, for he desired to ask the man some questions.

Words would fail to express John's emotions when he found that the spy was his brother. By questioning he found that when a boy his brother had run away from home, and as he had never let his mother know anything about him, he supposed that she thought him to be dead.

Mrs. Wayne had never told her other two boys anything about this eldest son; John was only four years old when his brother James ran away from home, and consequently did not remember him.

John knew that it was impossible to secure a reprieve or pardon, and all he could do was to resign himself to the inevitable. He was horrified to think that he was the one who should give the command to fire the fatal shot that was to send his own brother into eternity.

The next morning at day break, with his eyes closed, Captain Wayne stood at the end of the firing line ready to give the command. It was a terrible thing for him to do and he knew it, but three years as a soldier had taught him to do his duty. When the command to fire had escaped from his lips, he sank into a heap on the ground.

Captain Wayne, now Major Wayne, is still living, and that sad incident of the Civil War is still fresh in his memory to sadden his remaining years.

He never related the incident to either his mother or brother, and the story would never have been known had they survived the faithful and considerate soldier.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.

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ATHLETICS:

J. P. EGAN, '11. J. N. HAYES, '13. E. J. HEINRICH, '14.

ALUMNI:

G. P. ANGEL, '11. J. B. DANNEMILLER, '15. J. J. LAPPAN, '12.

SOCIETIES:

F. CLIFFORD, '12. J. H. MCHATTIE, '12. E. A. BUTLER, '12.

LOCALS:

J. J. HAWKS, '11. M. J. HEGERICH, '14. J. M. GAUGHAN, '12.

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No. 5.

EDITORIAL.

Washington's Birthday.

There is one great element of our civic life which needs for its survival and development the establishment and perpetuation of such public festivals as the one we are accustomed to celebrate on February 22nd—Washington's birthday. It is the virtue, or if you wish,

the sentiment of loyalty. Acknowledging, as we do, that Divine Providence has certainly intervened in, and even presided over, the origin of this greatest of modern nations—to which, evidently, a most singular mission has been entrusted—we cannot avoid the conclusion that it was not mere chance that gave to her, at her birth, a Founder whom we all readily and instinctively hail as the “Father of his Country,” and a man of whom “it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance.” To accept such a weighty conclusion, which implies a sort of divine and predestined choice, it is not necessary for us to do any violence to our individual religious views or convictions—or to worry about those of Washington himself. It is sufficient for us to feel, as he did himself, that he was an instrument in the hands of the Almighty for the forming of a new nation and the shaping of a new people. As a suitable and adequate expression of his predestined task, as well as of his accomplishment thereof, we may very appropriately borrow the words of his great contemporary and, perhaps, his greatest associate, Thomas Jefferson, who thus puts the finishing touches to a most dignified and masterly painting of Washington’s character: “For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of her government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down to a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.”

With such a picture before our minds, backed by the remembrance of his unswerving loyalty and unstinted sacrifices, we cannot fail to learn and take to heart the

lesson of devotedness to our country which Washington gives us. "It is, says Brownson, as necessary, as much a duty, as much a virtue in republics, as in monarchies; and nobler examples of the most devoted loyalty are not found in the history of the world than were exhibited in the ancient Greek and Roman republics, or than have been exhibited by both men and women in the young Republic of the United States."



Lincoln's Anniversary.

There are very few cities or communities in the United States in which the memory of the martyred President is so deeply venerated as the one in which we live. In the streets and parks, even in some of our public buildings, his name has found a lasting memorial, and February 12th, his 102nd birthday is sure to be remembered and celebrated by all good Pittsburghers, as one which engenders and sustains the patriotism of which he was so eminent a type.

Patriotism ! There is magic in the word. It breathes forth, when coupled with the name and souvenir of Lincoln, the fragrance of the spring-time; it paints for us a picture which a Millet might envy; it casts over us a mystic spell, and charms us like the songs of the older poets. It touches the innermost recesses of the heart, it echoes and reëchoes in the halls of memory, and brings to the surface all that is best and purest in mankind. It was this love of country that inspired our fathers to lay down their lives during revolutionary days at her birth; and during those dark and trying days of '61, to preserve her unity and her life; it was because he loved his country that Lincoln was singled out for the supreme test and the greatest of all human sacrifices. It was patriotism that inspired them all to rally 'round the old flag in every crisis of our country's history. So it is with us to-day. It is patriotism, the patriotism of peace as

well as of war, that has made us a world power, and the land of genuine liberty. And let it be so until the end ! Let us cultivate this wonderful thing called Patriotism ; let us renew its fire and its enthusiasm with every recurring memory of the past that can enkindle the flame ; let us spread abroad among the rising generation, and among our newly adopted fellow citizens the doctrine of earnest love for this their country, so that we may contribute to bring about the great hope or rather the prophecy of the heroic Lincoln : “ that government by the people, through the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth ! ”

J. J. HAWKS, '11.



The Class-room and the World.

It would benefit a certain class of students, who go about loudly professing the belief that the more one loiters through the college course, and the less application and attention one bestows upon lessons, the greater will be one's success in the world,—to read the list in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* of the names of the first scholars of that famous school, and their subsequent careers.

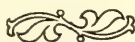
The list contains the record of over a century, from 1777–1887, and shows that of these first scholars one became a member of the Convention that framed the United States Constitution, one became a Justice of the United States Supreme Court, five became United States Senators ; ten, Congressmen ; five, Members of Cabinets, and five became Ambassadors. We find among the number three presidents of railroads, while there are captains of industry, college presidents, judges, and other famous professional men by the score.

This, at least, is some consolation to the brilliant student. It shows him that, after all, he is not destined to the life of a street-cleaner simply because he stands

well in class. It should dispell the idea also, that the scholar is an idle dreamer, unpractical and unfit for the things of the world. Of course, such men have been found among scholars, but it was not their knowledge that unfitted them for life; it was their lack of common sense. The college man who does not dream dreams will never leave the world one jot better for his being in it; but what the world does need is men who have the executive power to realize their dreams.

After all, is it just to our *Alma Mater* to loaf through our school years simply because a few men, who have been drones during their college life, afterwards became famous? Application is the thing that counts and when can we learn to apply ourselves better than in our student days!

It seems incomprehensible, too, that we students should extravagantly applaud the hero of the campus and pass by with contempt the grind of the class-room, although the latter in the long run upholds the honor of the school more effectively and more lastingly.



The "Bad Boy" Problem.

In recent times much has been said and written concerning the "Bad Boy Problem," which is agitating the more populous towns the country over. Different systems have been tried in various cities and some of them have proved rather successful, or, at least, an improvement on the ones so long in use.

Though some cities have shown a laudable tendency to the betterment of their methods of dealing with this vital question, others have, in this respect, remained stationary. In these latter places, the wayward boy is still retained in a building in the heart of the city, looking all the world like a jail, and in a few places even, he is housed in the same building with adult criminals, although such usage is forbidden by the laws of most states.

It is about time that the officers of the Juvenile Court in these places awake to the fact that the system of treating the delinquent boy like a real criminal has died the death of old age; about time that they look around and see what the other cities have been doing while they have been dozing in self-complacency.

At all events it is high-time that a new method be inaugurated. No matter what system they adopt they cannot possibly do worse than what is being done. One thing they must realize: that the caging of high-spirited boys behind iron bars is most certainly not conducive to good citizenship.

Why not try a more humane system? Why not have the retention home in the country, surrounded by acres of land, pure air; have wholesome food for the boys, and above all, kindly treatment?

Why not have more play-grounds in our large cities, not for the children only, but for the growing boy, and even the half-grown man?

Is it not possible to provide a substitute for the cheap theatre and the gambling shanties, or are these all idle dreams?

These cities in question appropriate funds for subways, bridges, canals; why not appropriate a few thousand dollars for the sake of sheer humanity, if no higher reason can be assigned?

H. J. SCHMITT, '11.



LOCALS.

Gymnastic Classes.

The usual gymnastic classes were resumed Wednesday, November 30th, under the able direction of Professor Charles Geber, who is the chief physical director of the Northside Turn Verein as well as a Normal graduate. Judging from the results he has so far obtained from the students, his ability along gymnastic lines seems to be well founded. Two days every week are allotted to the

instruction of the various classes, each of which is obliged to give to this work a specified time. The exercises are of the usual variety, and consist chiefly of dumb-bell, bar-bell, indian club drills, and apparatus work.

The gymnastic classes have held an important place among the different departments of the College for many years past, and have been a great factor in promoting the health of the students.

An interesting programme has been mapped out, to be rendered in one of the city theatres, when the annual College entertainment is held next May. Both teacher and pupils are working earnestly towards the success of this big affair.

The Annual Euchre.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association Committee held recently, it was decided to hold the yearly Reception and Euchre at the Melwood Auditorium, on the evening of Wednesday, February 15th, 1911. The students, as usual, are most enthusiastic about this great annual event. Every one wishes to make this year's Reception the "grandest ever," and judging from the enthusiasm so far displayed, the affair will undoubtedly be a grand success. The College Reception every year is looked upon as one of the "social" events of the season. Every effort will be put forth and everything possible will be done for the entertainment of the guests, so that all may enjoy a pleasant evening. Tell your friends all about it, and have them come. They will not regret it.

Recent Examinations.

The Second Term examinations which were written in all subjects and oral in the English branches, were held during the week beginning January 23. The results were proclaimed on Tuesday, January 31, in the College Hall, in the presence of the faculty. The following students obtained first place in their respective classes: (College Department) John P. Egan, John V. O'Connor,

John N. Hayes, Edward A. Heinrich; (Commercial Department) Patrick J. Healy, John R. Connolly, William G. Stephan, Joseph H. Rodgers, Carl A. Ende; (Scientific Department) James J. Piorkowski, David G. Creamer, James J. Saunders, Henry F. Depp; (Academic Department) James B. Dannemiller, Joseph S. Szepe, Henry J. Hodkiewicz, Arthur J. Gaynor, Thomas J. Jackicic; (Grammar Department) John Damratowski.

One hundred and fifty-one honor certificates were awarded.

T. A. U. Meeting.

The College Total Abstinence Society held its monthly meeting in the College Hall, on Wednesday morning, December 14th, with an attendance of over one hundred and fifty earnest and enthusiastic members. Rev. Father P. A. McDermott was the chief speaker on the occasion, and his address was a most earnest appeal to the young men before him, as the future leaders of society, to use all their influence and all their efforts to counteract the growing tendency, among the young people of our day, to minimize the dangers of the drink habit, and to yield easily to the insidious social customs that inevitably lead the inexperienced and the weak to ultimate ruin.

Seniors and Juniors.

The Seniors and Juniors have formed a debating club, under the guidance and direction of Father P. A. McDermott, to polish their knowledge of parliamentary procedure. The Sunday night debates being too far apart, and demanding so much preparation, it was thought advisable to initiate a course in which, at weekly meetings, the members could discuss familiar and attractive subjects that would require only a few days study to prepare and present. In its short life the plan has shown its value as a means of bringing out for attack or approval, for the general benefit of all, the opinions held on current matters. It has also the advantage of enabling the members of the class to practise more frequently the great art of correct and dignified extempore speaking.

ALUMNI NOTES.

DR. CLAUDE PUHL, '94, is now one of the most popular and efficient young dentists on the North Side. Owing to his great success, he has found it necessary to have an assistant.

C. J. DOMPKA, '09, is with the American Window Glass Co., City.

B. J. MCGUIGAN, '08, received Minor Orders at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

JOHN R. BYERS, '09, John A. Neylon, '03, and Andrew Wehrheim, '05, are the chief clerks employed by the Ohio and Pittsburgh Milk Co., City.

WE were agreeably surprised, of late, by the visit of Mr. H. J. Schultz ('04-'05) of Erie, Pa., who is now a full-fledged and active member of the big, wholesale firm of F. D. Schultz Co., Manufacturing Confectioners of that city. He was on his visit to the Pittsburgh wholesale houses, and reports business as being very brisk and flourishing in the candy trade. He expressed deep satisfaction at the wonderful changes and improvements effected in the College and especially in the Business Department.

ONE of the oldest graduates of the College, and, later on, one of its most active and distinguished professors, is the Rev. D. Fitzgibbon, '84, who, since the year 1890, has been in charge of St. Joseph's House for Homeless Boys in Philadelphia. It is almost impossible for us, even did space allow, to describe the energy, devotedness, perseverance and self-sacrifice which have characterized his work of twenty years in the institution and successful conduct of this establishment whose reputation in the East is unique.

We have received from Father Fitzgibbon a copy of the 1911 *Messenger of St. Joseph's House*. It is tastefully bound, and bears on the front cover a beautiful reproduction of Hoffmann's picture of the boy Christ in the midst of the doctors. A perusal of the contents will

abundantly repay the time bestowed upon them. The article on the Christian Home shows that it is the highest unit of human civilization and human government. In it the child receives, through his parents' words and example, the first rays that awaken his intelligence, the earliest impressions that are graven in his heart, the first counsels that form and direct his will. There he imbibes those principles of virtue and morality which are the only true foundation of a successful life and an upright, honorable manhood. True to them, he will be a credit to his Church, an ornament to society, a glory to his community, and a noble citizen of the State.

The secret of the success of St. Joseph's House and of its boys is found in the fact that it is a truly Christian home based on love, and modeled after the perfect ideal of Nazareth. The atmosphere is religious, the discipline strict without harshness, the training effective and inspiring to high aims and worthy achievements. Individual character, aptitude, and talents are carefully studied, and employment is secured for each one according to his ability, tastes, and ambitions. Such a home deserves patronage, and we bespeak for it the generous donations of our readers.

WITHIN the last few years the Faculty of the College have acted upon the happy suggestion, made by one of our devoted friends among the clergy, that there should be, at some time or other during the year, a special gathering of the Alumni, who have entered the ranks of the priesthood, either among the Secular or the Regular Clergy. The last annual meeting of this kind was held in the College, on the afternoon of Tuesday, January 3, when dinner was served to a large number of younger priests, who, before their Theological studies, had received their education in the Pittsburgh College. Needless to say that reminiscences of "ye olden times" were numerous and interesting.

WE have heard recently from John J. Kerr, who is Engine House Clerk for the Penna. R. R. at Butler

Junction. John says he is doing fine, but he is very busy, working seven nights a week.

DURING the Xmas holidays, some of the old boys who attend St. Vincent's Seminary, Beatty, Pa., were visitors at the College. Among those who honored us with their presence, were M. J. Brennan, Phil Misklow, Frank Shields, George Bullion and Joseph Keating.

THEODORE SZULC, Ray Conway, and Thomas Dunn, who attend St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., are on their midseason vacation. Their visit to the College was highly appreciated.



EXCHANGES.

The December *Fordham* is remarkable for its stories. To mention the good things among the large and varied assortment, is to name "The Lost Jewel," whose plot is well carried out without being too far-fetched; but the most cleverly handled episode is that of "Sympathy." In "All's Well" the writer promises "a romance of the mediaeval sort," and we prepare ourselves, by the recollection of one or other of the old mediaeval stories, for some thrilling adventures of the "Duquesclin" sort or of the "White Company" stamp. But there is very little of the mediaeval about either the plot or its treatment; on the contrary, Lord Cameron's "residence" (in spite of the postern gate) and his "cigarettes," not to speak about the smoking revolver, bring a whiff of the most modern Harlem or "Riverside" atmosphere—and Kitty's smart repartee is too up-to-date to smack of anything mediaeval. No doubt the author was so absorbed by the enticing theme that, finding time has flown too rapidly over his head, he "hurries up" the bewildering denouement—or, (with apologies to Will Shakespeare)

" since the quarrel (story)
Will bear no color for the thing it is,
Fashion it thus"

must the youthful Sir Arthur Conan Doyle have said to himself—

“And that which would appear offense in us,
This countenance (of mediaeval tinge), like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.”

But (this is our last and safest hypothesis) the clever author is trying our patience and our temper with a thinly-disguised farce; for otherwise he would not thus have taken us into his confidence, and whispered to us, at the start, that he has spun this little romance “for his own amusement.

The first number of this year's *D'Youville Magazine* is a literary credit. Its essays and stories are little masterpieces. Applying the belief that mother cats can be hoodwinked and have their offspring stolen by flirtatious kittens, one of the contributors has worked out something curiously amusing. The authoress shows a wide diversity of talent in another of her stories, entitled “Three Thousand Years After.” The later is as weird as the former is funny. The editorials are the firmly expressed opinions of the writer's mind, regardless of their coming in conflict with popular opinion.

A long article on “The Strenuous Life” in the January *S. M. I. Exponent* sounds a warning to those recklessly ruining their health in an effort to shatter records in business. On subjects of this nature there is always the danger of becoming an extremist. We are often told that our age is the most unholy since the beginning, that using the experience of the past we have made less progress than the preceding generation, and that the world in general is becoming worse. But it takes a great gulp to get all this down. The *Exponent* writer, while not going the limit in his fears, yet broadens out and uses partial examples that hardly take the same aspect for Pittsburghers, who, we often hear “cut the street corners” faster than the pedestrians of any other city.

We must praise the *St. Mary's Collegian* for its completeness. Of its numerous verses there is one that

should be mentioned, "A Gentle Reminder." The theme is unpretentious; it is a letter to Santa Claus, but it is the childlike simplicity of the style that attracts. The stories are light, little affairs, lacking all labored plots and their fascination arises from some subtle denouement.

B. J. McKenna, '11.



Recollections.

'Twas far away from busy care:
My thoughts by chance had fled
To shady nooks and sunny brooks,
And cloudless skies o'erhead.

Again I heard that sweet refrain—
Alas, 'twas but a dream—
Which oft' I heard in youthful days,
Beside the purling stream.

I pictured all the scenes anew
Which to my heart gave joy,
And welcomed back those happy dreams
I had when just a boy.

Although the stream its course still runs
And birds sing as of old,
I could not dream again of fame
Or deeds of heroes bold.

But with my long-lost childhood dreams
I'd like to sport once more—
They'd bring me bright, though flitting, gleams
Of halcyon days of yore !

GEORGE P. ANGEL, '11.

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60 BRANCHES

Pittsburgh College Bulletin

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Pittsburgh, Pa., March, 1911.

No. 6.

The Snow Flake.

“Now, if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some lone, and lowly spot,
To melt and to sink unseen, or forgot?
And there will my course be ended?”
'Twas thus a feathery Snow-Flake said,
As down through measureless space it strayed,
It seemed in mid-air suspended.

“Oh! no,” said the Earth, “thou shalt not lie,
Neglected and lone on my lap to die,
Thou pure and delicate child of the sky!
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping,
But then I must give thee a lovelier form—
Thou wilt not be part of the wint'ry storm,
But revive when the sunbeams are yellow and warm,
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping!”

Redivivus!

I thought the winter's life was o'er,
I heard a robin sing;
It brought to me bright promises
Of sunshine and of spring.
But scarcely were the violets born
And trees began to bloom,
Than Winter's form I saw arise
From out the kingly tomb.

His passing breath was blight to all,
It killed the violets fair,
And afterwards he buried them
Beneath his flowing hair.
He stalked about the dreary scene,
A dream that's long been dead;
With fear the leaflet's heart grew faint
A. cold the robins fled.

H. J. SCHMITT, '11.



A Relic of "Ye Olden Times."

The country surrounding the Steubenville Pike west of Crafton is, perhaps, the most beautiful in this section. On crisp fall afternoons, this well macadamized highway is the mecca of many Nature-lovers in autos, in buggies, and on foot. The road, on leaving Crafton, enters at once into the wooded foothills, twisting with the circuitous valleys and accompanied at first by a babbling brook. In the lowlands, rather precipitous hills tower above the road on either side. They are well wooded with ash, oak, elm and maple, and their colors of crimson, green, gold, brown, and yellow, present a riotous picture in the Autumn. Soon the road begins to rise, at first imperceptibly and then by steep grades. Now we see a hill on one side, and on the other a deep ravine, down which a little rill falls in rippling cascades. After ascending a long, steep hill, a turn in the road presents to our view Moon Run, a coal mining town; but the dreariness of the scene is like a blot on a beautiful painting, and we hurry along the plateau above the town. The road has now risen rapidly, passing through a prosperous farming section, until it has reached the summit of these hills, Mt. Union.

This eminence is surmounted by a handsome brick church, and all around it on the hillside are the graves of

the dead. From this knoll a magnificent view may be obtained. On all sides of us the various colors of the farmlands break the monotony of the sombre brown which is settling over the earth. Some of the ground is freshly plowed for winter wheat; and over yonder are rows and rows of corn stacks standing guard like sentinels over their golden treasure. Farther on is the apple orchard where the sunlight, gleaming among the laden branches, reveals the ripened fruit. To the south of the orchard is the farmhouse, painted red, and, in its rear, a garden blooming with sunflowers, nasturtiums, dahlias, and cannas. Within we can imagine the busy housewife preserving the fruits and vegetables which a bountiful Nature has bestowed. Far up the hillside behind the house are the farmer and his sons cutting the grain, their scythes reflecting the sun's rays as it cuts wide swaths from the ripened grain. On the far eastern horizon is Crafton bathed in the hazy mist of the season; and above it we see the glint of light from the golden cross of St. Philip's. All these sights portend the busy fall. In the valley below it we hear the shock of an axe on a tree; above us the birds, migrating southward, are calling to their mates, and all about us the air is drowsy with the continual hum of insects, as they flit about and enjoy the sunlight while they may.

Several miles to the north of Mt. Union, nestled in a quiet, little valley through which Montour Creek finds its way to the river, is Ewing's mill. From a neighboring hill, this dark, old structure gives an impression of massive strength, but, on a nearer view, its delapidated condition is only too apparent. The building is four and one-half stories high and its framework, which is nearly intact, was made of strong oaken beams; but its roof and floors and sides show all the decayed appearance of an abandoned mill. The coarse weeds growing in and about it, the purling babble of the little stream no longer vexed by the cumbrous wheel, the sensations which are aroused by the subdued, autumnal quiet of an abandoned

building in rural surroundings—all combine for the forming of speculations on its history.

What a gala day must have been enjoyed by the people of this vicinity when Ewing's mill was opened fifty years ago ! The event took place on a bright morning in early September and all the farmers of the community flocked to it. This pleasant little valley must have witnessed a merry scene. The brawny, tanned farmers and their equally capable looking wives gathered in small groups in and about the new building, discussing its good and bad features with animation, the younger folks curiously inspecting all its parts with many a jest and laugh; the busy miller and his assistants excitedly making their last preparations for the formal opening. A hum of expectation was heard from the throng as they gathered along the mill race and about the great wheel, which was the main point of attraction. When all was in readiness, a signal was given, and the pent-up water rushed from the creek into the new channel of the race. The marked silence of the expectant crowd was broken only by the swish of the advancing stream and by the low rustle of the wind among the branches above. Now the water has gained the base of the great wheel, it has stopped, but, gaining new strength from the oncoming stream, with many a creak and groan, the huge wheel is pushed back and back until it is in full rotation. The tense stillness was broken by the joyful cheers of the spectators as they watched the turbulent current fighting to climb above the nether spoke, but, finding its volume insufficient, falling back with hisses of rage, and then settling quietly into the erstwhile placid stream, no longer under the absolute, benign rule of Nature, but now destined for a long lease of years to be the drudge of man. Attracted by the noise within, the observers entered the building and leisurely inspected all its machinery. The first revolution of the great wheel had been followed by the hum of leathern bands and the crunch of the mill stones. An

excited group of onlookers gathered about the miller as he poured the first corn under the stone, and they gave vent to expressions of delight and wonder as they saw it ground into a golden meal. Late in the afternoon, with all their curiosities satisfied, the farmers and their families drove away, wishing the miller long success.

There the mill has stood for fifty years, until recently doing its work faithfully, and filling the formerly quiet valley with the rising and falling cadence of its heavy machinery. Within, the sun, glancing through many a chink in the walls and lighting up the murky dust with shafts of golden splendor, was wont in those olden days to reveal the miller, clad in rather dirty white, flitting busily about his work. For well-nigh half a century the mill had received the raw products of the harvests and had ground them into a mealy flour. Now its creaking wheel is lying on its side, its smooth bands are fallen and rotting, its sides and roof are decayed, its groans and shrieks no longer rouse an echo, and the mill-stone has been displaced, to serve as a doorstep to a neighboring house.

JOHN N. HAYES, '13.



The College Vine.

Proudly there hangs on the old College walls,
Creeping up higher as each summer calls,
Holding its grasp in the snow and the sleet,
When in its boughs oft the winds seek retreat,—
A vine that I'm yet to hear given a name
Other than "College vine," as known by fame.
Though when 't was planted it was a mere root,
Soon did the anxious eye see many a shoot
Spread out its tentacles toward the bare wall,
Clinging like magic where all else would fall:
Then did the flowers there smile in contempt,

Viewing the course and the desp'rate attempt;
But persevered the vine, looking not down,
Pointing but skyward, regardless of frown,
Mock'ry, or jesting of neighbors below,
Whose joy ephemeral closed with the snow.
Thus, unmolested, the "College vine" spread
Over heights Alpine that humans ne'er tread;
And, in ascent, 'round the window frames gazed
At plodding students who sat quite amazed,
Wond'ring how such an odd feat was performed
By the new visitor, whose work enchanted
Even the listless, ambitionless drones
Stumbling and falling o'er trifles of stones
On level paths where one's step is secure;
Unfraught with burdens the vine did endure.
Springtime and summer its beauty renew:
Zephyrs, and sunshine, and warm rains imbue
Grandeur, I dare say, that even the hills
Rise up to welcome, so widely it fills
All with the joy of the wonderful task
At length accomplished. So, too, doth he bask
Joyful in sunshine, the scholar who rose
Up like the vine, but now stands in repose,
Hailed by the people,—respected by all,
Conqueror, hero, of learning's steep wall,
Greater by far than the plant that inspires
Him whom the journey dispirits and tires.

E. J. MISKLOW, '12.



An Old Question Revived.

Within the past year much attention has once more been drawn to the questions of immigration. In the Congress of a year ago, several members urged that a special committee should be appointed to look into the advisability of restricting immigration to the United

States. Several of these members favored a restriction, only in so far as to admit the skilled laborer, and bar the common worker. Some of the committee advocated stricter laws with regard to immigration, while there were others who desired the laws and regulations to remain as they stand.

To those who consider the subject with any degree of impartiality, the question of immigration is an important one. When we look back through the pages of history till we come to the Revolution and its causes, and find how our forefathers gave their last measure of devotion to establish a country where the keynote of liberty would ever dwell, and where the oppressed of Europe might find a haven of rest, we can not help but oppose, if we share their patriotism, the laws imposing undue restrictions on foreigners.

Taking the history of some of the different periods of development through which our country has passed, many of the great men, orators, statesmen, financiers, craftsmen and journalists were of foreign birth. Examine their biographies, and in many cases you will find that when they came to this country, they had no other recommendation than that of a strong constitution, and a sincere wish to prosper under the only flag that guarantees absolute freedom of conscience. Shall we insult the memory and the lives of those whose achievements we are sharing to-day?

Shall we so soon forget that America is essentially and historically the home and refuge of the banished of every clime? Is it not written upon the first pages of our Constitution? Is it not this grand thought that gave inspiration to its founders,—when they considered that, for the first time in the history of the world, there was to be established a universal refuge of the kind—a land whose doors were open to all that were unjustly oppressed—the home of unlimited, generous liberty, giving hospitality to the troubled of the remaining world—boundless, because she was wide enough, and

generous because she was willing enough, to receive all. In a word she was to be the New World in a nobler sense than in the mere material sense of discovery or institution—she was the realization of the dreams of the persecuted patriots of every other land. And to show that her hospitality had not been extended to ungrateful guests, they were not the least ardent nor enthusiastic nor self-sacrificing, in helping their adopted mother land to fight her battles against the different enemies that threatened her existence. They swelled the ranks of her armies under Washington at Valley Forge—they rallied under Jackson in 1812—they mustered under Scott and Taylor in Mexico—they tramped, and fought, and died under Sherman, and Grant, in the march to the sea, in the wilderness, and in the trenches before Richmond. Our country, therefore, was founded and developed by means of unrestricted immigration. Let no generation of citizens attempt to stem the tide, until construction and development have reached their utmost limit. It was the immigrants that opened up and settled the great Far West, which is so rapidly enlarging the vast resources of this Nation. It was they that built up our cities, from the Lakes to the Pacific—they cut down the virgin forests, and ploughed the boundless prairies. It was by the thousands of willing and able hands thus thrown upon the spreading fields of this Continent, that history has seen one single century produce with us, in the New World, what it took ages to establish in the Old World, namely, all the luxuries and refinements and resources of large cities, and sovereign States, where, but a few years before, had stood the wigwam of the wild and uncultured savage !

It was the immigrants that constructed those magnificent highways of steel that join the Pacific to the Atlantic, the Lakes to the Gulf; cutting pathways through the towering and snow-clad mountains; spanning the ravines and precipices with those splendid bridges, that are the triumph of modern engineering; and digging

out those tunnels that bring us safely and rapidly through the bosom of the Rockies and the Alleghanies.

It is they that, until now, have built up our gigantic industries. Where, without them, would have been our iron mills, and our blast furnaces? Where, without them, would have been our glass houses and our coke ovens? Who are the men that have made all those things possible, with their muscular and brawny arms, their patient and humble toil? that go down into the bowels of the earth, and for a scanty and miserable pittance, spend the best part of a brief existence in digging out the coal that feeds our furnaces, drives our locomotives, puts life into our factories; and without which the hum, and bustle, and activity of our great cities would disappear and leave our busy streets as lifeless as the lanes of a Canadian village?

While therefore, rejecting the undesirable criminals that come to us with the prospect of greater license, as well as the parasites and incurables of other lands that are thrust upon our generosity, as a helpless burden, let us welcome the honest, healthy artisans whom liberty, fortune and industry, are calling to our hospitable shores. Let us declare our opposition to any policy that would unduly restrict the importation of jewels in the rough, to which the peculiar genius of our country will give in course of time, and through the unfailing process of American civilization, the polish of education, culture and refinement.

J. J. LAPPAN, '12.



The Tunnel—Where?

I wonder if the people of Pittsburgh, the people of Old Pittsburgh, in the course of their busy, active lives ever take time to think of the vital problems that are continually springing up around them. Do they

ever look beyond their own little world to give a passing thought to the conditions surrounding them, conditions that are a part of them, and conditions that will bear strongly on the future of Greater Pittsburgh?

Pittsburgh is growing and Pittsburgh will never stop growing if the proper conditions present themselves to her during her march towards greater improvement and greater extension.

For some years past, the people living in the South Hills district have been endeavoring to secure better conveniences for travel than those now existing between the hills and Pittsburgh. This region is certainly the largest area near the heart of the city that can serve as a residential section for those who work in Pittsburgh, but owing to the Mt. Washington ridge and the Monongahela river, it is the most inaccessible region lying about Pittsburgh, despite the fact that it is the nearest to the heart of the city. The river could easily be bridged, but this would offer little or no relief to the sixty thousand people making their homes in the South Hills. The people have recognized this, and for two years or more they have been quietly but systematically working, until they have grown so powerful that they have forced the County Commissioners to give a hearing to their demand, namely to erect a bridge and tunnel reaching from the populated districts of the South Hills to the upper part of the down-town section of Old Pittsburgh. This Haberman Avenue Tunnel, as it is called, offers the greatest advantages in every way to the populated districts of the South Hills, namely Knoxville, Carrick, Allentown, etc., and to the people living in the congested portion of Pittsburgh, east of the Court House.

Unfortunately, however, another route was proposed receiving the support of a small minority of South Hills residents, but, on the other hand, the support of several powerful politicians and real estate companies. This new scheme became known as the Bell House plan, because the south opening of the tunnel would be near the old

Bell House. This tunnel would connect the already congested portion of down-town Pittsburgh with the sparsely populated districts lying directly south, but would prove to be of very little practical value to the densely populated district lying towards the southeast. Its south opening would be situated in a low, narrow valley, over a half mile from where the people live. It would necessitate long, steep grades in order to reach the populated plateaus on the hill tops.

At present the situation resembles a red-hot political campaign, but, however, a campaign in which politicians are the opponents of the people. The people favor the Haberman Avenue tunnel, while the politicians, a powerful few, want the Bell House tunnel.

It seems that arbitration is out of the question, and, therefore, the County Commissioners must make a choice between the two routes. These men have a mighty proposition on their hands, a proposition that means much to Old Pittsburgh, but still more to the New Pittsburgh of the South Hills.

That a bridge and tunnel will eventually be built is certain, but the main point just now is—where?

J. P. EGAN, '11.



A Clever Ruse.

During the early part of the Revolutionary War, a sergeant and twelve men started on a trip through the wilderness of New Hampshire.

On the first day of the excursion nothing material happened, but on the afternoon of the second day a band of Indians was espied. At a signal from the latter, both parties approached. The Indians were quite friendly and expressed great enthusiasm for the American cause. Greetings were exchanged, and, after many friendly wishes, the parties withdrew.

The thirteen men continued on about a mile when they were ordered to stop. The sergeant approached his men and said, "My men, we must use the utmost caution, or this night will be our last. The Indians we have just met, are our bitter enemies, and I expect an attack to-night."

His men were surprised at the words of their leader, but they had the greatest respect for his judgment. A camp was selected, and all the men set themselves to preparing a formidable fortification.

At the back of the camp flowed a small stream, making that side safe from attack. A large tree was felled and placed near the stream in the shadows of the forest. Each man cut a log for himself and rolled it up in his blanket, placing his hat on one end. A large fire was kept burning brightly till about ten o'clock, and then it was allowed to die down gradually. The men stationed themselves in the shadow of the felled tree and awaited results. Thus was it planned to deceive the Indians.

About midnight a single Indian was seen moving cautiously towards the camp. To all appearances it seemed wrapped in slumber; making sure no guard was stationed, he crept forward and was seen to move his finger, as if to count the men.

He retired, and a second Indian was seen. He went through the same motions and then fell back. Gradually the Indians, sixteen in number, approached.

The thirteen men restrained their fire till the Indians' muskets were discharged. The Indians suddenly fired, and with a warwhoop rushed forth through the trees to tomahawk their supposed victims.

They were met with a sudden volley, and sixteen Indians fell on their faces with their hearts pierced by the bullets from the trusty muskets of the sergeant and his men.

RAYMOND A. SIEDLE, '16.



“Back to St. Thomas As Our Teacher!”

During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, there was a great and most remarkable revival of learning throughout all the countries of Europe. It was, as historians assure us, one of the notable characteristics of that interesting period, the close of the Middle Ages. It found an outlet for its expression in every form: in poetry, as in the creations of a Dante; in music, as in the achievements of a Guy d' Arezzo; in architecture, as in the building of those great cathedrals that are still the world's master-pieces; in the growing taste for the ancient Classics which were then beginning to be universally cultivated. But it was particularly in the realm of metaphysics that this revival asserted itself. Men of all the then civilized nations were anxious to penetrate the secrets of philosophy; they grew so enthusiastic in their study of dialectics that zeal soon degenerated into fanaticism. Especially was this the case when they began to lose sight of the great principle of authority. They allowed no restraint to their affirmations, no check to the limits of their sophistries. If they did accept a master, it was the pagan philosopher, either Plato or Aristotle, of whose principles they were unable to make proper use, because they were unable to harmonize them with the Christian truths which could alone be for them a guide and a standard.

It was at this period of philosophic excesses and extravagances that St. Thomas came forward to mark out clearly and unerringly the true and proper limits of Christian Philosophy.

Seeing, as he did, the great popularity of the doctrines of Aristotle and the confidence which was placed in him, St. Thomas did not set about his work by immediately antagonising the great philosopher's terms or his principles, but, on the contrary, he skilfully adapted the language of Aristotle to the service of Christian truth. It has been said that “he reconquered his writings by giving them a Christian sense.”

The world was filled with ominous doubts as to the compatibility of revelation with religion. Innumerable errors and heresies resulting from Pantheism and Deism, were a source of torment and alarm to the medieval Church.

Thus we see that St. Thomas was given to the world at a time which was indeed one of the greatest intellectual crises in the history of Christianity, and we cannot fail to marvel at the importance and magnificence of the great work he accomplished in curbing the minds of men from their pernicious skeptical tendencies and directing them into the proper channels of knowledge and truth.

He did not reject the philosophy of the times in his struggle to establish truth but rather he made himself familiar with it and utilized it most effectively in defence of Faith. "His leading idea," says Balmez, "was to make the philosophy of the time subservient to the defence of religion."

In considering St. Thomas as a teacher, however, we must understand the peculiar mode of teaching which was then in vogue, in the universities. A professor in a university at that period usually found himself at the head of a most enthusiastic body of students who had gathered from all parts of Europe to absorb the knowledge of a famous master. This was productive of a temptation which many a professor of the times could not resist. It appealed to their vanity, and often led them to teach strange doctrines which by their novelty brought notoriety to their authors.

St. Thomas, however, in accordance with that finely developed trait of modesty and humility which was so predominantly characteristic of his entire life, was not swayed one jot or tittle from his adopted method or principles by the idolatry of enthusiastic followers, or by the anathemas of scholastic foes.

In his writings and teachings he was actuated by a twofold purpose:—first, to defend the truth against the attacks of its enemies; and, secondly, to build up one

great system of theology and philosophy that should be a complete answer to all difficulties, as well as a permanent edifice of constructive truth on which to found and erect all science, human or divine. One scarcely knows which to admire most in this great man, this world's greatest genius: the extent and diversity of his learning, or the wonderful unity of thought, word, doctrine and morality, which permeates his entire work, and which seems to be a reflex of the infinite unity of the God to whom he owed his inspiration.

To describe the vast range of this master-mind, to analyze the labyrinthian mazes of his intellectual march from the lowest realities of earthly life, through the regions of speculation that move in the airy realms of the sentimental and transcendental, up to the crowning cause and explanation of all, it would require something of his own mind to conceive, of his own inspiration to realize, and of his own language to express. I shall, however, be content to select as one of the best possible condensations of his work, and one of the finest, though most succinct, paintings of his task and of its accomplishment, the words of a Dominican, like himself, the eloquent Irish preacher, Father Burke.

“God gave, in that very age (of doubt, of heresy, of pantheism) a man who was able to see into every source of knowledge, to master every known science, to learn all the scriptures, to take them into his mind, not as they lay on the dead page, not as they were interpreted by this one or that, but as they came from the mind of God, who revealed them; to take up every objection and argument by pagan, infidel or heretic, no matter where; who was able to anticipate, in his mighty intellect, every objection that was made during the six hundred years that elapsed since his death; to annihilate and confound them, and to furnish an answer to every objection to Catholic truth and morality; to reveal the nature of God, the unity, trinity and every attribute; to describe in wonderful language the mysterious union of God and man; to enter

into the whole question of Christ's descent to take a human heart, intelligence, spirit, strength and weakness; to analyze them all with the keenest and closest attention."

No wonder that his contemporaries, like St. Bonaventure, proclaimed his glories, even before the close of his earthly career. No wonder the entire order of St. Benedict, so venerable for its own illustrious members and doctors, proclaims to all its sons that when it is a question of exact science, of dogma or morals, St. Thomas Aquinas must be considered as the chief authority.

The great societies of modern days have adopted him as their guide in all matters of belief and teaching. The greatest controversialists, the most illustrious saints, the most powerful orators, displayed some of their richest thoughts and grandest eloquence when they came to speak of St. Thomas of Aquin. It was with his words as text, and his theses as their subject matter, that the great Lenten preachers of Notre Dame in Paris during the nineteenth century, from Lacordaire to Father Monsabré, made the aisles of that vast Cathedral re-echo to their accents of persuasive apology.

No wonder, therefore, that when the late Supreme Pontiff, solicitous at the view of the great conflict which was being fought between faith and unbelief, had resolved to apply a sovereign and supreme remedy, he gave to the world the second of his immortal Encyclicals, "*Aeterni Patris*," in which after magnificently eulogizing the early apologists down to St. Augustine, and the Holy Fathers down to St. Anselm, he places the Angelic Doctor of the schools on the pinnacle of Christian teaching. "There is no part of philosophy," says the Pope, "that he has not treated with equal intelligence and solidity. Carefully distinguishing reason from faith, and bringing about a friendly union between them both, he has safeguarded the rights and dignity of each in such a way that reason elevated by him to the greatest heights,

cannot in a certain sense rise any higher, and that faith can scarcely expect from reason aids more numerous or greater than those they have received through St. Thomas." He was not satisfied with this supreme testimony to the intrinsic value of St. Thomas's teachings. He shortly after proclaimed him the patron of all Catholic Universities, Academies, Colleges and Schools; he founded in Rome itself an academy destined to defend and explain the methods of the Angelic Doctor. He inaugurated the publication of a new and complete edition of his works. He recommended St. Thomas to all the great religious teaching orders of the Church, even by special briefs, which bespeak both his supreme solicitude as well as his personal learning, in the comments which they contain. Even the feast of the great saint, the first after the Encyclical above mentioned, was celebrated with a most brilliant and extraordinary "eclat"—both in the number of eminent personages present, as well as in the programme rendered in presence of the Sovereign Pontiff himself surrounded by deputations of distinguished scholars who had come from all parts of the world, and whom the Holy Father had previously received and entertained in solemn audience. In his powerful discourse on this great occasion, the Pope once more showed that the Philosophy of St. Thomas "was now the anchor of salvation for society shaken to its foundations. The world needed a restoration of true philosophy, but of that philosophy which follows the teaching of that master who was sublime above all. After his example and under his guidance, we should give ourselves up ardently to the studies of the sciences that have nature as their object. On this subject the ingenious discoveries and useful experiments of our time naturally arouse the admiration of contemporaries and will forever win praise from posterity. But, in cultivating these sciences, we should take care not to imitate those who criminally abuse new discoveries so as to attack revealed as well as philosophical truths."

In presence of such magnificent testimony to the value of his methods and to the authority of his guidance as a teacher and patron, and in presence of such unbounded confidence in the future of even human science under such a safe guide, what must we think of the hopeless outlook faced by the scientists and philosophers that are cast upon the sea of universal doubt, without beacon light or anchorage, to save them from inevitable wreckage?

Says one of these latest writers, a distinguished Philosopher of Vienna University, giving utterance to what, after all, must be deemed a cry of philosophic despair: "I shall never surrender the hope that this method (of his own philosophy) will some day make it possible to harmonize philosophy with true religion, and bring the synthesis of faith and knowledge to its perfect consummation." * This harmonizing and synthetic process St. Thomas has fully accomplished; and it is in the conviction that his teaching embodies the realization of all such hopes on the part of sincere inquirers after truth, natural and supernatural—would they but turn to him!—that Pope Leo XIII, and his illustrious successor, Pius X, have cried out to the universal world of science: "Back to St. Thomas!"

H. J. GILBERT, '11.

* From the Preface to the Eng. Transl. of "Introduction to Philosophy," by Dr. Wm. Jerusalem, Vienna, 1910.



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EDITORIAL.

St. Patrick.

When we try to measure the wide-spread reverence with which the day set apart in honor of St Patrick is celebrated, we cannot but be impressed with his greatness. For he must have been extraordinary, indeed, to remain so cherished in grateful and appreciative human

hearts during so many passing years, not only in the land which he evangelized, but in every place upon this terrestrial globe where the tidings of his great achievements have been heralded.

Imagine him as a lowly shepherd watching alone with his flock on the hillside, yet inspired with the idea that God was calling him to a greater mission. Even when he has arrived at the age of forty years we find him still fired with an enthusiasm and a determination too strong to be turned aside or delayed by any human or earthly obstacle.

For twenty years he applied himself assiduously to the important studies which would prepare him for the great work to which he felt himself called. Then we find him at the advanced age of sixty years, beginning the stupendous and almost impossible task of Christianizing Ireland. To realize what this means, we must call to mind the uncivilized character of the people, and the consequent difficulty of replacing their pagan superstitions with the truths of Christianity. St. Patrick knew and appreciated all of this, but the ardor of his soul was not in the least dampened, and he entered heart and soul into the great and noble work which confronted him. How well he succeeded is a matter of universally known history. But the immensity of the task accomplished must necessarily impress the most uninterested observer or the most prejudiced bigot.

He brought about the conversion to Christianity of an entire uncivilized nation within the period of his own lifetime, and this without the shedding of one drop of blood.

But an important and impressive point in connection with his labors is the fact that his success remains self-evident to this day. The Irish people have ever cherished deep in their hearts the doctrines and teachings of St. Patrick, and, to the Faith which he implanted in their hearts, they have clung with such tenacity of purpose that never at any time has Ireland been in danger of

losing it. The Catholic Church in Ireland has always proved impervious to the attacks of its enemies, and they have been numerous and formidable. In vain did the great wave of Reform which swept over all of Europe, surge and toss against its immovable portals. So strong has been the spirit of Faith that it has bravely weathered the storm of tyranny, abuse, and persecution, and emerged from the disappearing clouds of oppression, serene and undisturbed, into the glorious sunshine of God's approval.

If, therefore, Americans do homage to the memory of Washington, who aided in delivering our country from the bonds of tyranny, the Irish people may as justly hold dear the cherished recollections of him who redeemed their country from paganism, and gave to it not only the seeds but the full flower and fruitage of Christian civilization. And, aside even from the immediate benefits which the great saint secured to Ireland, he has left to all mankind the heritage of a glorious truth, and of a still more glorious life of faith, of wisdom, and of supernatural power. His feast is well worthy of its world-wide celebration, because his noble enterprise and its undying results throughout the centuries have impressed themselves upon the world's history, as amongst its most glorious assets.

H. J. GILBERT, '11.



The Passing of Archbishop Ryan.

It is doubtful if the death of any other American prelate ever caused more sincere and general mourning than did the demise of Archbishop Patrick Ryan, which occurred on the eleventh of February last. It is interesting to read the eulogies, now that he is dead, written by the daily papers, and the words of praise pronounced by ministers of Protestant denominations, and reflect that during his lifetime he did more than any other indi-

vidual to remove the fierce prejudice existing against Catholics.

The life of Patrick John Ryan is too well known to need repeating in these columns, nor is it necessary to record the achievements of his long years of useful activity. How well he ruled over his archiepiscopal see the great increase in the number of Catholics, of churches, and of schools, substantially testifies. Nor did he overlook the care for the lowly, for, during his jurisdiction, he was directly instrumental in obtaining for Philadelphia those charity institutions of which she has a just right to be proud.

But he did not confine his usefulness to charities alone, for there was scarcely a movement for the amelioration of civic conditions in which he was not a prominent factor. It was demonstrated, on more occasions than one, that he could effect more with the laboring classes of Philadelphia, with whom he was ever in sympathy, than any other man. For years back he was an essential personage at all public meetings, and it was on these occasions that his gift of brilliant oratory, his wit, his learning and his tact, did much to enhance the name of Catholic in the estimation of many outside the pale of the Church.

Although his oratory in the pulpit and in the rostrum brought him fame and the good will of thousands, it was his kindliness as a private person, his simplicity and humility that made all those who came in contact with him fall under the spell of his magic personality. The host of mourners after his death tell how many hearts he had won during his lifetime of almost fourscore years.

And the secret of it all was that although great as prelate, as orator and as statesman, he was first, last, and foremost a priest of God. It is we Catholics of Pennsylvania who have a just right to be proud, to have had him for our own, for after all is said and done, "he was a very great man."

Artificial Charity.

The predicted resignation of Mr. Charles F. Weller from the secretaryship of the Associated Charities of Pittsburgh, a position which he has filled for three years and which has paid him the salary of \$3,600 a year, makes us somehow reflect that charity in our large cities has been reduced very nearly to a business level.

Of course, every sane man can perceive that all charity on a large scale must have some organization and practical leadership; but the paying of a goodly stipend to men imported from other cities for the sole purpose of directing a band of professional charity-workers conflicts, most persistently and perversely, with our conception of the term.

The fact is, we have perverted the word until it has become sometimes very impersonal and mechanical. The proper results can scarcely be expected to be realized when we have, on the one hand, men paid to do the work, and, on the other hand, men totally detached from the state of life of the beings whose conditions they are striving to ameliorate. Charity, on the part of these latter must ever be something unsympathetically cold and mathematically systematic, lacking all the glow of true charity, which results from personal contact with impoverished fellow creatures.

After all, perhaps, we are too busy to practice charity ourselves, too commercial to favor anything on a small scale, too materialistic to regard the moral and higher side of the virtue. So we employ others to expend the surplus of our wealth, and we call that charity. Who knows, so progressively have we become, that we may not soon be going to church by proxy? The scheme, at all events, would have indefinite possibilities.

H. J. SCHMITT, '11.



Business Department.

The Importance of Clearing Houses in the Banking System of To-day.

A "Clearing House." To the greater part of our citizens these words mean nothing more than thirteen letters of the alphabet forming two simple words.

What is a clearing house?

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has defined it as follows: "It is an ingenious device to simplify and facilitate the work of the banks, in reaching an adjustment and payment of the daily balances due to and from each other at one time, and in one place on each day."

The importance of the modern clearing house in the banking world to-day, cannot be over-estimated.

Although first intended as a labor-saving device, it has become a medium for united action among banks, by various successive means which never occurred to the imagination of those who originally conceived the fundamental idea.

The most important object of the clearing house is to settle the indebtedness between banks with the use of as little cash as possible, and by the issue of certificates which when properly filled out and signed, are accepted as cash by all banks belonging to the clearing house association.

Another important object is achieved by a clearing house. It brings together the representatives of the various banks, to institute regulations for governing the various departments of the banks in a certain locality.

Clearing houses also have several special functions, the most important of which are:

- (a) More easily to extend loans to the Government;
- (b) To offer mutual assistance to the members;
- (c) To fix uniform rates of interest on deposits;
- (d) To adopt uniform rates of exchange, and of charges on collections;
- (e) To issue special loan certificates.

These clearing house loan certificates are issued only to banks and are accepted by them as payment of balance due, while they are of no value to an outsider, as they are not negotiable. The clearing house officials know where each of these certificates is at any time, for a record of their receipt and delivery is kept.

The union of the banks is also of great value in enabling one bank to obtain a supply of cash on short notice, and by this means avoid any danger caused by a "run" on its own supply.

In October, 1853, the first clearing house was organized, thirty-eight banks joining the organization; and to-day there is a clearing house in almost every large city of the world, and there are very few banks that do not belong to the association.

In the near future these associations may unite and thus control, or at least facilitate, the banking business of the entire world.

EDWARD A. BUTLER, '11.



Annual Reception and Euchre.

Melwood Auditorium was the scene of a remarkable gathering of society representative of the best element at the Annual Reception and Euchre given by the Pittsburgh College Athletic Association on February 15, 1911. That the future of the Pittsburgh College of the Holy Ghost is assured was indicated by the manner in which the friends of the institution offered their patronage in making this social event such a grand success.

The dancing floor was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the young folks were somewhat loath about leaving the hall owing to the fascination of the latest and most beautiful music rendered by the C. B. Weis Orchestra whose reputation is of the highest character throughout the city.

A very pleasing feature that contributed in no little way to cause everyone to feel at home was the able manner in which the dance was conducted by the chairman, Mr. H. J. Gelm, and his associates of this particular committee.

The Euchre was well managed, and when we consider that ten games were played in one hour and ten minutes, we have a good idea of the excellent system and order that prevailed. The chairman of this committee, Mr. J. V. O'Connor, and his assistants, Mr. H. J. Schmidt and Mr. E. J. Misklow, were instrumental in effecting its rapid and successful termination.

The management of the entire affair was judiciously entrusted to the Rev. H. J. Goebel, ably assisted by the Rev. A. B. Mehler and Mr. G. V. Dugan.

Refreshments were served by a bevy of pleasing and charming young women who are to be commended for contributing most generously to the evening's brilliant success.

Committee of Arrangements—H. J. Gelm, H. J. Gilbert, G. P. Angel, J. V. O'Connor, J. J. Lappan.
Ticket Office—G. V. Dugan.

Door Committee—J. J. Hawks, P. A. Dugan, J. J. Tysarczyk, G. A. Isherwood.

Reception Committee—B. J. McKenna, W. J. Groff, C. A. Sanderbeck, F. S. Clifford, J. F. Corcoran, William Caveney, P. W. Broderick, R. W. McDevitt, S. Sweeney, D. B. Creamer.

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The Aides—Mesdames Ella Duffy, Gertrude Paff; Misses Madeleine Batty, Regina Batty, Anna Brown, Marie Burke, Kathryn Duffy, Estelle Elsasser, Grace Free, Frances Gruendle, Catherine Klemmer, Agnes Kist, Gertrude Lager, May Madden, Agnes McCaffrey, Margaret McKnight, Helen Power, Margaret Schwalm, Pauline

Simon, Margaret Sullivan, Prue Sullivan, Elizabeth Weis.

The expression of our most cordial thanks is due to the generous donors of prizes, and we regret to announce that owing to the immense crowd at the Euchre, it was an impossibility to procure the names of the winners. The following are the prizes and names of the donors, as appended:

LIST OF PRIZES.

\$5.00 Gold Piece.....	Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp.
Silver Candelabra.....	Athletic Association
Satchel.....	Athletic Association
Silk Umbrella.....	J. G. Bennett & Co.
Meerschaum Pipe.....	R. & W. Jenkinson Co.
Gent's Sweater Vest.....	Mansmann Bros. Co.
Silk Umbrella.....	Mr. R. Pollard
Colonial Mirror.....	Wunderle
Loving Cup.....	J. C. Grogan Co.
Two Electric Table Lamps.....	Stinson, Kennedy and Co.
Silk Umbrella.....	Jos. Horne Co.
Box Chocolates.....	Reymer Bros.
Order for 1 doz. Photographs.....	D. Rosser
Meerschaum Pipe.....	J. Zimmerman & Co.
Cut Glass Honey Jar.....	W. J. Gilmore Drug Co.
Smoking Set.....	Grafner Bros.
Safety Razor.....	Mr. Otto Helmold
Silk Umbrella.....	Kaufmann Bros.
Plated Tea and Coffee Pot.....	Demmler & Schenck Co.
Gas Table Lamp.....	Murphy Bros.
Picture.....	Mrs. P. McGraw
Extract of Violet.....	Jos. Fleming & Son Co.
Fountain Pen.....	A. W. McCloy & Co.
Hand Painted Tobacco Jar.....	Mr. P. J. Fahey
Pearl Handle Pocket Knife.....	W. S. Brown
Dress Suit Case.....	Mr. D. Maginn
Order for 1 doz. Photographs.....	S. Edwin Stedeford
Gent's Slippers.....	Mr. A. Schmidt
Fancy Table Scarf.....	Miss K. M. Gallagher
Picture.....	Friend's
Onyx Plaque.....	Catholic Supply Co.
Leather Card Case.....	Mr. J. Schlelein
Box of Candy.....	Miss Anna Fieser
Fancy Centre Piece.....	Miss Anna Fieser
Picture.....	Elliott & Co.
Order for Bale of Hay.....	Daniel McCaffrey's Sons Co

Lady's Felt Slippers.....	Halli's
Mission Clock.....	S. B. Weinhaus Co.
Picture.....	Mr. A. Hazin
Picture.....	S. Jacobson Co.
Order for Fancy Vest.....	Finkelhor's
Safety Razor.....	Johnston & Co.
Match Box Holders.....	B. Gloekler Co.
Suspender Set.....	Joyce's
Coin Case	Geo. S. Haines Co.
Combination Set.....	Surprise Store
Suspender Set.....	A Friend
Cloth and Shaving Brushes.....	Mr. Morgan
Ornament.....	Greer-Milliken China Co.

We also wish to thank the following business men who contributed so generously in providing for the refreshments.

Donations—W. and J. Schlelein, Thomas C. Jenkins, W. H. Hackett, Ohio & Pittsburgh Milk Co., J. A. Snigo, F. A. Cauchois & Co., Lutz & Schramm Co.

F. S. CLIFFORD, '12.



ATHLETICS.

'Varsity.

Captain John Egan will soon issue a call for his 'varsity ball-tossers. The prospects for a fast team seem very bright, and although, of last year's 'varsity only McDonald, Kennedy, Dugan, Baumer and Egan remain, it is evident that a winning team can be organized from some of the new recruits. There is plenty of material from which to select a winning team and we expect the team to excel the record of last year's team which won 12 and lost 4. The schedule is a hard one and he will be forced to push his "leather-pounders" to the limit to achieve his ambition, but we expect them to do it.

The schedule is not entirely filled, but the following games have been arranged:

May 3, California Normal, Home;
May 4, Allegheny College, Home;
May 6, Indiana Normal, Abroad;
May 8, Indiana Normal, Home;
May 13, Grove City College, Abroad
May 20, California Normal, Abroad;
May 22, Bethany College, Home;
May 24, Grove City College, Home;
May 26, Pittsburgh Independents, Home;
June 3, Bethany College, Abroad;
June 5, Muskingum College, Home;
June 10, Vandergrift, Abroad;
June 17, Ohio Northern University, Home.

The Reserves.

The Reserves are already making plans for the baseball season and if we can judge from the enthusiasm displayed by Manager Sonnefeld and his candidates the 'Varsity will have a strong second for scholastic honors. Last year the Reserves had a strong team but were a little weak behind the bat. There are some good catchers in College and this department will be ably looked after. The Reserves play high schools and academies and occasionally an amateur team. It is hoped that a game can be arranged with Pittsburgh High this season though they did not seem to be anxious to play our boys last year. Games are already being booked with the principal high schools in the vicinity, and we feel confident that the Reserves can win them all.

JOHN HAYES, '12.



ALUMNI NOTES.

It will be of great interest to many of our "Old Boys" to learn that Mr. Alfred McCann has been contributing for some time past to the *Globe and Commercial*

Advertiser in New York. His articles in that paper have been quite a revelation as to the ingredients of much of our so-called pure food products. In one of his articles he shows how, by the aid of Benzoate of Soda, a poisonous chemical, decayed vegetables are utilized in many of our large preserving factories. It is thought that these articles of Mr. McCann's are doing much good for humanity, and we hope he will continue in the good work he has undertaken.

J. P. KEARNEY, '94, was a happy visitor at the College, renewing many old acquaintances after an absence of several years. Jim says he has a great time rail-roading out West, killing as many as two deer in one night without a gun. He is so attached to the West that he expects to return in the near future.

CHRIST GIBNEY, '93, who has been employed by the McCaffrey Bros. Feed Co., one of the oldest establishments in this city, for the past seventeen years, is now a member of that firm. Christ says business is very good. At present he is living at 5704 Hampton Avenue, E. E., which dwelling he purchased some time ago. He is the proud papa of two children, and he expects the son to be registered at the College in the near future.

SOME of the older members of the Faculty were delighted to receive a letter from old Brother Genes, who is now retired in the large community of the Order in Langonnet, France. The "older boys" most probably remember him on account of the active part he took in the equipment of the New College, being an expert and clever carpenter. He also built the old altar, which is a masterpiece of carving and which is now at the Central House of Novices at Cornwells. At the close of his letter he begs to be excused for his writing, although, for a man who was 81 years of age on the 24th of February, it is very legible. Brother Genes deserves great credit for the grand work accomplished during the days of his activity, as many of the others also do who belong to that noble band of Brotherhood.

Nevermore!

I stood on the bridge, as the old saying goes,
But nobody moved it, as every one knows,
And the wind was playfully piercing my clothes,
When my hat blew from my head.

I snatched and I grabbed, but a moment too late;
As it circled beneath me, I read my sad fate.
But a man in a store kindly sold me its mate,
When my hat blew from my head.

And now as I stand on that bridge as of yore,
And the breezes about my head playfully roar,
I grasp my hat tight, as I say, "Nevermore
Shall my hat blow from my head!"

CLARENCE A. SANDERBECK, '11.



JOTTINGS.

Who's sorry the "exam's" are over?

CHEER up, boys! there are two more ahead of you.
Start to grind.

To the successful: "Congratulations!"

"JIM" HAWKS, our genial jotting man, has not yet recovered from the shock of that Honor Card. Fortunately, he had most of his work in beforehand.

ATTENTION! James P. Egan, '11, and Grattan V. Dugan, '11, have become property-holders. They are joint owners of a lot 25 x 100 in Fulton County, Penna. Lot of what? Dirt, of course.

IRON-MAN ANGEL is rolling duck-pins to keep his arm in condition. He expects to shine in the dinner league again this year. How some men persist in their delusions!

BLUM, of the 1st Ac., has given us a revised edition of Goldsmith's "Sweet Auburn:"

"A man he was of sevenny-five horse-power
And passing swift at forty miles an hour."

BRODERICK—"There's a lot of class to me now!"

Mellody—"How's that?"

B.—"Why, I'm a Grand Knight!"

M.—"Oh! that's nothing—I've seen some mighty foggy nights."

GET next to the Hall-room, boys; eh, Duffy, Foley, McHattie and Wilson?

ISHERWOOD—"Who took it?"

Dugan—"I don't know."

Isherwood—"Tell it to Sweeney, I saw your brother in the dressing-room quite often."

D.—"Shorty Gelm sold it for a Hungarian Geiseigapeiper."

B.—"What did he sell?"

D.—"Why, the foot-ball, of course."

PUBLIC SALE—

Gelm and Dugan Co.

A unique sale of a very good horse was made by the above company. The horse was raffled at one cent a chance, and it chanced that the chance that had a chance of winning the horse, chanced to be found among the chances unsold. A good horse, too, for the shape it was in.

SIEDLE—"What holds the moon up?"

Mansmann—"Search me!"

Siedle—"The beams, kid, the beams."

"I WONDER!"

We're seekers after knowledge in this time-scarred vale of tears:

We're seekers after knowledge, as we wander through the years;

And we gather in a lot of it, a lot both false and true,

And we know a lot of things to-day, our fathers never knew.

But still there's one small problem that has always bothered me:

I think about it every day, as I sail across life's sea,
And though it causes sorrow, and sometimes even pain,
Still over it I ponder, but I ponder all in vain.

I wonder where the green goes, when the leaves have turned to gold,

It's a funny little problem; it is moss-grown, grey and old;

But no one has yet answered it, and no one has yet told
Just what becomes of all the green—when the leaves have turned to gold.

JAMES J. HAWKS, '11.



The Snow Flakes.

"Now, if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some lone, and lowly spot,
To melt and to sink unseen, or forgot?
And there will my course be ended?"

'Twas thus a feathery Snow-Flake said,
As down through measureless space it strayed,
Or, as half by dalliance, half afraid
It seemed in mid-air suspended.

"Oh! no," said the Earth, "thou shalt not lie,
Neglected and lone on my lap to die,
Thou pure and delicate child of the sky,
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping.

But then I must give thee a lovelier form
Thou wilt not be part of the wintry storm,
But revive when the sunbeams are yellow and warm,
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping!"

M. G.

This Company offers its Customers, in addition to its Large Capital and Surplus as protection, many features which make it the *ideal* Bank in which to do business.

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60 BRANCHES

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No. 7.

Sandro's Dilemma.

(With apologies to Francois Copée)

“At my window, I sat long in silence,
And viewed the bright sparks upon high
That shone on the earth in her slumber
From their blue vaulted home in the sky.

“But lo! came a sound that bewitched me—
A sound from the nightingale's throat,
That fell o'er the dark earth, imparting
New joy to my heart with each note.

“Ah! heard I another now rising,
As touching, divine, and sublime;
And I leaned out my window in wonder,
Admiring the beautiful chime.

“Alas! 't was my rival I sighted,
With his lute in a lonely retreat,
That gave forth an accent that equalled
Philomela's rich voice, 't was so sweet.

“The bird and the lute alternated
Their trills in the dark of the night,
And I could not distinguish on hearing
The soft pearly notes in their flight.”

E. J. MISKLOW, '12.

Landscape-Art.

Unquestionably man must ever remain the superior subject of art, for he not only presents his form to be copied anatomically but also offers for interpretation his moral and spiritual nature, his variform moods and characteristics, and his interesting countenance with its index of emotions and thoughts. But next to the portrayal of man comes the pictorial translation of nature's appeal to the imagination, technically known as landscape-art and concerned with all that pertains to the artistic rendering of natural beauties, and also of man, in so far as he is a part of nature.

And what is landscape-art? It is the depiction of natural scenery;—of the rolling hills and towering mountains, purple and ashen gray in the dim distance; of the shadowy streams that wander through glade and grove and widen as they go their seaward way; of the long, sandy shoreland and the whirling waters of the restless, tossing tide, lost at last in the opal fogs of the far horizon; of the overarching sky of gorgeous, intoxicating colors with its dreamy clouds drifting in the four winds of heaven. Landscape-art is all this, respected reader,—and more.

It is the representation of a world of creatures; of garden-grounds filled with delicate flowers poised on frail stems; of homesteads nestled in the shades and sheltered nooks of valleys or set high on shelfy rocks by the sea under storm-charged skies; of towns quaint and quiet or full of bustle and life,—in short, landscape-art is the representation of the magnificent panorama surrounding us, of all its features, changes of light and shade, diversities of form, variations of color, and harmonies and contrasts without end.

It is indeed regrettable that in our day undue commercial inclinations render many quite insensible to landscape beauty. To see in the forest only its timber and in the stream only its propulsive or navigable capabilities;

to look at houses for the shelter they insure, and at roads for the traveling or transportation facilities they afford; to notice in the field only the trimness of its fences or the extent of its cultivation, and to observe merely from the viewpoint of economy, is to come wide of a true appreciation of the picturesque loveliness of natural scenery.

But many, too, whose bent is solely pleasure and not business, do not allow the beauties of nature to make a true appeal to them. Those given to picnicing, promenading, riding, driving, fishing, hunting, or other outdoor diversion, usually appreciate the surrounding scenery only in so far as it offsets their pleasure-yielding ventures, while the concomitant exactions of these ventures greatly hinder the appreciation of the beauties of landscape.

Moreover, there are many whose ideas of landscape beauty are largely drawn from the park, which by reason of its artificiality and the ordered arrangement of avenue, lawn and lake, cannot properly be regarded as real landscape, for landscape, as art knows it, is essentially the unaltered natural scene, the result only of the action of the elements;—and it is principally to the interpretation of this latter that landscape-art is confined.

But even man, when in due subordination, may be legitimately introduced into landscape-art, as also may a building, a street, or a town, or some outdoor industry; and when any of these possible inclusions obtain, landscape-art is of the utmost value as an educational medium, particularly for the child in home and school. To be sure, the madonnas of a Botticelli, Holbein, Murillo, or Raphael; the portraiture of a Titian, Da Vinci, Rubens, Van Dyck, or Rembrandt, and Stuart's "Washington" and DeCamp's "Lincoln;" and pictures of animals—the horses of a Bonheur, Frometin, or Remington; the cows of a Troyan or Dupré; the sheep of a Millet, Lerolle, Jacques, Mauve, or Monks; the dogs of a Landseer; the cats of a Lambert or Dolph—all these should be given place in home and school, but due regard

should also be had for landscape-art, which, merely by its ministration of beauty, is capable of much good especially in the way of counteracting the ugliness confronting children everywhere in the streets. Through landscape-art, too, typographical facts are better comprehended. Gérôme's pictures of the wild, barren desert, for instance, give the young mind a far better idea of that geographical division than any text-book definition or verbal description. But aside from any intellectual influence landscape-art may exert, its mere beauty should recommend it for school-room and home. Every student from childhood up through life all the way should be able to say with as much truth as the landscapist, Corot: "Pencil in hand, I see the running brooks and streams charged with the thousand reflections of earth and sky—nay, the very sun rises and sets in my studio."

Finally, it may not be inappropriate to accentuate the comparative absence of representative American landscape-art, for our long apprenticeship to foreign schools has been the regret of our own connoisseurs and the reproach of Transatlantic art critics. Undoubtedly, the habit of cursory inspection developed in the art-loving public by the multiplicity of exhibitions in modern times has kept many from realizing fully the lamentable lack of a typically American landscape-art. It is true, many specimens of a characteristically American landscape-art have been produced, but the existence of the American element will not be generally conceded until the best American artists, by remaining at home for their training instead of going abroad, become reputed as a school.

M. HEGERICH, '14.



The Children of a Great City.

The most momentous problem facing a great city at the present time is the care of the children in the tenement districts. Our cities are congested, the poorer classes live in tumble-down shacks, unclean, unhealthy and unfit for human habitation—and the children who live in such places? What of them? There is no room in the tenement to play, so they are sent out into the street. Life in the street is the lot of the tenement child, and life in the street is no other than a preparation for a criminal or a wretched life.

A boy naturally longs for excitement and action. The only sphere of action open to the tenement boy is the street. He seeks for innocent fun, but soon exhausts this possibility; then he joins a gang, "loafs" on the corner, smokes bad cigarettes, and indulges in blasphemous and profane language. He must do all this in order to be one of the "gang;" and to make himself respected therein, it is absolutely necessary that he show his bravery and daring. He insults passersby, he stones peddlers, and steals fruit from the stands along the street. From such beginnings, spring almost all our criminals. Tiring of such excitement, he frequents the cheap theatre and the nickelodeon. There he sees his ideal, the cunning burglar, or the daring train robber, or the blood-thirsty murderer. The lad goes forth from the playhouse determined to emulate these "heroes." His ambition is to become a bold and daring bandit. He begins by breaking into small shops and stealing things which please his fancy. This is the beginning of the end for him. If he is not caught, he will increase the scope of his operations little by little, until eventually he becomes a confirmed thief and house-breaker. On the other hand, if he is caught, he will be sent to a reform school. He will be released from the institution at the age of 21, worse than when he entered, and with a fancied grievance against society. Finding himself unable to

obtain employment, he throws in his lot with a lawless gang and becomes a dangerous criminal. No matter at what point of view we consider the subject, the boy of the slums, seeking for pleasure and excitement in the street, becomes not a help, but a menace, to society.

And the girl of the slums, what becomes of her? The girl who lives in a tenement house usually goes out because her home is unattractive, because there is no place for her to receive her company. The deadly monotony of twelve hours' work in a factory or a shop, has exhausted her nervous energy, but has not tired her physically. She must find recreation. And where? If not at home, then on the street, or in the theatres, or the public dance hall. What standard of moral conduct will a girl have, educated on the street corners, where immorality rules; in the cheap theatres, with their indecent plays; or in the public dance hall, where intoxicants are sold to minors, and all laws of decency and morality violated? Naturally her ideals are not high or noble, but low and degrading, and in nine out of ten cases, drag her down to a life of shame.

This is the pitiful condition of the tenement children in most of our large cities. There surely must be some remedy for so great an evil. It is this:—furnish the children with the recreation and pleasure which is the birthright of childhood. Lay out parks, and picnic groves; construct play grounds, swimming pools, athletic fields, and gymnasiums, not in the suburbs, nor in the fashionable districts, where they are not needed, but in the heart of the slums, within reach of the children. Preserve the gangs; yes, but furnish them with such amusement and recreation that no time will be left for bad thoughts or bad actions. For the girls, clubs, sewing circles, and literary associations should be established, where clean, healthy recreation will be enjoyed. Each city should own and control a number of municipal amusement halls, where any young girl might go. Competent men, men of good character and good morals

should have charge of such places, which would eventually put the dangerous public dance hall out of business.

It is the duty of every city to properly care for and guard the morals of its children, so that the children may grow up useful and God-fearing men and women.

Resorts which destroy children's body and soul should be closed, proper places of amusement should be provided for, and superintended by the municipal authorities.

J. V. O'CONNOR, '12.



March.

Thou'rt welcome March, e'en with thy blustering wind,
Which, though it howls, does not prove so unkind:
It calls up from the West the leaden cloud
And driving sleet, the while the gale blows loud,
But quickly then the genial sun peeps through,
And soon is gleaming from a cloudless blue.
Thy gusty rains and ever glancing sun
Soon melt the flurried snow; the clear streams run
In countless channels down the bleak, brown hills,
And grass shoots up beside the trickling rills.
The modest sparrow feels the surging heat
Perched high on leafless tree's sunkissed retreat;
His lilt is of the budding lilac leaves,
The oriole, and the nest he soon will weave,
The amber tears the poplars 'gin to shed,
The flocks of birds on wing, and "robin red."
His song awakes Spring Beauties, pink and frail,
To cheer dejected eye in many a dale.
And while he sings, the veering winds o' March
Pile high the massy clouds in heaven's arch;
They brush the fleecy snow from drooping trees,
Or when, in early morn, the wandering breeze
Plays tinkling strains upon the crystal limbs,

A soft accompanist to matin hymns
Of birds, when bursts the morning's dazzling light
Upon the fairy palace reared by night;
Or lull through pipes o' Pan to soothing dreams,
In harmony with softly trilling streams;
Or break into a hoarse, rough, thundering strain
Driving before the sleet and pattering rain.
O wind o' March, thou art not so unkind—
For when thou com'st, we know Spring's close behind.

JOHN N. HAYES, '13.



HER CHOICE.

Sister Theresa waited until the boys had reached their pews: then she closed the door gently and took her place behind them. It was the childrens' Mass and the Church contained only a few adult worshippers: several old men and women, a young man or two, and three or four young girls who knelt in the rear pews just across the aisle from her.

She made the sign of the cross reverently, and tried to fix her mind upon her devotions, but try as she would her thoughts persisted in wandering. A strange indefinable feeling of restlessness and dissatisfaction had taken possession of her; and, for the first time during the five years that had elapsed since she became a professed sister, she felt lonesome and homesick. Old scenes and old faces,—old memories that had slept through the years in some obscure corner of the brain—awoke and came back to her again.

The very atmosphere of the Church, the fresh young voices singing in the choir, the children kneeling in front of her, the young girls piously reading their prayer-books,—all took her back to the days when she, too, had knelt in her own Church at home, and assisted at the morning sacrifice. Ah! life was very sweet and the world

very beautiful then. There were no weighty problems to solve in those days, no tiresome children to teach, no following of a stern routine. One was free to go or to come as one pleased, to enjoy the little innocent pleasures of the world, and to bask in the sunshine of home and friends. Yes, it was very beautiful, and she had left it all, and now she was sorry. But was she sorry? She almost wished she were. Anything would be better than this vague feeling of unrest; this purposeless, aimless, wandering of the mind, that wasted itself in vain regrets. She did not know, she could not tell, she was just unutterably tired and weary of life, of her work, of everything.

Mass was over and the children were marching slowly down the aisle. Sister Theresa stood at the door and watched them pass. How serene and happy they looked, how simple and innocent they were. Was it not something still, a small voice whispered, was it not something to have a share in molding their minds and their souls, in helping them to grow up to be good men and women? Perhaps it was; yes, undoubtedly, it was; but there were others to do that, surely she could be spared. One had a right to one's life. But, "I have chosen you," the voice whispered once more. Sister Theresa sighed and followed the children out into the sunlight and across the yard to the school.

The morning seemed endless; the children, even the bright ones, dull and stupid. But the bell finally rang and she dismissed them with a stern reproof that she felt in her heart they did not deserve.

They marched out as rapidly as they dared, glancing timidly at her as they passed. After they had gone she returned to the room and stood staring dreamily out of the window.

So this was to be her life. This, and nothing more? Why, God couldn't demand anything so hard and unreasonable! Her soul, every fibre of her being, cried out against it. It was just. No, she would go away and

try to put up the broken threads of her life and put them together again.

That would be the best thing to do,—it was a sensible and practical course to adopt. She could not do her best when her heart was not at rest. God would understand.

She turned and began to arrange her books upon the desk. A picture fell from one of them to the floor. Almost mechanically, she stooped and picked it up. It was a picture of the crucifixion, the kind that people carry in their prayer-books, and it was frayed about the edges and yellow with age. "*Ecce Homo!*" she murmured, "*Ecce Homo!*"

She laid the picture down upon the desk, and dropped weakly into her chair. She was going away, going away from the life He had called her to, from the work He wanted her to do. She was going back to the great world, she was deliberately turning from the crown of thorns to embrace a chaplet of flowers.

Was she doing right? Was she true to herself and to Him?

Something within her seemed to snap suddenly, and she fell forward upon the desk.

"God forbid!" she sobbed, "God forbid!"

And then a great peace descended upon her, and the vague longing passed away.

She stood before her desk, calm and cool, and serene again. She raised the little cross that hung from her rosary to her lips. The roses were beautiful, but they were for time alone, and soon they would wither and die; but the crown of thorns would live forever.

JAMES J. HAWKS, '11.



Anecdotes of Cardinal Mezzofanti.

The confusion of tongues, during the construction of the Tower of Babel, has since been a barrier to man in his efforts to transmit his thoughts to the world. Wonderful, indeed, have been the attempts of human genius to overcome this divine obstacle which God in His Wisdom sees fit to place among us; but, try as we may, our endeavors are but limited and feeble. Philologist and linguist alike have devoted their entire lives to the etymology and accent of the innumerable languages of the human race, only to find that "Alps on Alps, and hills on hills, appear" to mar the glory of their labors.

History is replete with names of the latter, especially, who, unfortunately, are not given their proper share of praise in the dissemination of knowledge and truth. Among these the writer feels bound to mention the great Cardinal Mezzofanti, who was born at Bologna in 1774 and died in the service of Holy Mother Church in 1849. Though his life is full of heroic incidents as priest and cardinal, our attention will be bestowed merely upon a few of his experiences as a linguist, and the curious problem which these events present.

His biographer is unusually severe in classifying the number of languages attributed to him, and justifies each item of a long summary by some event in his life. The tabulated account cannot be given here in full, but will be enumerated in substance to give the reader a rather restricted view of what one man accomplished by a great deal of labor, and, no doubt, through a supernatural help or divine influence. The list follows:

Spoken with rare excellence,	30
Spoken fluently,	9
Spoken rarely and less perfectly,	11
Spoken imperfectly,	8
Studied, but not known to have been spoken,	14
Dialects spoken or understood,	36

Mezzofanti's father was a carpenter by trade; and, it is related, planned such a life for his son. His shop was situated near a school, wherein an old priest instructed a number of pupils in Latin and Greek. Young Mezzofanti, plying his craft, overheard the lessons taught in the school; and, without even a book, soon surpassed the priest's students. Happily, the wonder of Mezzofanti's intellect was made known to the priest, who rescued him for a higher life.

After he had been ordained priest, he was stationed in the north of Italy, where two foreigners were condemned to death for piracy. The execution was to take place the day after his first visit to the pirates. Their language was unknown to everybody, even the priest, whose heart bled for them in their sad condition. Father Mezzofanti was resolved they should not die without the rites of the Church. Accordingly, he retired to his room, acquired their language before morning, when he heard their confession in their native tongue,

Marvellous, indeed, were these incidents; yet not less so was his action as interpreter for a boy sent from Stockholm, Sweden, to Bologna, to be educated. When the lad arrived, it was found nobody knew his language. Mezzofanti was sent for, but his language was unknown even to him. A few attempts were made to communicate with him, but all were unsuccessful. Mezzofanti asked for the boy's school books; and, after two or three days' study, was able to converse quite fluently with him.

Every foreigner who visited Bologna found in him an interesting friend. If he did not know their language, he soon devised a system for the interchange of thought. His extensive vocabulary enabled him to connect words of different language; and, with slight exertion, he readily grasped the peculiarities of each new tongue. He related to a friend . . . "that it cost me little trouble; for in addition to an excellent memory, God has blessed me with an incredible flexibility of the organs of speech."

Cardinal Wiseman relates another interesting little

story of Mezzofanti's career. ". . . A lady from the island of Sardinia came to Bologna, bringing with her a maid who could speak nothing but the Sardinian dialect . . . as Easter approached, the girl became anxious about confession, despairing of finding a confessor to whom she should be able to make herself understood. The lady sent for Mezzofanti; but at that time he had never thought of learning the language. He told the lady nevertheless, that, in a fortnight, he would be prepared to hear her maid's confession. She laughed at the idea; but Mezzofanti persisted, and came to the house every evening for about an hour. When Easter arrived, he was able to speak Sardinian fluently, and heard the girl's confession."

Strange as these incidents may seem, they are true and undisputed. It is readily conceded that he was a marvel in acquiring languages, and the few anecdotes related serve to illustrate the man better than his biography. The name Mezzofanti (meaning half-child) was the subject of many puns, one of which is the following distich:

*Dimidium Fantis jam nunc supereminet omnes!
Quid, credis, fiet, si integer ipse foret?*

E. J. MISKLOW, '12.



Horace and Modern Society.

There is a certain age in the life of a school boy when the sight of a copy of Horace fills him with repulsion. To him the Roman poet is a mere jumble of words mechanically arranged into feet and verse, which together with the caesura, elision, and other brain-racking devices, were specially invented to overshadow the joy of guileless boyhood.

This opinion, however, is soon changed when the student enters deeper into the spirit of the Latin tongue,

and he even finds, in reading Horace, no small delight in picking out phrases, descriptions and character-sketches, which would have a certain appropriateness in even the very latest books.

Perhaps none of the poet's characters can be more fitly applied to our present day, and is at the same time more popular, than that of the bore, of whom Horace gives us a famous sketch. He tells us that as he happened to be taking his customary walk along the *Via Sacra*, a fellow, whom he knew only by name, rushed up to him, seized him by the hand and cried "How are you, oh sweetest one in all this world?"

Thus Horace begins one of the most humorous of his satires, interspersing repartee which George Ade, at his best, might write and not be accused of becoming antiquated. Take for instance when the poet is tired of having the chattering fellow dogging his footsteps, and turns to him, saying something to this effect:

"Hav'nt you any mother or relatives, that might be worried about you?"

"Not a one," the bore answers, "I have buried them all."

"Oh the fortunate beings!" Horace sighs; "and I alone still remain in his power!" "Make an end of me at once, for a sad fate is hanging over me. For when I was a boy an old Sabine witch, having shaken the sacred urn, foretold to me that neither destructive poison nor the sword of an enemy, nor yet a pain in the side," which, by the way might be translated as our modern appendicitis, "nor a cough, nor the crippling gout shall take away this promising youth, but at one time or another, some babbling individual shall talk him to death. If he is wise, therefore, he will avoid babblers as soon as he is grown to maturity."

Another extract of Horace which is especially adaptable to our times is the one in which he tells us how the people press petitions to the great Maecenas, upon him, when they see him on the way to that statesman's

house, and how they beset his path, all of which shows us that 'lobbying' is no exclusively modern custom.

There is the poet's description, too, of the theatre of his time and of how the pit yells and shouts, in the midst of some laudable attempt at classic drama, for the bears and the fighters.

Compare this with what would surely be the result, if a select audience, which had gathered for the purpose of witnessing a performance of Chinatown Charley or some other such elevating melodramatic gem, were to be surprised with some heavy tragedy of classical value.

After all, even the upper classes of today scarcely appreciate the classic drama, and where the old Romans admired scenic effect, we have a taste only for light musical comedies, or for what is commonly called vaudeville.

These are but a few of the extracts from the charming Latin poet which make him perfectly adaptable to our own age; and when we consider this, as well as his felicity of expression and the music of his verse, we can readily understand why men of intellectual worth are as firm devotees of Horace as ever any club of elderly ladies were of the enigmatical Browning.

HARRY J. SCHMITT, '11.



Rev. John Price—R. I. P.

He's gone—no more that winning voice
Sounds glad upon the ear;
And gone the glances of that eye
That shone so bright and clear;
He's gone—the warrior of the cross
Has sunk to rest at last,
He fell as falls the summer leaf
Before the Autumn blast !

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EDITORIAL.

Our New University.

Just as we are going to press, we receive the very gratifying intelligence that our "Pittsburgh College" has been, by a final decree of the Court, erected into the "University of the Holy Ghost." Already, in the January number of the BULLETIN we hinted at the

prospect of our being able soon to chronicle such a welcome and epoch-making event. For the last nine months the question of this important change has been before the respective authoritative bodies whose function it is, according to our State Law, to pass judgment upon all matters affecting institutions of higher education.

On December 30, 1910, after long deliberations, and frequent hearings, as well as minute and searching investigations by special committees, the State Board of Colleges and Universities met in Governor Stuart's Executive chambers, Harrisburg, and unanimously agreed to the petition of the "Pittsburgh College" to amend its Charter, so as henceforth to have the name and status of a university, with power to confer degrees in Law, Medicine, Dentistry and Pharmacy, but leaving to the Court of Common Pleas of Allegheny County to decide upon the question whether the College Faculty possessed the amount of assets required by law for an institution of university standing. This demanded another detailed investigation out of which our *Alma Mater* has come triumphant—and the Charter for a new university has at length been granted. It is not possible for us just now to make adequate and suitable comment upon this great achievement, so fraught with consequences for our Catholic people and interests in the State of Pennsylvania. Later on, we shall, probably in a special number, be able to give due expression to our feelings, as well as to give a more detailed account of the various stages through which this triumph has been achieved.

For the moment we shall allow others to speak in our behalf—and no expression nor testimonials from outside will come with greater authority and with more corresponding appreciation on our part than the following editorials from our esteemed local Catholic papers, which have given extensive space to a history of our institution, and which we beg leave to quote in full:—

"The eminent and learned Faculty of the Pitts-

burgh College of the Holy Ghost deservedly rejoice that their house of learning has been raised by the College and University Council of the State to the illustrious rank of a university, empowering it to confer degrees in Law, Medicine, Dentistry and Pharmacy. The College has won this essentially distinctive rank in virtue of its career among us from the first day of its modest foundations in a few rooms on Wylie Avenue to the day when its spacious buildings crowned the Bluff that overlooks the source of Pittsburgh's greatness, the rivers, whose banks are crowded with the mills, factories, workshops, epitomizing the grandeur of labor and its reward, opulence, distinction and a community's upward rise and development. The praises of the College are hymned in loftier voices than by our pen, in the hundreds of young men who have gone out from its gates equipped with a practical and solid education; an education complete since it operates upon the heart, for experience teaches that all culture fails to develop the better humanities within us that leaves the affections barren. The College has given that education which exercises a salutary effect upon the moral judgment, and bringing the happiest moral results.

We hail and applaud with our Catholic voice, that speaks with our entire Catholic people, the new university, the first Catholic university in the State, and may we not confidently predict from the past its glorious future among us as an institution of learning, a nursery of the public morals and intellect. Within those walls will be trained clergymen for the altar, counsellors for statesmanship and jurisprudence, medical men to guard the common health and orators and poets to give us song, eloquence and literature. These are the persons that give a country its character in person, in mind, and virtue. The multitude always follow them. It is they alone that lead the march in everything that appertains to civilization in all its features. In the march of intellect and the

onward progress of education *The Catholic* greets the new university."—*Pittsburgh Catholic*.

"In keeping with the progressive city with which its former name will be forever associated in the history of Western Pennsylvania, the Pittsburgh College of the Holy Ghost has been deservedly advanced to the rank of a university. Its record since its establishment has been one of rapid and yet solid growth, due to the prudence, sagacity and progressiveness that have marked its administration and to the high order of culture of which the members of its Faculty have given proof. As an educational institution of the first class it occupies to-day a position second to none in this broad land."

—*Pittsburgh Observer*.



The Power of the Press for Evil.

We are almost startled when we come to reflect on the enormous power wielded by the press of the present day. Great orators have held thousands spellbound with their matchless eloquence, famous musicians have made men laugh or weep at will by the potency of their art, but their range of influence was slight compared with that of a modern newspaper, which counts its readers by tens and hundreds of thousands. It would be strange if this extraordinary power were not sometimes abused. The popular fashion of dwelling minutely on the most nauseating and harrowing details of divorce, bloodshed and murder, can not fail to produce evil results; materialism insidiously insinuated, if not openly preached, undermines the most robust faith and imperceptibly instills its fatal poison. What should produce loathing in well-balanced minds, acts by suggestion on the weak, and instigates them to fatal imitation, or imbues them with views diametrically opposed to those inculcated amidst the sanctifying and uplifting influences of Church,

the Christian school, and the sanctuary of the home. It matters not how diluted the virus may be: it infallibly produces the most dire results. The lightest strokes daily repeated eventually drive the nail home; water falling drop by drop pierces the hardest granite: so, too, the spirit of the paper which one reads regularly penetrates into the soul, establishes itself there, sends out its edicts, and, alas, too often reigns there with undisputed sway. In vain will the reader declare his independence: he labors under a delusion; he is a dupe, and he knows it not. He is no longer inspired with horror for crime, nor inflamed with the love of virtue and truth. The natural law forbids exposure to a peril so grave and to results so pernicious in themselves and in their train of evil consequences. The public have the remedy within their reach. If they protest loudly and persistently, their protest will be heeded. If they cease their subscriptions, directors of newspapers will find it to their interest to suppress details that would haunt the imagination, inflame the passions, and incite to imitation. We exhort our readers for their own spiritual interests and for the eternal welfare of the children associated with them, to exclude from their homes each and every journal that would blight innocence, undermine faith, pander to the grosser instincts, and blazon forth gruesome accounts of moral degradation.



The College Boy and Primary Studies.

The more one comes into contact with college boys, the more one wonders at the gross ignorance, which, as a class, many of them exhibit about certain subjects in which the average man with the rudiments of an education is well versed.

It is a well known fact that the child of ordinary ability, in the primary school, is the college man's superior in penmanship and perhaps in orthography, but

it would be interesting for an educator to test just how deficient his students are in other preliminary subjects.

It is almost a safe wager that the answers, which such a question as, "Give the date, leaders, and a description, of the Battle of Bunker Hill, of Bull Run and of Fredericksburg," would elicit from a class of unsuspecting Sophomores, might cause the shades of the immortal warriors to rise in "vengeful ire." But if a Junior were asked to locate Venezuela, the Capital of Mexico, or even to bound Oregon, this old earth would not be able to recognize her own face.

The unfortunate part of it all is, not that the student has managed to forget so much of a subject in which he was once proficient, but that there are men who have never been to college themselves, who will, on account of the lack of this very knowledge, condemn a boy, and not only the boy, but the institution which he is attending. Explanations, to such men, as to how such a state of affairs comes about, are useless.

All in all, college boys do not read enough, and certainly a very small percentage of them ever take the time to review their primary studies. A few minutes a day devoted to their books would go a long way towards renewing their knowledge of history and geography, and they would have the consolation of knowing that they are in no danger of displaying ignorance in fundamental matters, and thus not only of bringing shame on themselves, but of reflecting it on the college that is giving them their education.

H. J. SCHMITT, '11.



The Greatness of South America.

We North Americans perhaps know little more of South America than we do of Africa. Too many of us are disposed to base our opinions of our southern neighbors on home and foreign comic journals and plays. But

little reflection and observation should, however, suffice to convince any unprejudiced person that Latin America is a veritable "land of promise"—a land which has accomplished much and which, still rich in undeveloped forces, calls for new energies.

Secretary Knox is inaugurating a new era of American activity all round the world. On the American Continent his policy aims first at the establishment of a Pan-American "entente" in South and Central America. In this work he has the able support of the ambassadors and ministers of Latin America, as also of President Taft. A Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress was held in San Antonio, Texas, November 22-25, 1910. Prominent men both of North and South America delivered addresses, pointing out the greatness of South America, and its almost unlimited trade possibilities. Pittsburghers also are alive to the opportunities of increased trade with South America, for recently the committee on foreign commerce, of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce, directed the assistant secretary of the Chamber to communicate with the large commercial houses of the city with regard to sending representatives to the Latin American Trade Conference which was held in Washington from February 13th to 18th. Thus it is hoped to bring about better acquaintance, closer sympathy and larger commerce, between the great republic of the North and the South American republics.

Close observation would appear to strengthen the view now so largely held that the South American republics are the coming rivals of the United States, and that the next ten years will be a Latin American decade—that a material, economic, intellectual and political advancement will be witnessed in Latin America that will rival what has been accomplished in the United States.

In mere magnitude the Southern Continent beats the United States hands down. To quote William Barrett, director of the bureau of South and Central

American republics at Washington, "Brazil can contain the entire area of the United States. The Amazon daily empties into the sea several times the volume of water that the Mississippi carries with it to the Gulf. The Parana carries half again as much water to the sea as the Mississippi. More money has been spent by the city of Rio Janeiro during the last five years in public improvements than any city in the United States with the exception of New York and Chicago. Buenos Aires is growing more rapidly than any city in North America. Montevideo and Valparaiso are expending a larger sum in the construction of harbors suitable for the largest shipping in the world, than is being devoted to any harbor in the United States. Bolivia is building a system of railroads over its mountains and down its surrounding valleys which rivals the railroad systems of Colorado."

Not alone in mere magnitude does Latin America exceed the United States. In many fundamental things South Americans surpass their Northern neighbors. Their newspapers are more intellectual. Their standard of education is higher. Graduates from Latin American universities appear to have a more comprehensive grasp of all the subjects taken up than students from average American universities. The standards required for the practice of the learned professions are most exacting. Buenos Aires has an opera house far surpassing anything in the United States and ranking among the best in the world.

Comparisons from a moral standpoint favor Latin America. Our great evil of the United States, namely divorce, is almost unknown throughout Latin America, and race suicide is never even mentioned. The prevalence of "graft" is noticeable by its absence. It costs less to administer its great cities than cities of corresponding size in North America, and yet in the excellence of their water and sewerage systems, in the cleanliness of their streets, in the quality of their school-houses and public buildings, in the extent of their parks and

boulevards, and in their adoption of modern sanitary measures they can compare favorably with, and even surpass, the majority of municipalities of the United States.

Having thus briefly touched on the physical and moral greatness of Latin America, a few remarks on the religious life of the people will fittingly conclude these random thoughts. A wonderful capacity and perseverance has been displayed by certain unfriendly critics in disseminating calumnies against the Catholic clergy in Southern republics. Irresponsible lecturers and tourists returning thence manage to bring back with them stories defamatory of the people and religion of these regions. It is a case of slandering the absent, and any falsehood or calumny usually remains unchallenged simply because, as a rule, Americans do not know the real state of affairs. However these falsehoods have not always gone unchallenged. Catholic defenders took up the unworthy charges and showed the hideousness of the falsehoods that underlay them. Luckily the land of the South is opening up, and the world is gaining a fairer idea of its reality. The truth as to Catholic conditions must also be put more clearly, and the falsehood of the interested maligners put to shame.

It is not surprising, in view of the facts so briefly stated above, that the Department of State, under the able direction of our fellow-townsmen, Secretary Knox, and Assistant Secretary Wilson, devotes almost seventy-five per cent. of its time and energy to the consideration of Latin America's diplomatic and commercial questions.

A. GAYNOR, '17.



Improvements in the East End.

Within the last few months, many changes have been made and others proposed which would benefit the East End district both commercially and geographically. About a month before Christmas, the business men

of East Liberty instituted an advertising campaign, the aim of which was to inform East End people of the advisability and advantages of shopping near home instead of going down town, a trip requiring at least thirty minutes. The business section of the East End can be reached in ten minutes by any resident of the district. Stores of every description and of high excellence have long been there, but they were slimly patronized, simply because the people never thought of going to them. When the business men banded together, they decided to advertise collectively, to send canvassers to the people, who would explain the advantages of shopping in the East End, and on certain days to declare a reduction in prices which would bring an influx of customers. The second Wednesday of each month, the day on which these special prices obtain, is called "Red Letter Day." Since this movement has been inaugurated, there has been a marked uplift among the stores of the East End, due solely to the fact that the people are awakening to the advantages of doing their shopping near home, instead of going down town.

Besides these commercial improvements, many geographical changes must be noted. Within the last year, the Highland Building, a magnificent structure of thirteen stories, has been completed. It is located on South Highland Avenue near Penn, in the heart of East Liberty. About December of last year, a bridge was constructed over Negley's Run from Bond Street to Meadow Street connecting the Larimer Avenue and Highland Park districts. The new span, a masterpiece of the bridge-builder's art, has already proved itself of great utility to persons living in both these sections. It is further proposed to introduce improvements on a still larger scale by the extension of various streets and the widening of numerous thoroughfares. If these suggestions be carried out, they will benefit, as well as beautify, the East End district of our great city, although, already, this section is probably the most beautiful suburb in the world.

JOHN V. O'CONNOR, '12.

CLASS NOTES.

FOUR new Monarch machines have been installed in the Actual Business Course; the number now in use being thirty. The boys are becoming very proficient in the manipulation of them. Lutz receives special mention, from his professors, daily, with regard to sessions in No. 16. Why, this is preposterous!!

FRIENDSHIP as great as that of Damian and Pythias exists between the Business students and their favorites, Frank Madden, Ray Melody and Denny Sullivan. No wonder it is so, as they are all on the 'Varsity team!

IN an interview with Class President Yates with regards to the standing of the English Classes, Mike says, "Much can be said about both classes, but all the good is about 'First English'."

THE two highest English Classes will spend the rest of April and most of May in reviewing the entire year's work.

THE race for first honors in Third Academic A Class is a close one, the leaders being Gaynor, Maloney, McDonough, Maley, Buchman, Furlong and Mansmann.

NINETY-SIX miles of travel by train, each day, seems to act as a stimulus to the Ohioans.

BRODERICK, you all know, is quite a business man, while young Fred Maley and Phil Buchman are certainly a credit to their people and their town of Wellsville.

BERT FLINN also takes a long train ride every day. Bert lives in Donora, Pa.

TWO better friends than Edward Misklow and John O'Connor, would be difficult to find; nevertheless they are obstinately fighting it out for first honors.

JOHN HAYES is in the running for highest honors in the Sophomore Class. It might be stated that John is a very promising candidate for the 'Varsity team, proving that "good students are often the best athletes"—tho' best athletes are not always good students!

THE Sophomores following the example set by the

Senior and Junior Classes have taken up the custom of holding an "extempore" debate every Wednesday afternoon. These debates have aroused much interest amongst the members and the benefits resulting from them can already be seen, if the work done at the last Sunday evening Concert held by this Class can be taken as a criterion.

THE Seniors, while awaiting the coming of their final examinations which are now only about a month away, are all laboring hard in a friendly race for first honors.

THE Senior Class again has the honor of having one of its members, captain of the 'Varsity B. B. team. In the selection of John Egan as leader, the team has made a good start towards a successful season, for if John attains but half the success with the team that he has with his studies the season will be a banner one.



EXCHANGES.

The March *Fleur de Lis* is a well arranged magazine. The stories and essays, good in themselves, are set off by what the magazine finds lacking in others, poetry. The quality of the poetry in this number, is about the ordinary of monthly incoming poetry. The stories of importance are "The Moon Mad Maid" and "Gold." The former shows the complete absence of the dragging effect of unnecessary matter, a fault common in college short stories. We are all anxious for the development of the good short story, but there is nothing more annoying than a jammed up tale of a few pages. One particularly strong point for this narration is that while the amateur story teller has the idea that there must be lots of 'filler in' to show ingenuity, the author of the "Moon Mad Maid" gives a good example of a judicious paring down of these secondary ideas to an intelligible condition. In "The

Martyr Maker," the writer takes a definition of a martyr from an article on "Ferrer in Current Literature," and, to the reader's amusement, shows that in this civilized age we have been ignorantly throwing martyrs into our penitentiaries because we did not know how to classify them.

Short stories of a very light character form the greater part of the *Loretto Magazine*. The first poem under the title "Verse Exercises" may be passed by on account of its unattractive heading, but for those who read it, there is a happy thought in store that might warrant a more pretentious name.

The Waynesburg *Collegian* has in its February issue a good paper on "Hamlet." It follows some of the latest theories, here and there much resembling the beliefs of Werder. The *Collegian* greatly handicaps itself in literary attempts by its overworking of school matters. One or two more opening pages of work from the English classes would give the paper a great improvement.

The *Trinitonian* staff has netted good results in their story department from their handing over of the paper to the Freshmen. The 14 men, however, lack poets and essayists, and as it is now the custom for exchange editors to lament the absence of poetry, why should not this editor fall in line. The *Trinitonian* is always a prim little monthly, and now that the summer and summer reading are rapidly coming upon us, we shall rely on our Texan friend to continue the breezy reading it always brings, and we shall especially look to the editor of the locals for aid against the hot days.

Each month, the *St. Mary's Collegian* of Oakland, Cal., comes to us, at all times first class in its contents. It is a credit to the institution it represents and an example to other colleges of what can be done by a monthly magazine with even the simplest material. The theme of "The Annunciation" in March is tenderly and lovingly adorned toward the close. The early results of

the baseball games at St. Mary's fortell a remarkable season.

A system followed by the contributors to the *Niagara Rainbow* of dividing the different thoughts on a general subject among several writers for their respective treatment of the varied topics has on no occasion worked out better than in the April issue. In this latest number the subject is "The Lady of the Lake." The division is well made and exhaustively handled. This quarterly is on the plane of the *D' Youville Magazine*, both being the result of serious endeavor on the part of the students. There is, however, this one characteristic distinction, that the *Rainbow* often accepts the work of outside contributors, while the *D' Youville Magazine* depends entirely on its student writers.

B. J.



ALUMNI NOTES.

JOHN E. KANE, '90, returned some few weeks ago, after an absence of seven weeks, from a pleasure trip through the western part of the country, having visited such cities as Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Pasadena. He was also across the border and shook hands with Gen. Rosco of the Insurrectos. The reconstructed city of San Francisco proved to be a centre of interest, as also the Grand Canyon of Colorado in Arizona, which is the most remarkable chasm in the world. Mr. Kane says business is very good at present, better than it has been for the past few years.

CYRIL LAUER, '06, who is a Senior at U. of P., expects to receive his degree in Medicine this coming June. Cyril intends to take up a Post-Graduate course next Fall.

DR. WILLIAM A. TERHEYDEN, '84, is one of the lead-

ing physicians of the East End. He has an extensive practice, being busy from early morn till late at night.

DR. THOS. H. MINAHAN, '85, the prominent physician of Carnegie, took a most active part in the recent St. Patrick's Day celebration at Carnegie. Much of the success of the day was due to his efforts.

MICHAEL J. CASEY, '85, is still one of the leading politicians of Millvale. Being a staunch Democrat, he is taking an active part in the reconstruction of the Democratic party in the State.

MR. WM. CAMPBELL, is now Secretary of the Glass Union.

PAUL C. DUNLEVY, '83, has been very enthusiastic in the Red Letter Day movement, which has added so much new life to our popular East End district. Paul was one of the prime factors in the movement.

JOS. H. REIMAN, '85, is the proprietor of a Gents' Furnishing Store, located at 1104-06 Penn Ave., which stand was established by his father, A. L. Reiman, in 1865. The firm is now called the A. L. Reiman & Son. Mr. Reiman is well known in this vicinity on account of various connections with many societies. He is the Supreme President of the G. R. C. K. of St. G., in which Society he installed, last month Branch No. 51, which is the 100th new branch installed during his term of office. On this occasion he was presented with an ebony gavel suitably inscribed. He is also the Diocesan Vice-Pres. of the Holy Name Society, and is the Secretary of the Pitts. Municipal Tuberculosis Commission. Mr. Reiman is also noted for the brilliant gift of oratory which he displays on many public occasions.

ACCORDING to a Washington newspaper, Joseph Burg, LL. B., has been appointed Vice-Consul to Reichenberg, Austria. Mr. Burg announced his appointment to this position at a meeting of the University Heights Citizens Association, of which he is president, at the same time offering his resignation as an officer. A resolution

was promptly passed whereby Mr. Burg was retained by the Association as its president "visiting abroad," the vice-president to act in his absence.

Mr. Burg was born in Hollidaysburg, Pa. He was educated in Catholic parochial and high schools of Wheeling, W. Va., the Catholic College of Pittsburgh, Pa., and graduated in law at Georgetown University in 1894.

For the past twenty years he has served as private secretary to members of Congress, and has been prominently identified with almost every Catholic and non-sectarian organization in existence in the District of Columbia. Mr. Burg was admittedly the leading influence in having Congress appropriate \$100,000 for the erection of a monument to Christopher Columbus, which will be unveiled within a year in front of the Union Station at Washington.



Japan-American War.

Although the probability of war between this country and Japan, is ridiculed by many, the adage still holds good that "where there is smoke, there is fire." The smoke has blinded many; so, to discover the heat of the fire, we ask ourselves a few questions. What could the United States gain in a war with Japan? Our natural impulse is to consider ourselves victors at the end of the war. In the event of our being successful, we surely could not assume absolute control of Japan. The Powers would not permit us, if we wished it. Perhaps we could obtain possession of some of their smaller islands. Certainly we would force from them some commercial advantages. Finally, the prestige of our arms would be established so firmly that there would be little likelihood of our being attacked again in the near future.

But we must consider the possibility of a different

outcome. What could Japan force from us if she were victorious? Most assuredly she would take the Philippine and Hawaiian groups and all our remaining islands in the East. Very probably she would demand that we remove the restrictions against Japanese immigration. She certainly would restrict our trade in the Orient. Perhaps, if her victory were overwhelming, she would demand from us the control of the Panama Canal.

What would be the probable causes of a Japan-American war? We do not want to fight. It would not be to our advantage, as can readily be perceived by a comparison of what we might gain and what we might lose. Our interests are commercial. Herein lies a possible occasion for hostilities. We are a serious obstacle in Japan's mercantile growth. Our holdings in the East make us her strongest competitor. Secondly, although we recognize Japan to be on terms of diplomatic equality, we restrict the immigration of her subjects. Thirdly, there is the constant agitation of the question, caused by the embarrassing, open declaration of enmity by the people of the Pacific Coast. Finally, the awakening of China is to be considered. The inventors of gun-powder are the last to make martial use of it. With all due respect for our own strength, a union of Japan and China, some ten years hence, would be a formidable opposition, if they continue to advance by leaps and bounds as at present. This coalition might be effected if Japan should prove ambitious of further pre-eminence.

The rushing of troops to the Mexican border has revived this fearsome spectre—war with Japan. This time the authors of the alarm are not contractors for army and naval supplies, but no less personages than the Secretary of War and the Commander of the Army. They say that our army and navy are not strong enough, that our coast defenses are out of date, and that the Canal must be fortified. They have been answered by a Congressman in the following words:

“No one but a coward will publicly admit his inferiority, and what is true of an individual is also true of a nation. The advocates of militarism ignore entirely our chief weapons of defense—our great natural resources and the spontaneity with which the patriotism of our people would be aroused in the event of assaults from any kind of foreign foe. They likewise ignore our geographical isolation.”

J. HAYES, '13.



Easter Morning.

Over the hills restless pinions are beating,
Winging adown the wide paths of the skies,
Legions of legions sent thither with greeting,—
Something of Heaven to gladden His eyes;
Scent of the bud into fairer life breaking,
Pulsing of stars to the great ocean's boom,—
Nature has leaped to the call of the waking,
Death has forsaken, life conquered the tomb.

—*Notre Dame Scholastic.*



THE January number of the Pittsburgh College BULLETIN is decidedly interesting. “A Solus Cardine” is timely and well written. The stories are original and “James Warren, Hero” is especially good. “The View from the College Entrance” shows much descriptive ability. In the February number “The First Home Rule Convention in the United States” is well written. The March number has some very good articles, the editorials especially are deserving of mention.—*Loretine.*

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